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MISS BERRY'S

JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

VOL. III.

Engraved by H. Adlard from a Miniature in the possession of
Viscountess Palmerston

EXTRACTS

OF THE

JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MISS BERRY

FROM THE YEAR 1783 TO 1852.

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EDITED BY

LADY THERESA LEWIS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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JOURNAL

AND

CORRESPONDENCE OF MISS BERRY.

1814.

Thursday, January 6th. — Dined with Madame de Staël at half-past five o'clock, with Palmella,* and an aide-de-camp of the Prince Royal of Sweden, who had just landed. It was the same day that the news arrived of the entry of the Allies into Switzerland and France. One talked, thought, and breathed but of this news. I tried to persuade Madame de Staël to let us remain talking by her fireside, instead of going out in the cold to the play; but she had the Duke of Devonshire's box, and would take her Swedish aide-de-camp to the theatre.

Monday, 10th.—Before dinner, Douglas Kinnaird† came in, bringing with him Dawson,‡ Lord Cathcart's aide-de-camp, just arrived with the despatches from the head-quarters of the Crown Prince. I was very glad to see him.

Saturday, 15th.—In the morning went to Mrs. Damer's to meet the Princess of Wales, who was there for her last sitting for a bust.

* Portuguese Minister.

† Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, brother to Lord Kinnaird.

‡ The late Hon. George Dawson Damer, brother to the late Earl of Portarlington.

To the Countess of Hardwicke from Miss Berry.

North Audley Street, Monday, Jan. 17, 1814.

My dinner with the Genevans, at M^dme^ de Staël's, turned out less amusing than I expected. They, none of them, know anything of their little Republic but what they see in the English papers; but they talk with perfect satisfaction of the restoration of their old Government, in which (you may remember) they were always upon the point of cutting one another's throats every three or four years; but still, however, it seems they got on like man and wife with much satisfaction, 'kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling.' I much doubt, however, if any of the very little States can return to this sort of independence upon the re-settlement of Europe in the present day. Mad^e^ de Staël is in despair about France. She cannot bear what she calls the humiliation of the Allies marching to Paris. She wants the annihilation of Bonaparte (which she don't think will take place), and she don't want the return of the Bourbons. In short, I think she is rather *dans le vague de l'infinée* in what she wants about France, except that she wishes for a liberty, a real constitutional liberty, for which, I believe, France is no more fit than Turkey; but this she won't bear to hear. Pray, bring your *Midnight Lamp* to town as soon as possible. Remember, that the only pleasant quiet society will be before Parliament meets in March, when all the world will go mad together.

I dined at the Princess's with Knight, Ward, Brougham, and somebody else, I forget who; which is all at present from your half-animated, and from the animated half of your faithfully affectionate

M. B.

Thursday, 20th.—The streets were so full of snow, and it continued to fall so thick, that I would not take the servants and horses out. At about four o'clock Madame de Staël arrived, saying it was beautiful weather to pay visits, put her feet upon the fender, and stayed talking with me for nearly an hour. Her conversation always excites me.

Saturday, 22*nd*.—The evening at Madame de Staël's. M.* and Madame de Lieven and other strangers there.

Wednesday, 26*th*.—The thaw commenced to-day, after four weeks and three days of continual frost, accompanied by a whole week of thick fog, and after a fall of snow such as I never remember to have seen before, even in the remarkable winters of 1788 and 1795. The streets have been in a state like a deep sandy road, and the few carriages that were out went in the same slow and silent manner.

Miss Berry to the Countess of Hardwicke.

North Audley Street, Friday Morning, Jan. 28, 1814.

As the frost is over, and there is no danger of your catching cold by *leaving off* your *perpetual wrath*, even against me, who you have distinguished above *tout le genre humain* by its excess, I will just soothe you in a moment, and reduce you to a cool, pleasant, fresh tranquillity of agreement, by telling you that there is nobody who desires and hopes for peace so earnestly as myself; nobody who so deprecates the entrance of a Bourbon into France in, with, or by our armies. If they want them, let them send for them unbidden, unthreatened, as we did for Charles II. to Breda. If they don't want them, let them continue to bow the neck under the iron yoke of Bonaparte, or let them again try their hand at their ridiculous and impossible Republic, which, however it begun, would surely end in a second edition of military despotism under some of Bonaparte's apprentices. If you were to ask me, or if you were to ask yourself, what Government (as an English patriot) you would prefer to see established in France, I should say, and you too, a monarchy under the Bourbons. We know their *individual* value, and both them and their country will be sufficiently anxious for repose during the next fifteen or twenty years. But to attempt putting them upon the throne, or even to advance one step further in France *merely* on their account, is a madness of which I really believe neither ourselves or our Allies are going to be guilty. I am persuaded by all I hear that peace will be signed

* Russian Ambassador during many years in England.

with Bonaparte bfore the meeting of Parliament. I have three wagers on this, and should be willing to take more. Every town to which the Allies have advanced, and every place they have occupied in France, have been defended, not with spirit, not with effect, but with the almost exhausted efforts of people incapable even of the energy necessary to relieve themselves, or frightened at what might be the possible consequences of that relief. I verily believe that Lord Castlereagh is wisely deceiving the Prince, and that while he is *paveeing* to Monsieur, and promising to be at his coronation, the Ministry are letting all the French Princes depart with the blessing one used to give to the beggars in Rome—'*Andate in pace et Dio vi provede*;' while they sign a peace with Bonaparte, which, unless France willingly, spontaneously, and generally calls for a Bourbon, is the best thing they can do. What say you to my politics now? Have I any need of recantation from these opinions? Let me add, that I honour you for your maxim about retaliation, which I believe you made yourself, and fancied you found in H. More. What, indeed, would they do, even if at the gates of Paris? Destroy *It* to destroy *Him*? Nothing but a Cossack could think of it. It is of the Cossacks and Russians that Mad^me^ de Staël is so afraid, and so indignant at the disgrace of the French being invaded by them. I tell her the disgrace of the French in their Revolution was accomplished long before they ever saw a Cossack. She knows what I mean, and agrees with me; but asks me with a quickness that would delight you, '*Voulez vous donque conseillez à une femme galante de tricher au jeu?*' I am going to dine with the said Staël. She always entertains me, sometimes too much—that is to say, more than my poor nerves can bear. She is impatient for your coming to town; hopes I am to contrive your meeting, as your manner, air, and countenance struck her as something that she should like much. And I really want you to keep up the credit of our sex with her, which, between ourselves, *en fait d'agrémens d'esprit*, I know is not very high in her opinion. She expected our women to be more superior, and our men less so.

Sunday, 30*th*.—In the evening went to Madame de Staël, who had had a dinner of gentlemen—some Genevese,

Murray the publisher, &c. &c., and two musicians, who accompanied Albertine [Madlle. de Staël].

Tuesday, February 1st.—Went in the evening with Madame de Staël to Sir J. Mackintosh's house. The drive from here to George Street, Westminster, in the present state of the streets, is actually not without danger. We braved it alone, and were amply recompensed by the very agreeable hour and a half we passed at Sir James's, where there were Mr. Sharpe and Mr. Wishaw, &c. Madame de Staël was very talkative, and made me some curious confidences.

Friday, 4th.—Before ten o'clock went to Madame de Staël, where the Duke of Gloucester had dined, and there was also a pleasant small society of thirty or forty people.

Sunday, 13th.—At Madame de Staël's at seven o'clock, with Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Lord Dillon, Sir James and Lady Mackintosh, and an American, Mr. Bazeley. In the evening, several others, who did not go very well together; and Madame de Staël was not well, and not in her usual force.

Tuesday, 22nd.—Dined at Mr. Knight's with Lord and Lady Stafford, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, the three De Staëls, &c. Madame de Staël had lost her way, and had been to the door of two other Mr. Knights.

Saturday, 26th.—Dined at Madame de Staël's; there were, besides, Madame de Vandreuil, the Comte Ed. Dillon, Greffuhle, William Spencer, and the young Chinnery. Not a well-composed dinner; but as she will invite everybody, that must happen sometimes.

Sunday, March 6th.—We were both at the Princess's, by command, before three o'clock. I dined at Mr. Locke's with Madame de Staël, her daughter, Mr. Luttrell, Rogers, William Spencer, Campbell the poet, &c. Madame de Staël exerted herself to shine before Mr. Luttrell, and succeeded.

Wednesday, 9th.—I dined with Madame de Staël;

nobody but Campbell the poet, Rocca,* and her own daughter. Madame de Staël's conversation at her own fireside is excellent—always amusing and always brilliant. After dinner, Campbell read to us a discourse of his upon English poetry and upon some of the great poets. There are always signs of a poet critic and of genius in all he does, often encumbered by too ornate a style.

Sunday, 13*th*.—In the evening at Lady Stafford's, where there was a large assembly; but the bad news from Holland, the loss of so many English officers of the small army which made the unfortunate attack upon Bergen-op-zoom,† arriving with the bulletin from the Government, had saddened everyone.

Tuesday, 15*th*.—In the evening I accompanied Lady Ellenborough to Lady Derby's, who had some music, and to Lady Keith's, where there was a valtzing ball.

Thursday, 17*th*.—Dined at the Princess's. She was in very bad humour, and when I was going to leave she took me by the arm and made me pace up and down the drawing-room for nearly three-quarters of an hour with her. She is perplexed, and with reason, about the lady she must find to replace Lady C. Campbell, if obliged by her health to leave her.

Friday, 25*th*.—Dined, for the first time, at Mr. Wilmot's,‡ in Montague Square, with Lady W. Bentinck

* Rocca, privately married to Madame de Staël, by whom she had one son.

† The attack upon the strong fortress of Bergen-op-zoom was ordered by Sir Thomas Graham, with 4,000 men, divided into four columns. The right column, commanded by Major-General Skerret and Brig.-Gen. Gore, forced its way into the body of the place; but the fall of the latter and the dangerous wounds of the former threw the column into disorder. The centre column was driven back by the heavy fire of the place, and surrender was all that was left to General Cooke to save the remainder of his troops. The number killed was 300, and 1800 wounded or made prisoners.—*Ann. Reg.*

‡ Mr. Wilmot, afterwards Sir Robert Wilmot Horton, born 1784, succeeded to his father's baronetcy in 1834. He was in Parliament and in

and her sister, Lady Milicent, Mrs. Fraser, Mr. Eden, Mr. Campbell (Cawdor), Mr. F. Douglas, Mr. C. Grant, Mr. Nugent, and Mr. Adair.

Saturday, 26*th*.—Went in the morning to Madame de Staël's. I found there Lord Lansdowne alone with her, and we had a very interesting conversation, and a very reasonable one, upon the affairs of France and the Allies.

Sunday, 27*th*.—We went to Madame de Staël. Catalani had dined with her, and was still singing when we got there; that is to say, they made her sing French romances, without her knowing how to sing them, or how to pronounce them.

Monday, 28*th*.—I went with Lady Conyngham to the play, to see Kean for the first time.* It was 'Richard the Third.' It pleased me, but I was not enthusiastic. His expression of the passions is natural and strong, but I do not like his declamation; his voice, naturally not agreeable, becomes monotonous. When I have seen him in 'Hamlet' I shall be better able to judge if he will ever reach what is now expected of him. Lady Conyngham left me at Mrs. Wellesley Pole's, where there was a very good assembly. The *soi-disant* deputies of Bordeaux were there—two men who had not the least idea of good

office some years, and was appointed to the Governorship of Ceylon, and died 1841.

Mrs. Wilmot was much admired for her personal appearance, and was the subject of Lord Byron's beautiful lines, written after he had seen her at a ball, dressed in mourning, with silver spangles on her head:—

'She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that 's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes,' &c. &c.

* Edmund Kean, born between 1787 and 1790, the son of a stage carpenter and an actress at minor theatres. He appeared as a boy with his mother at booths, and on one occasion performed before George III. with success. His first appearance at Drury Lane was on Jan. 26, 1814, in the character of Shylock. The latter years of his life were neither reputable nor prosperous. He died 1833.

company. The lady of the house, her family, and all her party, had mounted the white cockade.

Wednesday, 30*th*.—A small party at home in the evening, consisting of about ten ladies and twenty-six gentlemen. Joanna Baillie has been less reserved than usual, and much pleased with Madame de Staël, but the latter does not know how to take to a person whose life is so totally different from her own.

Extract of a Letter from Sir Uvedale Price to Miss Berry.

Foxley, March 29, 1814.

Since I wrote to you last, I have read 'L'Allemagne,' not in the usual way of reading, *car je ne commencais pas, par le commencement.* My neighbour Peploe,* who had read it, called upon me just as I had received it. He told me the first volume was highly entertaining; the second less so, though still very amusing; the third very abstruse, and not very entertaining. He liked, however, particular parts which he did comprehend as much as anything in the work. He told me, at the same time, that the subject of the third volume was distinct from those of the other two, being entirely on German philosophy. Upon this information, Lady Caroline† and my daughter having eagerly seized on the first volume, I began with the third, in which I found so many new and striking thoughts and reflections, that, in order to recollect and dwell upon them again, I marked them as I went on, and a pretty task I set myself! The mere references make a little volume. Though I have lately, from the nature of my warfare, been obliged to write on metaphysical subjects, mine is not a very metaphysical head, and there are parts of the third volume out of my depth; but whenever I met with anything of that kind, I satisfied myself with applying that excellent maxim, *il faut comprendre l'incomprehensible comme tel.* . . . I have now returned again to the first, and am reading the whole through *de suite*, and I find

* Samuel Peploe, Esq., of Garnston, Herefordshire.

† Lady Caroline Carpenter, daughter of George, first Earl of Tyrconnel, married Uvedale Price, Esq., 1774; died 1826.

great pleasure in reading on without interruption, and great pleasure also in observing, *en passant,* the passages I had marked, and to which, if I had not determined not to stop, I might add many more. I now can follow the general plan of the work; before, I was dazzled with the blaze of diamonds and rubies. As far as I can judge, her thoughts are not less just than brilliant. It must be owned, however, that one is not a very accurate judge. *Cum stupet innumeris acies fulgoribus*; in this second reading I shall endeavour to judge more soberly.

JOURNAL.

Thursday, 31*st.*—Went, in the Duke of Devonshire's box, to see Kean in 'Hamlet.' I must confess I am disappointed in his talent. To my mind he is without grace and without elevation of mind, because he never seems to rise with the poet in those sublime passages which abound in 'Hamlet,' and for what is called recitation of verse he understands nothing.

Friday, April 1*st.*—Dined with Madame de Staël, with Lord and Lady Hardwicke, Mr. York, Duke of Grafton, Lord Darnley, Sir J. Mackintosh, Comte Palmella, and Rocca. In the evening she had a very numerous society.

Tuesday, 5*th.*—In the morning we heard the news of the defeat of Bonaparte's army, near Paris. Lady Hardwicke, who was at my house at the time when Mrs. Robinson* brought the bulletin, went with me directly to Madame de Staël. We found Augustus Foster coming out of her room, he having just heard the *grandissime* arguments of the capitulation of Paris to the Allies on the 30th March, which had arrived since the bulletin that we had seen. Madame de Staël was completely overcome. No arguments, no reply, no wit; she showed true feeling for what she always calls her country. Albertine also powerfully affected, either for that or another cause—I

* Sister of the first Lord Malmesbury, and widow of the Hon. Frederick Robinson.

think rather a mixture of both. Madame de Staël was touched with the interest and sympathy that Lady Hardwicke and I showed her. At Lansdowne House there was a very pleasant party. All the men were in groups talking of the great news of the day; all the Foreign Ministers arrived *in fiocchi*, who came from a dinner that Lord Liverpool had given to the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg.*

Saturday, 9*th*.—A dinner party at home. In the evening, about eleven o'clock, we took our party to Madame de Staël's, where we heard the astonishing news of the abdication of Bonaparte, which had just been published in a 'Gazette' of ten lines long. One could hardly believe it; one could hardly persuade oneself that one was already at peace with all the world. That the struggle was over—not *faute de combattans*, but *mais faute de quelque ennemi à combattre*. Nobody could think or talk of anything but the wonderful news that we had just heard.

Sunday, 10*th*.—At four o'clock we drove to the park, and there walked about. There was an immense number of people, a bright sun, universal gaiety, although the people had not yet been able to take in the idea that we were already at peace.

Tuesday, 12*th*.—We went out to see the illuminations as far as Whitehall; Carlton House, the Horse Guards, and the Admiralty were the only places worth seeing. Those three were very beautiful. The crowds in the streets were in the best possible humour, and there was neither accident, difficulty, nor confusion in any place.

Saturday, 16*th*.—I went to Madame de Staël's, and I stayed with her and Rocca for some time. She talked with much warmth and much sentiment on the subject of France, but at this moment her feelings obscure her

* The Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, sister to the Emperor Alexander of Russia, landed in England on the 31st of March.

judgment. Because France has not delivered herself from her tyrant she will not hope anything really good for her, and will only believe in the re-establishment in totality of all the old prejudices, which is not possible.

Wednesday, 20*th*.—I went this evening to see Lady H. Leveson, to arrange our going to her sister's empty house to see the entry of the King of France. The streets and the park were, before twelve o'clock, filled with people and carriages; the latter were not allowed to enter the park. At five o'clock we saw seven carriages of the Prince Regent's pass, drawn by six horses, in dress livery, preceded by several hundreds of gentlemen on horseback, and accompanied and followed by a detachment of Light Horse and the Blues; but that was all we saw, because from Park Street the distance was too great to see well into the carriages, and, if we could have seen so far, the people on foot, and the crowd on the rails and walls of the park, would have prevented our doing so. The people took off their hats and saluted the carriages as they passed with much goodwill, but without the least enthusiasm.

Thursday, 21*st*.—Everybody who wished to see the King of France went to Grillon's, in Albemarle Street, where he lodged. I was not amongst the number, but during all the day one could hardly pass through the streets, there were so many carriages and people on foot. He went to see the Prince, and in the evening there were a great many people at Carlton House. All who were not there went to Lady Jersey's, where there was a very agreeable, and not too numerous a society.

Saturday, 23*rd*.—The King of France left London at nine o'clock this morning. If about the same interval elapses between the visits of the Kings of France to London, we shall not see another for 500 years.*

* Sixteen years later, Charles X. sought an asylum on British ground; and in eighteen years more, Louis Philippe was driven to do the same.

Sunday, 24*th*.—At seven o'clock dined with the Princess at Kensington, with Lord and Lady Charlemont, Lord G. Leveson Gower, Lord Boringdon, Mr. Canning, Lady Crewe, Mr. Gell, Lord Byron, Mr. and Miss Grattan, and Mr. Plunket. A well-composed dinner and tolerably agreeable; but the Princess has not the same cheerfulness to excite others as she had at one time.

Tuesday, May 3*rd*.—Dined at Lady Stafford's, with Madame de Staël, her daughter, Mr. Schlegel, Rocca, Lord J. Russell, Dr. Holland, &c. In the evening we went with Madame de Staël and her party to the Exhibition of Pictures, lighted up in Pall Mall, where we found everybody, and, amongst others, the Princess of Wales.

Friday, 6*th*.—At six o'clock Madame de Staël came, and had an agreeable *tête-à-tête* with me. She made me, as usual, some extraordinary confidences, speaking with perfect openness. She always amuses and interests me; I take leave of her with great regret.

Saturday, 7*th*.—In the evening at Lady Romilly's.* Dr. Marcet has arrived from Paris, which he left last Wednesday, at five o'clock in the morning. The moment he entered, Madame de Staël seized upon him. He was instantly surrounded by a circle, whilst she examined and cross-examined him. He bore this trial very well, answering to all with much intelligence. He had seen the King enter; was upon the steps of the Tuileries when he went upstairs. Louis XVIII. was received with much joy, much goodwill, but no enthusiasm. He conducted himself wonderfully under the trying circumstances in which he found himself placed. I left Lady Romilly's with Madame de Staël, in order to have a few minutes alone with her. I left her at the door, and not without emotion; but emotion is not what she excites, nor what she feels (except momentarily). She does not

* Wife of Sir S. Romilly, daughter of Mr. Garbett, of Knill Court, Herefordshire; married 1798; died 1818.

dwell long enough upon anything; life, characters, and even feelings pass before her eyes like a magic lantern. She spends herself upon paper, and runs through the world to see all, to hear all, and to say all—to excite herself, and to give it all back to the world, and to the society from whence she has drawn it.*

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry to Mrs. Damer.

London, May, 1814.

. . . I parted with Madame de Staël, *non sans attendrissement de ma part*, late on Saturday evening. She set off for Paris early on Sunday morning. I own I much regret her absence. She had a frankness with me, and a power of exciting my mind. Now she is gone, while *I* am regretting *her*, she will never think more of *me* till we meet again.† I know her well, with all her faults, ridicules, and littlenesses, and yet she is a very superior creature.

From the Hon. J. W. Ward to Miss Berry.

Paris, Wednesday, May 11, 1814.

I should have written to you before, but I wished first to look about me and see what the place contains. Paris is certainly at this moment the most wonderful show-box in the world. It has within its walls as many live emperors, kings, generals, and eminent persons of all kinds, as the ingenious Mrs. Salmon ever exhibited in wax. Of the five great sovereigns of the Christian world, four are here actually present, and we

* Lord Byron appears to have had the same impression of Madame de Staël's ready means of finding consolation by exciting sympathy. Her second son was killed in a duel in Germany, to which Lord Byron thus alludes:—'Madame de Staël Holstein has lost one of her young barons. . . . Corinne is of course what all mothers must be, but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could—*write an essay upon it.* She cannot exist without a grievance, and somebody to see or read how much grief becomes her.'

† Madame de Staël certainly appreciated Miss Berry more than she was inclined to believe, judging by the following passage in a letter from a friend to Miss Berry, dated 1815:—'Madame de Staël told a person who repeated it to me, that she had loved you the best, and thought you by *far* the cleverest woman in England.'

have every eminent military commander in Europe except Bonaparte and Bernadotte. I say nothing of princes and prime ministers, though they are here in plenty; but under the present circumstances they are not sufficiently considerable to deserve notice. This is very curious; at least to those that, like me, partake largely in the gratification the vulgar feel in staring at famous people. But what is a matter of greater interest and greater surprise is to see France—to see the great nation that only a few months ago seemed so near realising its old plan of universal dominion—not only beaten, but delivered over bound hand and foot to foreign masters. 'Ukases' in the Russian tongue, addressed to the non-ruling part of the population of France, are everywhere stuck upon the walls. One walks in safety about the streets of Paris, under the protection of Count Sacken, the governor of the place. You are stared at when you speak French at the gate of the French garrison town through which you are going, and are obliged, if you can, to explain yourself in German to the *Keiserliche* that receives your passport. This appears very strange to me, and you that have seen France under such different circumstances would hardly think yourself awake. In this pleasant and honourable situation, the common people seem as gay and self-satisfied as ever.

The day I got to Paris, it happened that the Emperor of Russia went out to Compiegne to welcome the King. In every village and town through which I passed, I found the inhabitants collected; their houses were adorned with flowers and laurels, and everything seemed to indicate that they were awaiting the approach of some victorious French generals, or celebrating the anniversary of some great national triumph. I must observe, however, that tho' they received the foreign princes better than one could expect, they showed no great enthusiasm at the first appearance of their own sovereign. The place from whence I saw the ceremony of his entrance into Paris was near the gate of St. Denis. The ceremony was as magnificent as possible, and the crowd, of course, prodigious; but I thought the applause feeble for the occasion. They cried '*Vive le Roi*' from a recollection that, under those circumstances, it would be wrong to omit it. In short, the applause resembled a little that which, at private theatricals, is, by the well-bred part of the company, bestowed upon the lady of the house.

The fact, I believe, is, that the people have become quite callous by what they have suffered for the last twenty years, and that no public event makes much impression upon them. They are generally well inclined to the Bourbons—not, however, as a positive good, but as the least of the evils they are likely to endure. There are, however, I understand, a great many malcontents; and the army is still, in general, attached to the late Emperor. But the different bodies of which it is composed have no means of union, or indeed of communication; no individual in whom they confide, and round whom they could rally; and in peace (if the Court manages tolerably well) they will rapidly crumble away, so that I see no great danger from that side.

You see the King has rejected the Constitution with as little ceremony as he would send away a dish at dinner that he did not like. This event will probably excite quite as much sensation in England as it does in France. I cannot find that anybody here cares about the matter. The Constitution was generally disapproved of, and the framers of it still more generally despised; so the rejection of it appeared quite a matter of course. So that for three weeks the King will reign in the old way—by divine right—at the end of which period he has graciously promised to produce a newer Constitution, more to his own taste, and, he flatters himself, more to that of his people. He will doubtless keep his word, but they don't seem to have been very particular in taking securities for the performance of it. He is now a Tory King, but he has engaged to become a Whig King by the beginning of June, and that is enough for them. What it will all end in, I am at a loss to guess; I mean what it will end in *practically*—for it signifies mighty little what is the letter of the Constitution they go through the mummery of framing or swearing to, and printing and publishing in a double number of the 'Moniteur.' I am afraid, however, that a moderate pacific despotism is the best thing that awaits them.

I have seen hardly any French society, and I understand from persons that have far better means of access to it than myself that there is not much to see. It had been very much spoilt by the despotism of the last ten years, and particularly by that universal employment of spies which formed so conspicuous a part

of the Emperor's system. Very little company was collected except at the houses of the Ministers, some of which, it is said, were agreeable enough—that is, I suppose, as agreeable as any places can be without liberty and without confidence. The present circumstances of the country are not particularly well calculated to restore society to its ancient ease and gaiety. The old and new materials cannot mix very harmoniously, and it will probably end in there being two societies, each detesting and abusing the other. Besides, Paris is at this moment a garrison town, and, what is worse, a town garrisoned by foreign troops; and tho' the lower order of people seem to take the presence of all these strangers quietly enough, yet the better sort, I understand, feel a little more for the utter disgrace and subjugation of their country, and one ought not to be surprised if they don't open their houses for the purpose of entertaining Count Sacken and the Hetman Platow. I honour them for being sorry for those events at which I feel nothing but joy. Lord Wellington was here for a few days: his dukedom met him on his arrival. He was received in a manner that could not but give great pleasure to every Englishman. He seems quite unspoilt by success. He has not even contracted that habit of silence and reserve which so often accompanies dignity and favour, even when they produce no more unfavourable change. But he is just as he was—gay, frank, and ready to converse. I counted myself lucky in meeting him one of the days he was here, at Aberdeen's, with Schwartzenberg, Stadion, and Prince Maurice of Lichtenstein. Stadion observed that he believed he had never been engaged against Bonaparte in person. The Duke of W. answered instantly: 'No, and I am very glad I never was. I would at any time rather have heard that a reinforcement of forty thousand men had joined the French army, than that he had arrived to take the command.' I had heard the opinion ascribed to him before, but I was glad to find he had the liberality to repeat it after Bonaparte's fall. You know he is to be our Ambassador here. His presence may inspire the Marshals of France with some respect; or, to speak more properly, may keep up that sentiment in their minds. Nor is that such an easy matter as you will think, when I tell you the topic Ney chose to dwell upon the other day, at Lord Castlereagh's table, in presence of Lord Wellington and seven or

eight more foreign generals, by all of whom the French had at sundry times been defeated. It was the invasion of England; a project which, Ney said, had always met with his warmest approbation, and of the success of which, if it were attempted, he had always felt quite confident. The Emperor, he owned, had treated it as more hazardous, and as an undertaking more fit for a partisan than a general, but that his own opinion had remained unshaken.

Bonaparte's improvements in Paris are quite magnificent and in the best possible taste. They were all executed, too, for a sum of money which, compared with the resources of such a country, is quite trifling. Twelve millions (francs) were set aside annually for the purpose, and never touched upon on any pretence whatever. I hope the present Government will not, out of envy or stinginess, leave unfinished what he had begun so well. I understand that the tone at Court is to treat France as almost ruined by the late Government. I don't believe a syllable of it. The taxes and the conscription pressed hard for the last years of the war, but a country cultivated like a garden from one end to the other is far enough from ruin, and if there is but tolerable skill and honesty in the Government, and if the people are but tolerably well affected, the financial difficulties must quickly disappear. If there is much fuss made about them, it must be considered as a symptom, not of poverty, but of mismanagement and discontent.

Talma has not played often since I came to Paris, so that I did not see him at all till last night, then it was only in an act and a half of full play, the story of which is not well adapted to the French stage—'Hamlet,' by Mr. Ducis. But I was extremely struck with him, and think he deserves all his reputation. Perhaps I was more surprised than pleased at the manner in which he delivered some passages, but it would be quite idle to set one's own hasty notions against the deliberate system of so great an artist. It is not impossible, however, that, like Kemble, he may have his whims.

Altogether, these theatres are delightful. They are really a resource, which in London they are not. All within a stone's-throw of the good part of the town, and of a size for hearing and seeing. Then, too, the power of taking a box and keeping it to one's self all the evening, makes an immense difference.

I complain of nothing but their changing the piece after the boxes are taken, which is a downright cheat. For instance, everybody to-night expected to see the 'Misantrope,' which had been in the bills these three days, and this morning, without any reason assigned, they changed it to 'Le Philosophe malgré lui.'

Literature seems to be at a low ebb. They may write what they please now, but the talent for liberal discussion is quite gone for want of use. I have not been able to get any pamphlet upon the present state of affairs that isn't absolutely contemptible—except Chateaubriant's, which you have seen, and which, to do it justice, is almost good enough to have been a prize declamation at either University. I have bought Mr. Schlegel's book about the drama, which they have translated and printed here, but I have not had time to read much of it. This, however, I see plainly; that if these confounded Germans get only a little more into fashion, one must begin one's education anew. Not above one half of what they say is intelligible to me.

There are a great many English here; however, I think the stock don't increase; as many go as come. They proceed in the old way—grumbling and enhancing the price of everything. I am told that china in particular is now as dear as it is in London. Those that came first, however, got bargains. Kinnaird, I understand, has bought much and well.

The last twenty years have, I suspect, very much altered the relation betwixt the two countries on things in which the French used to be our acknowledged superiors. We have been advancing, and they have receded, so that in taste and elegance we are much nearer a match for them than we were. The Paris fashions in dress used to be regularly and servilely copied, and perhaps they will be so still, but I confess I see nothing in them worth following. The dress of the men has nothing remarkable in it, except that nobody looks clean. The women are chiefly distinguished by a sort of bonnet three stories high, and by far the most horrible superstructure that was ever piled upon the human head. It pervades the country like a pestilence, and you see nothing else from the pier of Calais to the Opera House at Paris. The rest of the dress by no means atones for the demerits of the bonnet. It is a slovenly confused-looking thing, which renders the female, and indeed the

human, form almost indistinguishable. There are many pretty, and a thousand agreeable-looking women here, but none that I have seen are very beautiful, except the Maréchale Augereau and a Madame Dubois—to which list I must add a peasant girl in a village fifty miles off, handsomer than either.

I don't mean to stay here long, but to return to England and put 'mine house in order,' with a view to a longer flight. Before I go, however, I have a sort of project of going from here to Orleans, and down the Loire to Tours. All that I have hitherto seen of this 'beautiful France' is as ugly as sin; but everybody joins in praising the banks of the Loire, and I am therefore anxious to see them just at the beginning of the fine season.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

J. W. W.

To the Miss Berrys from the Hon. Keppel Craven.

Paris, Saturday, March 14.

My dear Friends,—If I had been assisting at the expiatory mass, which is now performing, for the murder of the Royal Family, I could not be expiating my neglect in not writing to you sooner, and I believe, of the two ceremonies, I am more pleased at the last, though I did everything I could to obtain a ticket. The nation, or rather the town of Paris, is highly pleased at this act of their sovereign, *parce que c'est dans les convenances, et puis il ne peut aller au spectacle avant cela*, so you may imagine how anxious they are to see it over. I send you some pamphlets, which daily abound, and are, as you will see, mostly very flat. I must, however, except that one against Caulincourt,* which appears to me more an invective against the Senate. The said Caulincourt is under the special protection of the Emperor of Russia, who made him dine with him one day that he had invited Monsieur. This last did not know it till afterwards, for he had refused to see him till he could justify himself with regard to the Duc d'Enghein. How he has succeeded in doing this, the pamphlet will tell you.

* Ar. Aug. Lon. de Caulincourt, Duc de Vicenza; born, 1772. Celebrated as a diplomatist during the reign of Napoleon. He always solemnly denied the charge of being concerned in the murder of the Duc d'Enghein. Died, 1827.

Of political affairs I don't know much what to say, and I am assured that if I did, it would by no means be prudent to enlarge upon the subject in a letter that goes per post. As this will be carried by Mr. Greffuhle, I don't feel under the same restraint. It is evident that the great mass is pleased, and breathes a freer air; but few are satisfied, and many are alarm'd. The marshals, and in general all Bonaparte's creatures, are very assiduous in their attentions, and even Savary, who is never spoken to, goes to the Tuileries every levee day. Berthier and Ney are the highest in favour to all appearance, and I fancy deservedly so. Eugène Beauharnois is returned, and was well received. Josephine continues at Malmaison, much respected and esteemed. A person I know, assured me that he went there at the time Bonaparte was still at Fontainebleau, and found her and the Reine Hortense, and many others of the family, busily engaged in trying on dresses to receive the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia. All the Royalists are in despair at Bonaparte having reach'd Elba without any further molestation than some fright, a little dirt, and many *vive le Roi*. They seemed to take it for granted that the commissioners appointed to escort him would have taken better care of him, or that at least the English frigate which convey'd him would have steer'd for Botany Bay.

A Monsieur de Monbreton, whose wife I met at a friend's house, and who is chambellan de la Princesse Borghese, saw him at some place where they cross'd each other, and where he had an interview with his sister, and tried to prevail on her to accompany him, and do the honours of his 'sullen isle;' but she was going to her sister, the Queen of Naples, the only crown'd branch of the tree, and could not go to a *pays si malsain*; besides which, like Poppæa or Livia (I forget which) she can't live without milk baths every day, and I fancy it is a scarce article in the new kingdom. I must digress, to inform you that, even during the Russian campaign, Jerome could not exist without a bath composed of champagne. But to return to the fallen hero: he had a long conversation with this Monbreton; said he was perfectly satisfied, that the Bourbons were good people, that it was the legitimate dynasty, and he was willing at any future time to take a command in their armies, *mais du reste je lui laisse un royaume en assez mauvais état*. After this he went down among the mob that had as-

sembled to stare at him, and by whom he was not recognised, being in an Austrian uniform to escape a small degree of lapidation, which had been threatened at the former stage. He, however, made himself known, and behaved with a sort of courage and humour which disarm'd their rage, and they were very nearly crying *Vive l'Empereur* when he left them. It seems, on his arrival, he inspected the fortifications, and named General Bertrand (the only one of his companions who has follow'd him) *Ministre de l'Intérieur*.

Since writing the above, I am told that he has not landed at Elba; but that, on the contrary, the captain of the English frigate, finding that he had sent 3,000 men there previous to his arrival, would not let him leave the ship, and is now cruizing about, waiting for orders.

You know Paris too well for me to describe; but the improvements and additions are wonderful, not always in good taste, but the effect imposing, from magnitude of space and plan. The column in imitation of Trajan's is very good, but the costume of the modern soldiers is not favourable to the beauty of the bas-reliefs. The Museum is magnificent beyond imagination. There is a very pretty new bridge at Chaillot, and two iron ones for foot passengers. The theatres much the same, but they have lost some of the old vehement screamers at the opera, and I think their successors, however desirous they may be of equalling them, have not the physical means. Poor L'Ainé, whom you must remember, was sent off long since, because the Empress Marie Louise could not help laughing when she heard him for the first time; and as it was a solitary instance of her ever having laughed while in this country, her august spouse was piqued, and desired him to go and *faire les délices de Bordeaux*. Madame de Staël arrived on Thursday evening, but I have been given a wrong direction, and never could find her out all yesterday. Her book is published.

There is a report to-day that the King has been requested by our Government to destroy the works at Cherbourg, and by the Austrians to dismantle Strasbourg, and that he has replied that sooner than consent to either, he would willingly return to Hartwell House. There is a good deal of discontent among the labouring class, who want work, of which there is plenty, but no money to pay it. There are also great complaints relative to the relaxed state of the police, and it is evident that th

National Guard has it all to do. These are very good friends with the foreign soldiers; but the French troops of the line are always quarrelling with them, and there has been some fighting, or rather affrays. I enclose a letter for Lady C. Campbell, which I fear will not be very satisfactory, as it is scarcely possible to give her the intelligence she wishes; but I have done my best. My kind regards wait on Mr. Berry and Mrs. Damer.

Believe me ever,

Yours most affectionately and sincerely,

R. K. CRAVEN.

JOURNAL.

Sunday, 15*th*.—Dined at Mr. Whitbread's, with Lord Holland, the two American envoys, Lord J. Russell, &c.: fourteen in all. Lady Elizabeth and myself the only ladies.

Thursday, 19*th*.—I dined with the Bishop of London, the Archbishop of York, his wife, a son of theirs and his wife, Miss Fanshawe, &c., and then went to Devonshire House, where the Grand Duchess had dined. When we arrived a large circle was in the saloon. The Grand Duchess was holding a drawing-room, with Madame de Lieven for lady-in-waiting, who was presenting to her all who desired it. The Duke of Devonshire introduced me to her, in order to be presented to the Grand Duchess. The Grand Duchess, I know not why, spoke to me in French; she had spoken English, and very good English, to all the other ladies. She began by remarking that I had travelled a great deal, and then spoke of Italy; she hoped to see much of what there was to see in England, &c. This lasted for perhaps about five minutes. Her conversation corresponds well with her countenance, which is very intelligent, and her manner is very dignified and very gracious. She left Devonshire House, as she does from all other parties, soon after eleven o'clock.

Saturday, 21*st*.—At twelve o'clock I went with the Whitbreads and their second daughter to Freemasons'

Hall, to an annual meeting of subscribers and others to the National Education. The Duke of Sussex was president, the Duke of Kent on one side, and the Princess of Wales on the other, with three of her ladies. Whitbread spoke very well, and several others well enough to be interesting. The Duke of Sussex presided wonderfully well. The two Princes and the Princess were received with great applause, and the Princess with enthusiasm, when, before the meeting separated, Mr. Whitbread thanked her for having publicly shown herself as the friend of such an institution. About twelve o'clock in the evening went to Lady Dalrymple Hamilton's.* The assembly was one of the most brilliant I have seen this winter. The supper arranged upon five tables; at the one in the middle sat the Prince of Orange, whose countenance and manners pleased me much.

Monday, 23*rd*.—In the afternoon I received a note from Lady Pembroke, saying that the Grand Duchess would receive me, with Lady Douglas, at half-past six o'clock. Accordingly we went together to the Pulteney Hotel. We found Madame de Lieven, one of the Russian ladies-in-waiting, and an officer in the drawing-room, with Miss Knight in waiting upon Princess Charlotte, who was with the Grand Duchess in her private room. In about a quarter of an hour the door opened and the Grand Duchess entered, accompanied by the Princess Charlotte and the Prince of Orange. The Grand Duchess turned first to Lady Douglas and then to me, talking with ease and grace, remembering that I had been presented to her at the Duke of Devonshire's, &c.; then she turned and spoke to the Princess Charlotte, who, after a few minutes, went away, and so did we. In the evening at Lady Hertford's. Madame de Lieven told us from the Grand Duchess that she had regretted seeing us for so

* Lady Dalrymple Hamilton (afterwards Lady Jane), wife of Sir Hew D. Hamilton, daughter of Viscount Duncan, sister of the late Earl of Camperdown.

short a time, and desired us to come again on Sunday at six o'clock.

The following letter from Madame de Staël to Miss Berry seems to have been written little more than a fortnight after she left England :—

Ce 25 Mai. Paris : rue de Grenelle St. Germain, No. 105.

Je suis presque fâchée de ne vous avoir pas écrit la première. J'y pensais si souvent que j'aurais de me donner le mérite et le plaisir de vous le dire. A présent j'ai dix choses à vous demander, et j'ai l'air toute intéressée. Enfin, commençons. Faites dire à Wilberforce (si Mackintosh n'a pas reçu ma lettre) que l'empereur de Russie m'a dit que l'abolition de la traité des nègres aurait lieu dans le congrès. Quel homme que cet empereur de Russie ! Sans lui nous n'aurions rien qui ressemblât à une constitution. Il est à merveille pour moi ; il vient chez moi, et il faut que vous soyez assez bonne pour dire cela négligemment aux Russes, afin qu'ils me respectent. N'en voilà-t-il pas assez ? Mais j'ose vous dire, qu'en vous donnant tout cet embarras je vous prouve que vous n'êtes pas pour moi une correspondante, mais une amie ; car il faut que j'aime beaucoup pour demander le moindre service. Combien je regrette Playfair ; on ne trouve pas dans toute la France un pareil homme. Je sais des nouvelles de votre amie Madame de Coigny ; elle vit assez heureuse, elle aime, elle est aimée, d'un homme de sa societé, Bruno de Birsgelin ; elle a été vivement pour les Bourbons, et sa position est améliorée en tout. J'ai vu l'autre Madame de Coigny—toujours la même excepté par le visage. Il semble que la France entière est comme cela. J'ai un appartement que je voudrais céder en partant pour la Suisse le 1er de juillet ; il est tout beau et pas cher. Voulez-vous l'offrir de ma part à Lady Jersey ? Encore pardon. Vous devriez me donner quelques commissions pour Paris, afin que je fusse un peu capable de vous témoigner toute ma reconnaissance. Vous n'aurez les souverains, selon mon avis, que vers les premiers jours de juin. L'Empereur de Russie veut voir la constitution proclamée. Que dites-vous de l'indigne conduite de Ferdinand VII. ? Est il vrai que les Anglais y ayent eu quelque part ?

J'espère que non. Dites-moi ce qu'on en dit à Londres; l'empereur de Russie s'en indigne à Paris. Voyez cet empereur, qui est une production aussi extraordinaire en Russie qu'un aloës. Adieu, chère amie; écrivez-moi et pensez à moi.

Quand viendrez-vous? Je demanderai votre jeune Anglais à Mr. Ward demain.

JOURNAL.

Sunday, 29th.—The Princess sent for me at three o'clock. She made Lady Charlotte read to me the letters that had passed between the Queen and her on the subject of the drawing-rooms.* They were good, but too long, and sometimes marked by Whitbread's want of taste, who dictated them. At six o'clock Lady Douglas and I went together to the Grand Duchess. We were received by Madame de Lieven. The Duchess Dowager of Buccleugh arrived a few minutes later. We waited more than a quarter of an hour, when the door of the little drawing-room opened and M. and Madame de Mireveldt † entered. Madame de Lieven presented us all three to Madame de Mireveldt, and I told her I ought to meet her with a letter of Prince Maurice de Lichtenstein in my hand. She looks clever, and as if she had been very pretty, but has not the face my imagination had painted. As soon as they were gone we went with Madame de Lieven to the Grand Duchess, who received us with her usual grace and intelligence, talking a great deal to the Duchess about her family and England, and to me about Italy and Nice, with a warmth and an interest that were charming. I was sorry that my two companions did not excite her to talk more; and as for myself, being the least distinguished person of the company, I did not

* The correspondence arose in consequence of the Queen having given notice to the Princess of Wales, in a letter dated May 24, that the Prince of Wales desired that she might not attend the two drawing-rooms to be held in the ensuing month.—See *Annual Register*, p. 348.

† The Austrian Ambassador.

like to take too prominent a part in the conversation. We stayed with her about twenty minutes.

Tuesday, June 7th.—I felt so unwell that I hardly thought I should be able to see the entry into London of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, his sons, and all the foreigners, which has turned everybody out so early. Agnes went to Lady Glenbervie's at twelve o'clock, and I followed them at two. Charing Cross and Whitehall were entirely blocked up, and, they say, the road was a line of carriages as far as Dartford. In the meanwhile, the Emperor was already at the Pulteney Hotel, with his sister, having entered quietly in Count de Lieven's carriage, and the King of Prussia and his sons passed by the Horse Guards to go to their apartments at St. James's Palace.* After having waited more than an hour looking at each other on Lady Glenbervie's balcony, we decided upon walking home through St. James's Park, which we happily accomplished, notwithstanding an immense crowd on all sides. We saw nothing, nor heard anything except the guns being fired in the park to announce the arrival of the sovereigns in their apartments.

Wednesday, 8th.—Walked this morning with Gell and Sir G. Cayley to the Green Park, opposite the Pulteney Hotel, where the Emperor lodged. The crowd of carriages and pedestrians in Piccadilly was enormous, and there were also a great many people in the park walking backwards and forwards, expecting that he would show himself at the balcony of the window, which he did at last. He bowed several times to the people, who cheered him very much. He has a fine, tall, manly figure, with a clear complexion, and a good open countenance, with-

* The conduct of the Emperor and the King of Prussia on this occasion was singularly wanting in the courtesy which was due both to the Sovereign and the people who were prepared to welcome their arrival. 'Avant-couriers and detachments of dragoons were seen on the road hours after they had passed, and the Prince Regent's servants and horses were kept waiting as a relay on Shooter's Hill.'—See *Annual Register*, 1814, p. 43.

out remarkable intelligence. He was dressed in a scarlet uniform, with light blue braid, without embroidery, and only wore the Order of the Garter. He was going to pay his first visit to the Queen, and then dine at Carlton House.

Thursday, 9*th*.—It was very fine, and it was said that peace would be proclaimed to-day at one o'clock. I wished to see this ceremony, and we went with Mr. Playfair in the landau first before the gate of St. James's Palace, and then to Charing Cross. In every part the crowd was immense; all met together with the same intentions as ourselves, but the proclamation was not read! It appears to me that the Government ought to have given notice of this, in order that the people might not have been disappointed in the hope of hearing so great a blessing announced. From Charing Cross we went towards the Palace, intending to take a walk in the park by entering at the stable-yard, but the carriage was stopped by the crowd in the courtyard, and by four or five of the Prince's carriages in dress livery, waiting at the door of the apartment where the King of Prussia and his sons lodged, to convey them all to a Chapter of the Garter at Carlton House, where the King of Prussia was to be presented with the order. We waited till we saw him and all his court pass.

Friday, 10*th*.—In the evening I went to Mrs. Villiers', where there was a dance. The King of Prussia's brother was there, and some other foreigners. The Prince of Orange danced a quadrille.

Tuesday, 14*th*.—Took Mr. Playfair with us to see the panorama of the Battle of Vittoria.

From Madame de Staël to Miss Berry.

Ce 14 Juin. Paris: Hôtel de Tamerzum,
Rue de Grenelle St. Germain, No. 105.

Pourquoi, ma chère amie, n'ai-je pas de vos nouvelles? Je vous ai répondu il y a quinze jours, et vous m'oubliez déjà,

comme si vous étiez une de nos frivoles Françaises. C'est vous cependant qui puissiez me dire des nouvelles, car nous sommes ici dans un calme plat, heureux de n'être plus persécutés et transportant toutes nos flatteries à de plus honnêtes gens que Bonaparte, mais sans conserver pour cela plus de dignité en nous mêmes. Cependant à la fin nous serons libres, parceque rien en ce genre ne rétrograde définitivement, mais l'exemple de l'Espagne et du Piémont ne nous est pas salutaire. Quant à la société, elle est encore nulle, il s'en rassemble quelques débris chez moi, mais il n'y a point d'ensemble, et je serais déjà partie pour la Suisse si je ne cherchais pas à me faire payer ici du dépôt de mon père—chose pour laquelle j'obtiens plus de paroles que de fait. Le sacre va ramener, je crois, beaucoup d'Anglais à Paris, car c'est à Paris même qu'on croit qu'il aura lieu. La duchesse de Devonshire m'écrit qu'on me prête beaucoup de projets depuis mon départ de Londres. Cela m'inquiète. Daignez me dire ce qui en est; je serais si triste de perdre la bienveillance de l'Angleterre. J'y veux retourner le printems prochain. Que ferez-vous? Comment se porte votre père et votre sœur? Albertine demande une place dans votre souvenir. Dites un mot pour moi à ceux de mes amis que ne m'ont pas oubliée. On ne peut se rappeler qu'à ceux qui se souviennent de vous. Je vous embrasse de toute mon âme.

JOURNAL.

Friday, 17*th*.—In the evening at Lady Castlereagh's large assembly, where the Emperor, King of Prussia, and all their court were. The Emperor arrived at one o'clock in the morning, having that day dined with the merchants in the City, afterwards been to Drury Lane Theatre, and then to Lord Grey's, before coming to Lord Castlereagh's.

Saturday, 18*th*.—Dined at Mr. Baring's with the Prince Paul de Wirtemberg. M. and Madame de Portalis, and a half-dozen other foreigners. The Prince and Princess Castel Cicala, &c. Went with the Hardwickes to a ball at Devonshire House. The Duke was not returned from

the grand dinner at Guildhall given this day. Towards twelve o'clock the King of Prussia, his son, all the court and foreigners arrived, the Emperor excepted, who sent his excuses, having returned so late from the City, and having letters to write. They waltzed a little. The supper was, I heard, magnificent. I did not remain to see it. The Duke returned from the City with such an inflammation in his eyes that he retired before supper also.

Sunday, 19*th*.—It rained all the morning, and was very unsuitable for a *fête champêtre*. However, before two o'clock the rain ceased, and we set out for Chiswick before three o'clock, taking Mr. Playfair with us. On our arrival we were told that the Duke of Devonshire was not able to appear on account of his inflamed eye. His two sisters and their husbands did the honours admirably. The King of Prussia arrived very early, and left with his sons for Oatlands before the luncheon. The Emperor came with his sister between three and four o'clock. The luncheon was served in the house. The Emperor, &c., sat in the little gallery at a table with about thirty people. Afterwards the Emperor and his sister, to whom the Prince Royal of Wirtemburg gave his arm, and about a dozen others, walked round the garden. We were among the number. The Grand Duchess recognised me, asked after my health with her usual graciousness. The Emperor gave his arm, during the walk, to Lady Georgiana [Morpeth], and the Prince of Orange to Lady Jersey. Returned to London between six and seven o'clock.

Monday, 20*th*.—We dined at home, and before ten o'clock went to the fête given by White's Club at Burlington House. We got out of the carriage in Cork Street at Mr. Knutzen's, who accompanied us on foot; it was only to cross the street to enter at the door made for sedan chairs. There was neither crowd nor difficulty,

and at supper we found ourselves with Lady Hardwicke and her family in the large dining-room, where Lord Hardwicke, as steward, had a table appropriated to him. The coolness of the canvas room, where they supped, refreshed every one so much that it greatly diminished the usual fatigue of such assemblies. After having seen all the world, we departed as we entered, without difficulty and well pleased with the fête.

Wednesday, 22*nd*.—In the evening at the Princess of Wales's, where there had been a dinner of the Granvilles, Levesons, Cowpers, &c. The Emperor and the King of Prussia left London for Portsmouth.

Thursday, 30*th*.—I had the Duke of Devonshire's box to see Kean in 'Othello.' I wished to think him the great actor they say he is, but I cannot.

Friday, *July* 1*st*.—In the evening I went to the masked ball given by the Watier Club at Burlington House. I returned home very well pleased with my evening. The garden, which they had converted into a room, was very pretty, but the ball-room was already dirty, and the fête had not the *éclat* of White's ball.

Monday, 4*th*.—Went to Lady Corke's, where there was a fête given in honour of the Duke of Wellington, who was compelled to hear an ode sung in his praise.

From the Princess of Wales to Miss Berry.

July 1, 1814.

DEAR BERRINA,—As various reports have been spread in the Metropolis concerning my daughter's marriage with the Prince Hereditary of Orange, I think I may venture by the Box I take the liberty of forwarding to you, as a specimen of Dutch gallantry and respect to his venerable Ex-mother-in-law, in sending over from the Hague 'Zwiebacks' as an apology for his former kindness when in this country; and being informed that you are so fond of them, I present them humbly and respectfully for the Diaphragm of your stomach; and may you each time think of your absent friends while eating them.

With sentiments of the highest regard and attachment, I am proud to subscribe myself

Your most sincere
and affectionate

C. P.

Knowing the interest you always kindly take in all my concerns, my dear Berrina, I enclose to you a Copy of a letter I sent yesterday to Lord Castlereagh. You may show it to Mrs. Damer and all your friends.

'June 30, 1814.

'The Princess of Wales acknowledges the receipt of Lord Castlereagh's letter of yesterday evening, which contains a proposal from the Crown to offer her a revenue due to the rank and station in which she has been placed. As no conditions whatever, derogatory either to her rights, her rank, or her honour, have been annexed to this act of justice, the Princess of Wales accepts it unquestionably, in order to prove to Parliament that she is never averse to any proposal coming from the Crown to replace her in the proper splendour adequate to her situation, and to throw no unnecessary obstacles in the way to obstruct the tranquillity or impair the peace of mind of the Prince Regent.'

JOURNAL.

Tuesday, 5*th*.—The Princess sent for me to read a letter that she had sent to the Speaker.*

Thursday, 7*th*.—After dinner drove in the park. It was the Thanksgiving Day for the Peace, and the parks were all thronged with people.

Saturday, 9*th*.—In the evening at Lady Castlereagh's. At the foot of the staircase we met Blucher, who came

* This letter to the Speaker was relating to a proposed increase of the Princess of Wales's allowance. 'On July 8th, the reports of the committee being brought up, Lord Castlereagh called the attention of the House to a letter to the chair from the Princess of Wales, in which she intimated that it would be more satisfactory to her if the vote of the committee for an allowance of 50,000*l*. were reduced to 35,000*l*.'—*Annual Register*, 1814, p. 145.

with Lord Stuart from a dinner at Carlton House, and Blucher, being the worse for it, had great difficulty in getting up stairs. He wished to be introduced to me; he shook hands, having been taught here that this was the height of politeness and fashion.

Tuesday, 12*th*.—At three o'clock I went to Lady Buckinghamshire's breakfast; a very amusing party, as usual; several masks, amongst others, a woman as a monk. I took her first for Madame de Lieven, but it was the Duchess of Sussex. Nobody recognised her.

Wednesday, 20*th*.—Ronald has arrived from Holland. He left Brussels Thursday 14th, and was in London on Saturday evening the 16th. We gave up all the fêtes the last days of our stay in London: the ball given by the general officers to the Duke of Wellington at Burlington House on Monday the 18th, and the concert and ball given by the Duke of Devonshire at Devonshire House on Wednesday the 20th.

Thursday, 21*st*.—At half-past three o'clock we set off to find the vessel at Wapping, and after taking possession of our stern cabin, went on deck to look around us. Nothing can surpass the beauty and interest of the Thames as far as Gravesend. We passed it before it was dark. There was little wind, and consequently very little motion in the boat.

Friday, 22*nd*.—I got up at five o'clock, a beautiful morning. We were about twenty leagues the other side of the Nore—the wind with us. Towards the evening we were obliged to tack during some hours on the coast of Norfolk. Saw Cromer and its lighthouse.

Saturday, 23*rd*.—We found ourselves *vis-à-vis* to Flamborough Head with another brilliant lighthouse.

Sunday, 24*th*.—Were *vis-à-vis* to Scarborough Castle, scarcely any wind, and the sea like a looking-glass. The repose of all at sun-rise was striking, and soon afterwards a slight wind arose, which increased towards the evening, and took us very fast, and with very little move-

ment, to the north of Holy Island before eleven o'clock in the evening. Before twilight we had passed Dunsborough Castle and Bamborough Castle, both making a fine effect from the sea. We also passed through a group of small islands called Fearn Islands, upon the largest of which there is a lighthouse, and two inhabitants, a man and his wife, to keep up the fire.

Monday, 25*th*.—I got up soon after four o'clock: another beautiful morning. We had got far up the Frith of Forth, and opposite Dunbar. Further on we passed Tantallon Castle, a ruin which has a fine effect from the water. All the coasts of the Frith are much finer than any part of the coast of England. The approach to Leith and Edinburgh, which seem to unite in one on arriving by sea, is one of the finest *coup-d'œils* I ever saw. We arrived in the port of Leith at nine o'clock in the morning, during the most beautiful weather, and amidst all the noise, *fracas* and bustle of a much-frequented seaport, we embarked to cross the Frith for Raith. There was much wind, which obliged us often to tack to make Pettycue (the little port of Kinghorn).

Raith, *Sunday*, 31*st*.—I began working at 'Lady Russell's Letters.'

During Miss Berry's visit at Raith, the Princess of Wales determined to leave England, and from that time it does not appear that the Princess and the Miss Berrys met again, but once, in Switzerland.*

* Letter of the Princess of Wales to a friend, published in the 'Memoirs of the Times of George IV.,' by Lady Charlotte Berry, 1814:—'Aug. 7.—I am on the eve of sailing, which will be to-morrow evening as soon as the wind is favourable, in the 'Jason' frigate. Captain King represents Jason himself . . . If the present wind, which is favourable to land at ——, continues, we shall arrive by the 12th of August. By the 15th I hope to be at Brunswick. I intend only to remain in my native country ten or fifteen days, after which I shall set out immediately for Switzerland in the beginning of September. My intention still is to remain at Naples for the winter; but in case disturbances should commence there against Murat, of course I should prefer to be the winter at Rome or Florence.'—p. 47.

Monday, August 15th.—Lord Rosslyn * and his eldest son,† a very pretty boy of about twelve years old, arrived here.

Saturday, 20th.—Lord Rosslyn read to us 'Lara,' Lord Byron's new tale. It strongly marks his manner of thinking and writing. It is a sort of continuation of the 'Corsair.'

Sunday, 21st.—I read 'Swift's Life' in the new edition of his works by Walter Scott. It does not appear to me that there is much that is new.

Wednesday, 24th.—I retired to my room to give way to those bitter tears caused by the recollections of other days. I very rarely allow myself now these fits of despondency to which, even in my youth, I was subject; but sometimes, in spite of me, all these recollections return with irresistible force. I suffer from what I am, from what I have been, from what I might have been, and from what I never shall be. And all that, notwithstanding the strong feeling which ought to blot out all the others, that life is passed for me; I have no longer any effort to make, nor any part to play, but that of dying in peace.

Thursday, 25th.—Miss Kinlock brought the sad news of the death of the Duchess of Buccleugh,‡ on the twelfth day of her confinement. One cannot conceive a greater loss for her family, her husband, and a large circle who, in various ways, have depended upon her.

Sunday, 28th.—There is an Anglican Chapel at Kircaldy. It is only necessary to attend the Scottish Church for one month to become a fierce Episcopalian. It is impossible to bear the dulness and the repetition of the Scotch clergy while all the accompaniments to the service are

* James Alexander second Earl of Rosslyn, nephew to Lord Chancellor Loughborough.

† The present Earl of Rosslyn.

‡ Harriet Catherine, youngest daughter of Thomas first Viscount Sydney; married 1795.

wanting that can elevate the soul and supply the tone of feeling which is wanting in them.

Tuesday, September 6th.—I was buried in my MSS. letters, and did not leave my room all day.

Wednesday, 28th.—Agnes and I went in the waggon to the Lake Kinghorn. She drew; I walked round the lake, and went into two labourers' cottages belonging to the farm. One showed great poverty, but was better furnished than such a cottage in England would have been, but all in a state of dreadful dirt. I received the first hospitality that has ever been offered me of the kind in Scotland. The good woman gave me some very good milk. Here everything was better than the other cottage. There was all that was necessary for comfort in a peasant's home, but the same disgusting state of dirt prevailed everywhere.

Saturday, October 8th.—Went to Bothwell Castle.

Sunday, 30th.—It was very fine, and we drove to the other side of the river to Blantyre. Agnes drew, and I renewed the date, or, rather, added a second one to the name Berrina, written by me in the year 1808 upon the bark of a tree in the little ravine at Blantyre. I added the word *Addio*, which may well consecrate every place I visit now.

Monday, 31st.—We went to dine at Hamilton after tea. The Marchioness* sang a good deal, and though I had heard her singing so much praised, it did really surpass my expectations. I never heard Italian better sung; never heard a voice so sweet and so flexible, or so capable of expressing all and executing all.

Thursday, November 10th.—The snow appears almost gone from the valley; it is freezing hard; still fine winter weather. Under better auspices than yesterday, we are again on our road at half-past nine in the morning, having

* Susan Euphemia, second daughter of William Beckford, Esq., of Fonthill Abbey; married 1810; died 1859.

only thirty miles to do, and the Queensferry to pass before arriving at Raith. The horses fell down three times, the roads being slippery, and we walked three miles to Linlithgow. There we waited two hours, to have the fresh horses roughshod. We amused ourselves while waiting by seeing the Palace, a very picturesque ruin on a small hill at the end of the town, and nearly surrounded by a very pretty little lake, the most ancient part built by our Edward I., and the most modern by James I. and Charles I. when Prince of Wales. The whole was burnt down in 1745. The fountain in the court must have been very pretty, but very little suited as an ornament to a cold and wet country like this. The room is shown where Queen Mary was born. The cold must have been unbearable in these large stone buildings, with the long corridors, and no means of heating them.

It was half-past two o'clock before we arrived at Queensferry, and then, alas! the postilion found out that he had brought us a road that could only be crossed with the carriage at low tide; the carriage was obliged to go a round of two or three miles. We passed the water ourselves in a quarter of an hour, and at three o'clock the carriage passed also, but at the inn there were no horses; I wished to have four, knowing that we should be late. After great difficulty we got two, with a boy of twelve years old to ride, and we started from the inn at half-past three o'clock to go seventeen miles. We had only gone two miles when, upon a descent, the horse that the little boy was on, pulled so hard that the reins broke in his hands. James, seeing what had happened, had scarcely time to jump off the box and prevent the horses, carriage, and all being thrown down at least fifteen or twenty feet deep from the road. Escaped from this danger, what was to be done? James thought the little boy incapable of managing the horses, but added that, having often ridden as postilion, he would drive us safely, he mounting the

horse and the little boy the box, and thus we continued our journey for a while; but our difficulties were not over. In places the road was covered with ice, our horses were not roughshod, and at each ascent we got out to lighten the carriage, and, without the assistance of seven or eight men whom we met on the road, we should never have made the ascent. It was already very dark, the lamps were lighted, and fortunately the night was fine. At eight o'clock we reached the road at the entrance of the park to Raith. It was too rough and too dark to avoid the holes, and in one violent jolt the poor little fellow, who was either asleep upon the box or did not know how to hold on, fell under the wheels of the carriage. We stopped directly, and, almost dead with fatigue and fright, it was with great difficulty we had the strength to pick him up, and put him, half dead as he appeared, inside the carriage. My sister held him while Harrot ran to the lodge, and I followed as I could. Arrived at the lodge, we placed him motionless upon the lodgekeeper's bed; we sent for a doctor, and we went sadly on our way to Raith. We arrived at half-past eight o'clock.

Friday, 11*th*.—The boy was much less hurt than we expected. He came this morning to Raith, and was well enough to return with his horses, which appeared to me surprising.

Thursday, 17*th*.—A fine day, but with a hurricane of wind. I went out at twelve o'clock with the sportsmen for a battue for pheasants, quite close to the house. I saw one killed; but sport so near is only fit for sportsmen; for those who look on it as such, is quite another thing to seeing the death too near dealt in cold blood to a creature in as much enjoyment of its life as its murderers. After having seen one fine pheasant fall, I tried to subdue the effect that that had upon my nerves, and I continued my walk with the sportsmen; but a poor little rabbit that was killed almost

at my feet, convinced me that I was not made for sporting, and I very quickly retraced my steps.

Monday, 28th.—Left Raith for Edinburgh.

From the Honourable Keppel Craven to Miss Berrys.

Naples, Wednesday, Nov. 30, 1814.

My dearest Friends,—. . . . I cannot pretend to give you an account of our adventures since I last wrote, because they are too numerous, and not entertaining unless you call seeing Rome in four days an amusing circumstance. There were two ladies appointed by Sua Santita, to accompany us in our antiquarian researches, and I understand they have not yet recovered the velocity of our dances through the Vatican, St. Peter's, the Capitol, and other tea-gardens. Besides these antiquities, we had to look at and venerate those which have lately been transplanted there—I mean sundry sovereigns pulled down from pedestals, and only waiting the issue of the Congress to know if ever they are to remount them. Oh, could I but do justice to the Old King and Queen of Spain, or their son, the infant Don Francesco, who was meant for a Cardinal, but is in fact a little red dog; or their daughter, the Queen of Etruria, who walks on her knees, or her son, who, wonderful to relate, is a very pretty monarch, or their cousin, the Duchess de Chablais, who is daughter to the King of Sardinia and widow of his brother, not forgetting the Pope, who blessed us all in a passage, and entertained our lady for half-an-hour in private! Then there was Prince and Princess Canina, formerly Lucien Bonaparte, who gave us a ball, and the ex-King of Holland, who has lost the use of an arm, and Sir Humphry and Lady Davy, who mean to pass the winter there, and the Abbé Taylor, an Irish prior of St. Clement's (not in the Strand), and artists and princes, and cardinals, and no theatres except the [ ];* and then the Pope's escort, who were all run away with by their horses, it being the first time they ever rode and the others carried. Then think of Velletri, where we slept at a gentleman's house, where all the four ladies were in Latona's state before she found the Island of Delos. Moreover, let me introduce

* Word illegible in the MS.

Terracina to your notice, where we had a horse-race, which killed a little boy whom Dr. Holland afterwards brought to life, and a firework and a ball where they danced the Lavandrina—a very pretty quaint conceited dance, in which you scratch your knees, as I hope to show you when I return from my travels. There ended the holy part of our journey, and, would you believe it, still greater honours awaited us in the Neapolitan territories. At the frontiers a regiment of hussars, yea, as good as any of our boasted 10th, 7th, or 15th, an *ecuyer de la Cour*; and at Moli di Gaeta, where we slept, the Duc de San Teodoro, Grand Maréchal, with sundry other eminent personages. But this was nothing to Capua, where all the garrison turned out, and cut off our carriage from the Princess's, by which means she arrived at Avenue half an hour before her suite; but that did not signify, as King Joachim himself was there to hand her out; and there we all dined with him, and then galloped into Naples, neck and heels, to the sound of vain acclamations and artillery.

The next day we visited the Queen, and were visited by her, and then again went to dine at the palace, and afterwards to a concert in her apartments. Then the following to the opera with their Majesties—the theatre illuminated on the occasion; and then we went to bed, from which we have never stirred, except for dinner, and once to kill wild boars; and now the court is at Caserta, and we go there to-morrow for one day. Now, are we not wonderful people? We have a fine house in the Chiaja, but not large enough for the whole household, so Anacharsis and self inhabit another at a convenient distance, and, what is much more agreeable, a great deal nearer the town. They have pulled down the figante, and put up an ugly fountain instead, but there are many improvements since our time. The King is very gay and good-humoured, and wears a fancy dress *à la Henri IV.*, with castellated boots, white feathers, scarlet sleeves sometimes, and a straight sword. The Queen is very clever, pretty, and well-mannered, and everybody is very good-humoured and toadying, except the weather, which has been raining for the last week, accompanied by three little earthquakes, but no eruption of the mountain, which is very hard. The English here are Lady Oxford and her children, Lord F. Montagu, Lord Sligo, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, and a few nameless men, but there are many expected. We all live in the

hope that no political change may take place, which would be very disagreeable, as one must be interested for people who are so kind to me.

Thursday, Dec. 1.—I was interrupted by a flight of grandees, which has been the cause of my getting into another month. Our Caserta scheme is at an end, as it rains, so their Majesties have prepared a dinner and play for nothing, which I am rather ashamed of. By-the-by, San Carlo is nearly fitted up, and very magnificent, and they have an excellent troupe, both singing and dancing, with all which they contrive to give the most tiresome spectacles I ever beheld. There was a French theatre, but that has been shut up ever since the alliance with Austria. There are, indeed, very few Frenchmen employed, and that only in the military department, which has been brought to a state of perfection hitherto unknown in any part of Italy. This paper is so transparent that any one may read what it contains; but as that will save them the trouble of breaking the seal, which they otherwise would do, it is rather an advantage. I have just got a letter from Lady C. Lindsay, who inhabits *your* house at Nice, and says there is some of your comfort still *extant* in it.

* * *

Edinburgh, Thursday, December 1*st.*—At twelve o'clock I had a *rendezvous* with Mdlle. de Lally at the hotel. All that I know of her situation, and the more she told me, and the letters she showed me, have truly wrung my heart. What a sad trial is hers! and she feels it in all its bitterness, and I had hardly strength to express how much I felt and how much I pitied her misfortunes so little deserved. She was hardly gone, when Playfair and Lord Webb came to take us a walk in the streets of the old town. Nothing is more picturesque than the irregularity, the height, and the grotesque forms of its buildings. We went by the Lawn Market, and going down by the West Bow, we crossed the Grass Market, from whence there is the finest view of the castle on the southern side. From thence we went up by the old walls of the town to Heriot's Hospital, a fine building of the time of Charles I., one of the best

works of Inigo Jones. After going the round of the enclosure, we crossed one part of 'the Meadow,' a fine public walk, quite unfrequented.

Tuesday, 6*th.*—Left Scotland, reached Morpeth. I am sorry to say that England not only appears to me a less fine country and less picturesque than Scotland, but much less well cultivated, and less appearance of agricultural prosperity and wealth.

Wednesday, 7*th.*—We left Morpeth at ten o'clock, in a very hard snowstorm; everything covered several inches thick before our arrival at Newcastle at twelve o'clock. Here we passed the rest of the day.

Thursday, 8*th.*—The weather mild and wet.

Friday, 9*th.*—Arrived at Ferrybridge early.

Saturday, 10*th.*—It froze hard in the night, and before twelve o'clock it began to snow faster than I ever saw it; it was several inches deep before we arrived at Newark.

Sunday, 11*th.*—The thaw begun again, and all the roads were in water this morning. Got no farther than Wansford.

Monday, 12*th.*—Slept at Stevenage.

Tuesday, 13*th.*—Arrived at North Audley Street soon after two o'clock.

1815.

THE first two months of this year afford nothing worth extracting from the Journal. That time was spent, with the exception of a short visit to Wimpole, in North Audley Street, when, in spite of Miss Berry's constant weakness of health, their house was always open to receive their friends.

JOURNAL.

February 5th.—In the evening at home, Lady Stuart and her niece, Aug. Foster, Mrs. Damer, Sir H. Englefield, &c. &c. Aug. Foster took the opportunity of proposing to the niece, Miss Hobart,* which we did not know till some days afterwards.

From Madame de Staël and her Daughter to Miss Berry.

Ce 3 mars, Paris: Rue de Grenelle St. Germain, No. 15.

Je suis affligée, my dear Miss Berry, de n'avoir point reçu de vos nouvelles depuis mon départ d'Angleterre. Il faut pourtant que je vous demande si vous vous intéressez au mariage d'Albertine avec M. de Broglie. Nous allons passer le printemps et l'été en Suisse. N'y a-t-il aucune chance pour que vous veniez m'y voir? Il me semble que ce voyage ne fatiguerait pas M. votre père. Parlez de moi à votre sœur. Combien de fois n'ai-je pas regretté nos entretiens; il n'y a point de femme qui puisse vous faire oublier. Albertine demande à finir cette lettre.

Est-ce vrai, dear Miss Berry, que vous m'aimez un peu, et que mon sort vous intéresse? Il est fort heureux, beaucoup plus

* Albinia Jane, daughter of Hon. George Vere Hobart, second son of the third Earl of Buckinghamshire; married, March 1815, to Sir Augustus Foster.

que je ne mérite. J'espère revoir un jour l'Angleterre, et vous amener toutes les personnes qui m'intéressent. En attendant, soyez assez bonne pour prier mes amis anglais de ne pas m'oublier—W. Spencer, Anacreon Moore, &c.; et puis rappellez-moi au souvenir de Mlle. votre sœur. Quant à vous, j'espère que vous savez que je suis Yours for ever,

ALBERTINE DE STAËL.

Monday, March 6th.—They are beginning to assemble in the streets, and to break the windows, and to knock in the doors, on account of the *Corn Bill*, now in the House of Commons.

Wednesday, 8th.—In the evening we expected a few people, but most of them were in fear of the crowds which still continued.

Friday, 10th.—We heard in the morning of the fearful news of Bonaparte's escape from the Island of Elba, and of his arrival in France. I could not at first feel alarmed about it. I could not imagine a nation so degraded and so stupid as to wish again for a military despotism, after having gone through so dreadful an experience of it.

Tuesday, 14th.—Went to Coutts's to see if there was any news from France; there was none at four o'clock. What a moment is the present!

Wednesday, 15th.—The Hardwickes and Frederick Douglas stayed late with us; he gave a very good account of his interview with Bonaparte at the Island of Elba.

Sunday, 19th.—The news from France grows worse.

Monday, 20th.—Everyone was on tenter-hooks all day for news, which became every moment more terribly important. Bonaparte had quietly passed Lyons. Can one doubt the rest—in a nation so debased? I was at Lady Georgiana's [Morpeth] in the morning when she received a note with the news that Mr. Frederick Lamb* sent from Paris. There is no longer any hope!

* Hon. Frederick Lamb, afterwards Lord Beauvale, son of first Viscount Melbourne.

Tuesday, 21*st*.—We were sitting at home all the morning in order to hear the news from France.

Wednesday, 22*nd*.—There is no longer much doubt that Buonaparte is in Paris, but we have not yet the certainty.

Tuesday, 28*th*.—Lord and Lady Eliot* arrived about four o'clock and brought us to-day's Gazette; that is what everyone looks for now with the greatest impatience, though certain to find in it some distressing news. The declaration of the Congress at Vienna upon Bonaparte's escape is in this Gazette. They 'talk it well,' but *en attendant* it says that Bonaparte is already at Lille, and the poor King at Ostend.

This letter, from a friend at Nice, addressed to Miss Berry, is without signature, but not without interest, as retracing the feelings inspired by the startling event that threatened to plunge all Europe again into war and confusion.

Nice, March 3rd, 1815.

I think you may be uneasy about me, dear Berrina; and as you will certainly hear the event in public affairs which must necessarily excite so much sensation—to say nothing more serious—I lose no time in saving you unnecessary anxiety about private individuals. At present we are all tranquillity, and the seat of disturbance lies not in this peaceful quarter; but read the following lines, and judge of our consternation.

The day before yesterday, Bonaparte landed at or near Cannes, with five, six, or eight hundred soldiers, and two pieces of cannon; he met with no obstacle, but remained quietly on the shore till eleven at night, disembarking their baggage, ammunition, &c. &c.; then proceeded to Grasse, but did not sleep in the town. He took up his lodging in a barn or outhouse. He sent twenty-five or thirty soldiers to Antibes with orders to take the place. It is a fortified town, and there is a garrison there; of course these handful of men were detained prisoners, and the command not

* William Lord Eliot, afterwards Earl of St. Germains, father of the present earl; married, 1814, Susan, daughter of Sir John Mordaunt, Bart.

obeyed. Bonaparte tarried not to dispute about trifles, but set off about the middle of the day yesterday, and reached, it is said, Castelane, a place twelve leagues from Grasseon, the route to Gap and Grenoble, which route it is imagined he is to follow. Thus far is certain; the flying reports are, that Bonaparte distributes proclamations, saying he is come to the liberation of his faithful subjects, that the eagles are on the wing, will perch from spire to spire, and soon reach those of Notre Dame. He pays any price for horses, and for all other things demanded of him. The prince of Monaco was detained by a party of Bonaparte's soldiers on his road here; they led him to Bonaparte, who asked him where he was going. 'Home,' was his reply. 'So am I,' rejoined the other, and dismissed him. I leave you to make all comments, one is tired of making conjectures. Some people suppose this step to be taken in desperation; others imagine that it has long been in agitation; one must abide the issue with awe and apprehension. Some bloodshed must surely follow, and the idea of more war sickens all feelings of humanity. One is as astonished at this event as if it had not been the least probable. One party blame the English for having allowed him to escape—as if the English were to blame. The fact is, our honest *bonhommie* is not done justice to—we are not liked on the Continent. In this last affair, how could anybody suppose it would have been otherwise? They whipped the naughty boy, and put him in a corner, and supposed he would stay there.

*From the Princess of Wales to Miss Berry.**

The 23rd of March, 1815, on board H. M. Ship Clorinda.

My dear Miss Berry,—Thank God, here I am and out of Naples in four-and-twenty hours. I left it after Napoleon made his escape! You are such good Greek scholer that you will understand so well the true derivation of the word *critic*, which I, poor stupid *Imp*, believe meant and signifies judgment; hence I presume some personns who have not well understood the original, and have seen the English translation of the primitive, have of course concluded that judgment in the legal sense in which it is frequently used as equivalent to condemnation, which is in the present instant the case of Murat and Madame

* The spelling, &c., are copied from the original.

Murat's conduct toward all Europe, and I am rather inclined to be of that opinion; what Whitbread and Brougham may think I do not know now, but of late years the greatest number of critics have been amongst the lawyers; many of these gentlemen, from despair perhaps of ever rising to the bench of Westminster Hall, have placed themselves on the bench of the great Theatre and playhouse of the world, where they have exerted their judicial capacity and have given judgment, i.e. condemned without mercy; but still, my dear Miss Berry, in reality there is another light in which these modern critics may with great justice and propriety be seen, and this is, that of a common slanderer. If a person who prys into the characters of others with no other design but to discover their faults, and to publish them to the world, deserves the title of a slanderer of the reputation of personnes with whom they have been for some month, a more odious vermin on society can receive such horrible guest more worthy of *them;* for which reason, dear Miss Berry, I shall be silent about Naples, king, queen, ministers, les belles, et les beaux; but in short or in long, I hate Naples from all my heart, and shall, under no consideration, ever think to return there. I think as Shakespeare, when he says—

> Who steals my purse, steals trash: 'tis something, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been slave to thousands;
> But he that filches from me my good name,
> Robs me of that which not enriches him,
> But makes me poor indeed.

Besides, did I possess the able pen of Horace, Aristotle, and Longinus among the ancients, Dacier, Bossuet among the French, and some more about us dear English personnes. I shall only now assure you, dear Miss Berry, that I am very anxious indeed to return to your dear country as soon as a certain Great Gentelman should be save out of this great world in the *next.* I shall certainly return, there is no society whatever in any part of the globe except in London, though I must assure you I have been extremely well every way as a Queen of Shiba; but *hélas!* (*Je n'ai jamais trouvé encore un Salomon*). You may easily imagine what a delightful journey I made from Naples to Livorno with dear Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Mr. North, and Doctor Holland. If everything go's on quiet in France I shall go to Nice, and be with dear Lady Charlotte Campbell, to meet Mrs. Damer, and

to passe our summer at the Lago di Como; our winter, heaven knows, for the present; but having now a very good frigate under my order, I shall certainly go to Lisbon, if Italy should go to the devil's. I wish you would come to see me anywhere. Mr. Craven is to go to his mother; poor Gell is still a great sufferir from the gout, and remains for the present at Naples, with a pension of 200*l.* for his life. Lady Elizabeth Forbes is going to England, with a pension of 200*l.* for life; she must remain with her sister. Lady Charlotte and her husband I hope will be with me a great deal. Mr. St. Leger I expect in a month, and Elizabeth Campbell, the daughter of dear Lady Charlotte Campbell, shall be my bedchamber woman, and always aside with me; but in case a very agreeable Englishman should come in my way, I certainly would wish to fix him to my court. My expense has been so great, it would be impossible to live in London for me for the present.—I shall be very quiet in my little *Nottshell* for some time, and I trust quiet, as happiness is no more for me in this world. I wish much to be remembered to all my really good friends. Sicard* has been obliged to go to England on my pecuniary business, which it seems is in a great confusion at the present. My best love to la 'fausse Agnaise,' your good father, and take for yourself the same, my dear Berrina, a revoir bientôt dans ce monde ou dans l'autre; mais croyez-moi toujours, absent ou présent,

Votre sincère amie, C. P.

I am just at the Lion's Den—I mean to say the Island of Elba, which is opposit my writing-table; a dead calme is just coming on, and the ship is at anchor; but dear Willy says, 'Princess, we are not at anchor, but it is the most beautifull wind possible for Leghorn, where we shall sleep to-night.' Not a tree to be seen. I have Napoleon's courier with me, which is quite a treasure to me, faithful and prudent. I shall keep him. Sicard is quite delighted with him. He is a Milanais, and has been in Russia with him; he is now doing the business of Sicard in his absence. I have received three very comfortable letters from my daughter, and heaven grant that I may see her soon again.

* An honest elderly German servant.

JOURNAL.

Saturday, April 22nd.—I went with Mr. and Mrs. Crauford to see Mrs. Wilmot's* tragedy, 'Ina.' I never saw a more brilliant audience at the theatre, nor a pit better adapted to render what one must after all call justice; but the piece, in spite of some energetic lines and the whole being written in a pure style, entirely fails in interest; there were neither touching situations nor striking characters. At the fourth act the pit began to make its judgment heard; then followed noise, and in the middle of all this the piece finished with a great majority of disapprobation. I was truly sorry for the author, who was commencing her dramatic career, and whom one should have liked to see sufficiently encouraged by success to make further efforts. One would willingly attribute the failure of the piece to the badness of the actors, who were, in fact, deplorable; but the judgment of the pit was too strongly pronounced.

Professor Playfair to Miss Berry.

April 30th, 1815.

My dear Miss Berry,—If the duration of human life is to be measured not by the revolutions of the sun and moon, but by the revolutions in human affairs (which seems the true way of computing), it has been longer in the course of the present generation than at any former period since the days of Methuselah. The terms of human life must be multiplied by ten at least, in order to make a fair comparison between the longevity of the present race of mortals and those of any other time within the last 3000 years. In this way I now consider myself as having lived considerably more than 600 years.

But to speak in sober sadness, for such is the sentiment that suits the present condition of the world, what do you say to the late revolution? What a change from last year! And to add

* Barberina, daughter of Sir Chaloner Ogle, widow of Valentine Wilmot, Esq.; married, 1819, to Lord Dacre.

to all, to mend the blunders and inprovidence of our rulers the nation is again to be plunged into war. Nothing better can come of selecting the weakest and most narrow set of politicians that the country contains for administering her affairs at the most eventful crisis of her history or of the history of Europe. I cannot think we are justified in going to war neither. To say that Bonaparte has broken the treaty is childish; he was in fact a banished man, a prisoner, and there is nobody in a similar situation, if he had possessed the courage and the means, that would not have tried to deliver himself. If the French wished to be delivered from him, it might be right to interpose in their behalf; but of this there is no appearance, and the measure they are pursuing, of putting arms into the hands of the people, will bring that matter to the test. We should put ourselves on the defensive, but more I think will be an absurd and criminal measure in those who advise it. This is the face that things appear to me to wear, far as I am from the sources of information or the knowledge of opinion in the better informed circles. I should like to know what you think. But too much of politics. How is your health?

I have no hopes of visiting France, and at present have no view of travelling but through the intellectual world, where happily no passports are necessary, no inconvenience from bad inns, impositions, &c. &c. For one who has lived 600 years, it is perhaps the best way of travelling.

I am, with sincere esteem and affection,

Yours,

JOHN PLAYFAIR.

Monday, May 8th.—Lord and Lady Byron persuaded me to go with them to Miss White. Never have I seen a more imposing convocation of ladies arranged in a circle than when we entered, taking William Spencer with us. Lord Byron brought me home. He stayed to supper.

Friday, 12th.—Went with Mrs. Tighe to the Argyll Rooms to see the first representation of the French plays to which I had subscribed. All the best company in London were there. The representation was not much worthy of its audience.

Monday, 15*th*.—In the evening we went to Mrs. Cunliffe's,* where there had been a dinner to Walter Scott, &c. She sang some English ballads without accompaniment delightfully.

Wednesday, 17*th*.—In the evening at Mrs. Cunliffe's. She gave us some music; after dinner singing with Mr. Nugent and Greville Howard some Italian airs very well.

Monday, 29*th*.—I was in Lady Hardwicke's box at Drury Lane, to see Joanna Baillie's 'Family Legend' acted for the benefit of Mr. Bentley. It succeeded better than I expected; the piece is really interesting, and the interest is sustained, and does not finish with the catastrophe of the heroine. It could not have been worse acted; however the fine lines, spoilt as they were, were appreciated and applauded by the pit.

From the Hon. Keppel Craven to the Miss Berrys.

Naples, May 31st, 1815.

My dear Friends,—After a very long but involuntary silence, during which you have probably given us up for lost, I have at last a prospect of sending you some tidings of your forsaken Vice-Chamberlains, and have ventured on a large sheet of paper as a proper vehicle for them; for I mean them to contain also the fortunes and misfortunes of our late sovereigns, whom it is now treason to call otherwise than Monsieur et Madame le Maréchal et la Maréchale Murat. The final overthrow of these meteors will be known to you before you get this, but I suppose you will not be averse to hear some of the particulars, and, therefore, without further preamble, shall inform you that soon after the unfortunate proclamation in favour of the independence of Italy,†

* Emma, daughter of first Lord Crewe; married, 1809, to Foster Cunliffe Offley, Esq., eldest son to Sir Foster Cunliffe, Bart.

† As soon as the intelligence reached Naples of Napoleon's landing, Murat called together his council, and announced his determination to adhere to his *Austrian* alliance. When he reached Lyons he made known that he considered the cause of *Napoleon* as his own, and required a passage through the Roman States for two of his divisions. The Pope retired to Florence. Murat entered the Papal dominions March 22, and issued at Rimini a proclamation calling upon all the Italians to assert their indepen-

which proved favourable only to the downfall of its author, suspicions began to be entertained that the energies of the King of Italy were not quite on a par with the hopes of the sovereign of the South;* and when the *Monitore delle duo Sicilie*, more properly called the *Mentitore*, announced that he had retired to concentrate his forces, some reflecting persons surmised that the advantages gained by the Neapolitan army might be problematical, and that the Austrian army was not so contemptible as it at first was supposed. About this time Madame Mère and our brother of Westphalia arrived, also his Eminence our uncle,† and they were shown about at the theatres, illuminated on the occasion, and Jérome took possession of the little Francavilla palace, commonly called the queen's bathing-house, which you may remember opposite the Corcelle. At our present house we frequently saw his Majesty receiving despatches in the garden, which no doubt reminded him of his defunct possessions at Cassel.

On the 20th of April our worthy relatives set sail in two ships for France, but the contrary wind forced them into Baia, and they came back, the ships returning into the harbour from which, alas! they were never to go but in possession of the English. The day after a French brig-of-war came in with Napoleon's circular letter to all the European powers; but when all these again proposed sailing, three English men-of-war appeared off the bay,‡ and cruized there day and night, creating an undefined sensation in the breasts of the natives of this city, and some similar emotions in those of the English. Messengers were sent by the queen, who was acting as Regent, and many were the voyages which Lord Oxford undertook to ascertain the

dence, and liberate themselves from the dominion of foreigners; asserting that 80,000 Neapolitans under the command of their king were hastening to their assistance.

* In a letter from Lord William Bentinck to Lord Castlereagh, dated January 7, 1815, he speaks of Murat having entertained views of aggrandisement, and by possessing himself of the whole South of Italy he could render himself independent, whatever might be the event of the war.—*Ann. Reg.*

† Cardinal Fesch.

‡ In consequence of arrangements made between Lord Burghersh, the English minister at Florence, and Captain Campbell of the Tremendous, the latter, in the beginning of May, sailed to the Bay of Naples, accompanied by a frigate and a sloop of war.

object of their unremitting attentions. The answers were at first rather vague, but in a few days they assumed a more positive shape, and the noble earl was informed that they had certain communications of the advance of the Austrian army, and of the probable necessity under which her Majesty would find herself compelled to seek protection under the English flag. These messages were not official, and consequently no one was bound to believe them; and as the *Mentitore* went on giving very favourable accounts of the army,* always ending with the *ottimo stato* of the king's health, the court and government appeared satisfied, as they said it was impossible the English could make war without giving three months' notice, as was stipulated in the armistice; but, nevertheless, it was evident that Naples was in a state of blockade, as no ships were allowed to leave it, and my cousin, Lady Elizabeth, who was going in one under French colours, received instructions from Captain Campbell that he could not let it pass, and had taken a French frigate which was sent to Sicily. People began to stare, the more so when the ministers who had accompanied the king to head-quarters returned with somewhat long faces, declaring that he had only retired to please the English Government, who had assured him if he proceeded he should be attacked.

On the 6th of May, intelligence was received of a glorious and complete victory obtained by King Joachim over the Austrians at Solentino; he had only time to write to the queen from the field of battle with a pencil, in the true warlike style, promising further details. A bulletin was published, the cannon fired, and the queen ordered the civic guard, who were raised to maintain tranquillity in the city, to be assembled for the purpose of being reviewed by her. Their review was, however, put off for a few days, which led us to suppose that the victory had not been so decisive as was expected, especially as the promised details never arrived, and the few regular troops that had been left were ordered to join the army with all possible speed. On the 10th intelligence was received that the victory, if ever there had been any, had been followed by defeat, retreat, desertion, starvation, mutiny, and all the disasters that can befall an army; it was also known that the Austrians had entered the kingdom in various quarters, and they were even

* The army sustained a series of defeats from the Austrians.

reported to be at Capua. This was, however, not the case, as Prince Achilles Lucien, and the Infantas Letizia and Louisa, accompanied by their grandmamma, and followed on the ensuing day by their uncle, made the best of their way to Gaeta; but it could not be doubted that matters were drawing to a conclusion, as the English ships every day came a little further into the harbour, and made no scruple of their intention of taking the two Neapolitan ones which were at anchor. It was odd enough, however, that on the 11th Captain Campbell sent in word that vessels under French colours might depart unmolested, and sent word to a French frigate which they had chased into Gaeta so to do. On board this last, Mrs. M. and Geneviève set sail, and from hence went all French vessels, including the identical brig which carried Napoleon from Elba to France, which had come here afterwards to refit.

That same day the queen on horseback reviewed the civic guard, with a degree of composure and courage which charmed us all. The said guard had declared their determination to maintain order and tranquillity in the town to the best of their power, but had especially determined not to defend it against any invading force.

On the 12th, the public attention was excited to its utmost pitch of anxiety, when the English ships were seen close in the harbour, within gunshot of all of us inhabitants of the most fashionable part of the town. Then it was that a convention was signed between Campbell of the *Tremendous*, and the queen; she giving up the ships and stores in the arsenal, and he ensuring her and her property safety and protection on board his ship.* The king was not included in this convention. The ships were immediately taken possession of, and their crews landed; but the queen remained in the palace, and did everything that was requisite to preserve the public tranquillity undisturbed, in which, aided by the civic guard, whose behaviour is above all praise, she succeeded.

It seems Captain Campbell, though he had not agreed to it

* Madame Murat having sent P. Cariati to negociate for the surrender, the terms dictated by Captain Campbell were, that the ships of the line in the bay should be given up, that the arsenal of Naples should be delivered over, and that these captures should be at the joint disposal of the English Government and of Ferdinand the Fourth of Naples.—*Ann. Reg.*

in the signed convention, had assured her verbally that he would convey her to France; but she several times was uneasy for fear he should not do so, as also at the suspicion that he might not grant a similar favour to those she wished to take with her; and there were several *pour parlers* on the subject, in which the Duke of Bedford at her request took a part.

In the mean time of the king little was known, except that he was at Capua trying to capitulate with the Austrians, but abandoned by most of the army, who had dispersed all over the country, and in the town itself, which was full of soldiers wandering about in a variety of uniforms, and officers with despair and shame on their countenances.

On Thursday evening, the 18th, two proclamations were published, one calling on the inhabitants to pay in advance the tax on landed property and houses, due two months hence; and the other from the king, assuring them that whatever might happen, he would not draw the horrors of warfare on the capital, and would sooner sacrifice himself than expose them to it. This calming potion was of short effect, when two hours after he himself arrived, and it was supposed that he meant to defend the town, which threw it in no small alarm. It seems, however, that if ever he had so rash an intention, he soon gave it up; for, after remaining the whole of the 19th in the palace, he left it at night with few followers, and embarked for Ischia on the coast opposite, but not immediately from Naples itself.

The Austrians refused to capitulate with him, and, as you will have seen, treated with Generals Carascosa and Coletta, appointed by the existing Government, and a deputation from the town itself.* During most part of the day, while he [Murat] remained here, he walked on the terrace of the palace, sometimes with the queen, sometimes with his officers, but always in a state of great agitation, and gesticulating most vehemently for the benefit of the multitude who assembled in the Strada del Figante; but they never uttered any threat against him, although perfectly convinced that it was his last promenade there.

* On the 20th a military convention was entered into by General Carascosa, commander-in-chief of the Neapolitan army, General Niepperg on the part of Austria, General Coletta on that of Naples, and Lord Burghersh on that of Great Britain. The abdication of Murat was first insisted on, &c.—*Ann. Reg.*

The most strange of all the strange steps that were taken, was that day in the shape of a *Constitution* given to the people of Naples, and printed and stuck up against the walls. I could not get a sight of it, nor have seen any one who has read it, for there were but few copies, and those all torn down the following day; but you will allow that it was well timed.

On the 20th Lord Exmouth came in with a considerable fleet, and anchored in the bay: the agitation among the lower classes grew stronger, as well as the alarm among the higher, and at about four o'clock the prisoners in the Vicaria, to the number of 2,000, made an effort to force their way out, and nearly succeeded, as they had set fire to the doors and actually burnt one down. The queen had charged General Pêpe, a great friend of ours, to collect what scattered soldiers he could, and who would *submit* to serve, to assist the civic guard in their duties, and with these this dangerous attempt was quelled, but not without the severest measures; for they were forced to throw hand-grenades among them, and fire upon all those who showed themselves at the burnt door, which they continued doing with astonishing perseverance for a long time. When overcome, they said they were ready to *capitulate*, and the conditions granted to them consisted in shooting thirty of the ringleaders, and placing an increased guard over them.

That evening I saw the queen for the last time, and found her surprisingly cool and composed; indeed, her conduct to the last was most praiseworthy, and if it had been unmixed with some little unworthy deceptions, must have called forth universal admiration. The palace itself was a scene of confusion that beggared all description: the courts full of horses running about loose, and starved grooms trying to steal them away; the staircase crowded with packing cases; dismayed *dames de palais* taking their last waiting, ministers holding their last councils, and secretaries writing their last despatch, amidst waiting maids gnawing chicken-bones, the only meal of that day. The queen, pale and worn out, but looking very pretty, sitting in her state bedroom, which is fitted up in very bad taste with some of the most valuable fragments found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, preserving all the grace and good manner of a French *petite-maîtresse* to the last, and taking leave of us as if she was going on a party of pleasure, interlarding her

farewell speeches with compliments to the English nation, which I understand she has since not been so lavish of. That night she went on board, leaving the provisional government in the hands of the municipality. On the following day, Sunday the 21st, the lazzaroni began their operations, and early in the morning all the Strada Toledo and the square before the palace was impassable for carriages.* The municipality had very imprudently neglected to ask Lord Exmouth for any force whose presence could have intimidated them, and till they did make the request he never offered any, though he issued a proclamation, declaring that he and the Austrians were come to restore Ferdinand to his throne; but this only added fuel to the flame, as it was a name inseparable in the minds of the lazzaroni from the ideas of pillage and murder, which they had entertained the moment a change of dynasty became probable. They came half naked before the palace, exulting in the length of their hair, which they consider as the most convincing proof of loyalty and fidelity to the old *Nasone*, as they affectionately call him, and in a very unequivocal manner demanded the sacking of the palace, saying, '*Il sacco ci tocca*,' and proving that it was an unheard-of thing that a king should be re-established in his rights without their pillaging his palace, and all those of the nobility. The old red cockade was immediately mounted on all hats, but the lazzaroni were driven back by the civic guard, who used two pieces of cannon as the most eloquent arguments against them, which however were never fired; they dispersed these, but assembled in various other parts of the town and suburbs, and many being armed with the muskets and swords which the deserting soldiery had sold almost for nothing, they frequently attacked the patrols, and the most summary but necessary measures were employed to repress their loyalty; I mean shooting and swording them without mercy, so that during that and the following days at least 600 were sacrificed, and everything is comparatively quiet. That very evening a detachment of English Marines landed, and a few Austrians entered the town; and the next day the whole Austrian army and Prince Leopold came in, and the old banners flew on all the forts.

Another extraordinary spectacle took place on that occasion,

* The disturbances which broke out at Naples caused the possession of it by the Allies to be anticipated by one day.—*Ann. Reg.*

which was the bivouac of most of these troops in all the squares and streets by the light of the moon, and the general illumination. Our dear Neapolitans consoled themselves a little by stealing the horses of the sleeping Austrians, who having their arms through the bridles, never dreamt of knives that could cut them. Several of these were sold for half-a-crown (the horses), but the Neapolitan cavalry themselves had given the example when the grand dispersion took place before and in Capua. It seems that one principal cause of this universal solution of the army was a report that a considerable Neapolitan force would be placed at the disposal of the Austrians to take out of the country, on which supposition whole regiments walked off, and the officers in despair divided the military chest among themselves.

On the 23rd, through the haze produced by a most intense sirocco, the fleet of English transports bearing ours and the Sicilian forces appeared early in the morning, and on the 25th all these landed; the admiral who escorted them returning to Messina for Ferdinand, who, hearing there might be some fighting, said he would remain at Messina till the steps of his throne were clear of all warfare, and he is now expected every moment.* His son Leopold, who has assumed for a time the reins of government, gives universal satisfaction by his moderation, and still more by his manner of receiving all those who imagined their various employments at the late court would devote them to exemplary vengeance; and these include two-thirds of the principal nobility. They are endeavouring to reorganize the army, which will be no easy matter, as Joachim was five years making it what it was, and the breath of one campaign has scattered it in all directions.

Two Austrian columns have marched into the provinces, which, I believe, are in a state beyond their doctrine. In some places the towns have declared themselves republics, and large collections of brigands, under the title of free corps, infest all the roads, so that travelling is quite at an end, and even the immediate vicinity of the town is unsafe. Most of these corps are composed of soldiers themselves, who, having taken their arms with them, have no resource but this for subsistence; and I fear the country is past recovery, for the Austrian army is no

* Ferdinand returned after nine years' absence.

small load on a people already overburthened with taxes, which cannot be taken off. The town is now quiet, and has reassumed a portion of its former vivacity, though I must say that Punch went on with the most laudable perseverance during the whole of the tumults. In these a couple of priests have shone conspicuous,—one by exciting the populace against the civic guard, and the other in trying to gain admittance to Prince Leopold to kill him; for he, as well as his father, is declared to be an irrevocable Jacobin for killing nobody, and not permitting the pillage of the town, on which they had so firmly depended, that marriages were settled and dowries promised on the respective shares of the booty. The following song has been composed by the disappointed loyalist:—

E venuto *o* Principino, [*o* means *il*]
E si a fatto Jacobino;
Mo viene o Nasone, [*mo* means presently]
E si fa francmasone—
Poveri lazzaroni.

On the 25th the queen sailed for Trieste, having chosen that place in preference to England. The admiral (Lord Exmouth) had agreed verbally to her going to France, and, in consequence, the Duchess of Bedford had offered to accompany her as far as that coast (for not one of the native ladies went with her); but on the arrival of the Austrians and our Minister, this hope was withheld, and the choice of England or Austria offered; and she chose the latter, apparently, and I must say with reason, much hurt at this breach of promise, and also displeased at the uncouth way in which the admiral treated her. I conceive this may become the future subject of some discussion among these high and mighty powers, who are very angry with us poor travellers for saying that we think she has not been well treated; and I dare say you will think us be-Murated, for which Miss Agnes devotes us to the infernal deities. Gell and I fare rather worse than the rest, as the queen—Madame la Maréchale (I beg Lord Burghersh's pardon)—sent for us at the beginning of her difficulties, as her oldest acquaintance among the English; but we being then at Ischia, the Duke of Bedford was applied to, who was in every respect a much more eligible personage. She remained four days on board, which I should think was punishment enough for all the misdemeanours she may have

committed, as she was present at the arrival of the British and Sicilian troops, heard all the salutes fired in honour of Ferdinand, and was besides insulted by the boats of the mob, who provoked Captain Campbell so much, that he fired into one. She was to call at Gaeta for her children. The only Neapolitan who accompanies her is Count Zurlo, late Minister of the Interior; the others are M. de Levron, a Frenchman who commanded the cavalry; General Macdonald, Minister-at-War; and Count Mesbourg, also French, and Minister of Finance. He persuaded her to delay sailing and wait for the admiral, and thereby certainly prevented her going to France, which Lord Exmouth, unbiassed by others, would have allowed, as in fact he had at first done.

Gell and myself having been at Ischia for a few days previous to all these great events, are reported to have been negociating a retreat for the king; if so, we succeeded very ill; for, after staying one night in the town of Ischia, he went to a house where he had tried to lodge, but could not, on account of its being occupied, and where his niece, the Duchesse de Corigliano, then was. But, so far from being well received, his appearance spread dismay throughout the family, and he was requested not to expose them to the danger of having given him a refuge. He luckily perceived a vessel, and finding it carried one of his generals who was very obnoxious to the Neapolitans, embarked on board of it, with his niece, two of his nephews, and General Rosetti, one of his aides-de-camp, leaving three more of his followers to shift for themselves: these were the Duke de Rocca Romana, his Master of the Horse; the Marquis of Guiliano, Princess Castelcicala's half-brother; and M. de Beaussement, another of his aides-de-camp.* These, after remaining another day in the island, also found a vessel in which they escaped—injudiciously enough, as Prince Leopold, hearing they had been left, sent after

* Murat escaped to Toulon, and refusing the offer of an asylum and honourable treatment offered to him by the Emperor of Austria, retired to Corsica. There he endeavoured to rally together those who had served with him at Naples, and on the 8th of October effected a landing in Calabria. His attempts to raise a cry in his favour were fruitless. He endeavoured to make his way back to the shore, but was surrounded; in his march some were killed, and the rest made prisoners. A military commission was assembled, which condemned Murat to be shot, and the sentence was executed on the 15th.—*Ann. Reg.*

them to beg they would return, and be assured of his protection. Rocca Romana is particularly to be pitied, as he was a ruined man, and personally attached to Joachim, having besides lost his only son at the defeat of Macerata, whom he saw shot before his eyes, and carried on his horse into the town. Three days after their departure, a party of Sicilian soldiers entered the house where Joachim had been, killed a servant, and pillaged or destroyed all the furniture and property in it, the master of it being all the time a most determined supporter of Ferdinand. I believe I have now, to the best of my power, given you a tolerably faithful account as far as reached my knowledge of the events which have taken place in this most charming of all residences. I shall only add a few words more respecting your acquaintances here, which are in tolerable good number. The Rawdons have been wanting to go for a long while, but now their friends the Austrians are come, I suppose will not be so impatient. The Duke of Bedford carries this to England; his Duchess stays either here or in some other part of Italy, to nurse Lady Jane Montague, who cannot recover, though she may linger some time. The Oxfords, with their children, dogs, and birds, are embarked on board a transport bound to Leghorn. The Ords also, Mr. and Mrs. Bowles (late Miss Montague) also. The rest of the Montagues, Knutson, and all the other men, are going I fancy to Rome. Ward has been very unwell for this week. Gell has suffered much from gout. I am waiting for a summons from my mother. In the meanwhile we have a most excellent house, a terrace full of flowers, a garden full of orange-trees, and the only good tea in all Naples, which I hope you will taste next year. We have heard from our Princess, who is touralizing at Milan, on the Lake of Como, with Lady Charlotte Campbell. I conclude the other Charlotte is arrived; if so, let her read the history of our campaign. . . . . &c. &c.

JOURNAL.

Tuesday, June 20th.—Saw a great many people in the morning, all expecting great news of the armies.

Wednesday, 21st.—In the evening we had some company very late. Mr. Fazakerley brought the news of the

great battle of the 18th in Flanders, between Bonaparte and Wellington, from which we have come out covered with glory, and gained a victory which one must hope will be decisive, as it has been bought with a great loss of blood. The news arrived in London at 11 o'clock at night, by a carriage in which were seen the French eagles and the French standards. The carriage went to the Ministers' houses, and all the world was out of doors during the best part of the night, asking news of their neighbours.

Thursday, 22*nd*.—All the details that one hears of the victory of the 18th show that it was one of the most sanguinary battles that ever took place, and contested with an unexampled fury and determination. I went to Lord Palmerston's, where I saw the 'Gazette,' and examined the large map of the country with Fanny Temple.*

Sunday, 25*th*.—In the evening at Lord Guildford's. Smith† (the 'Rejected Addresses') sang several songs, the merit of which consisted in the words, which are very epigrammatic.

Sunday, *July* 2*nd*.—Before dinner I had a conversation, which interested me very much, with Sir J. Mackintosh, on the subject of the Russell letters; and he so much praised my arrangement, the notes, &c., as to make me feel quite proud.

Friday, 7*th*.—Mrs. Lewis and Miss Cornewall took me at seven o'clock with them to the Jewish Synagogue in Duke's Place; we went by water to the stairs at London Bridge, from thence we walked to the synagogue. The service had already begun, and was in full chorus. The synagogue is rather fine and large, like Freemasons' Hall.

* Hon. Frances Temple, sister to Lord Palmerston; married, 1820, to Captain Bowles, R.N.

† James Smith, one of the two brothers, Horace and James, who were joint authors of the 'Rejected Addresses.' James also wrote some of the most successful of Charles Mathews's entertainments, comic songs, 'Brambletye House, a Novel,' &c. He was born 1775, died 1839.

The service without dignity, and in no ways imposing. I should certainly never be tempted to become a Jewess by the illusion of the senses.

Saturday, 8*th*.—In the evening we had a few persons. The news is arrived of the capitulation of Paris to the Duke of Wellington.

Thursday, 13*th*.—Went to Tunbridge.

Saturday, 15*th*.—Upon Bishop's Down we met Lord Grantham,* who had just arrived direct from Paris, which he had left last Wednesday night. He had entered Paris with the Duke of Wellington, and saw the king's arrival, having remained there nine days.

Sunday, 16*th*.—In the evening at Lady Hardwicke's, where we met Lord Grantham, &c. We made him tell us all that he saw at Paris, and of the excellent conduct of our troops.

Monday, 17*th*.—Worked at my MSS. in the morning.

Tuesday, 18*th*.—Worked at my MSS. in the morning.

Wednesday, 26*th*.—I only went out for a short time to read the papers, in which is Captain Maitland's letter, announcing the arrival of Napoleon Bonaparte upon his vessel at Torbay. Wonderful event! Whoever should have predicted this six months ago would have been thought fit for a madhouse.

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry to Mrs. Damer.

Tunbridge Wells, Sunday, 23rd July, 1815.

The rapid course of public events, all one more wonderful than the other, which have taken place within this last month, leave all comment, as well as all calculation, at a distance. You little thought that your friend at Paris would be in England before yourself, and that your bust *may* return to that country it never *ought* to have left, without going out of the possession

* Thomas Philip Robinson, third Lord Grantham; born 1781; became Earl de Grey on the death of his maternal aunt, Amabel Countess de Grey, 1833; died 1859.

of the person to whom you gave it.* Before I close this letter to-morrow, we shall probably have heard of his arrival in an English port. This last triumph of the English character for good faith and truth is indeed flattering. We shall not sully it by our conduct even to him; strict confinement and security for his person seems all that is thought of for him. The state of France appears almost as wretched as ever. They have got rid of Bonaparte, it is true; but when will they get rid of the moral degradation which his reign fixed on them? How will they put the band of janissaries, which must for ever prevent anything like—I will not say *liberty*, but a stable government being established among them? Somehow or other these people *must* be got rid of; and if the nation is too weak and too base to do it for themselves, the rest of Europe (for their own sakes) must do it for them. They have now the opportunity, and I trust they will not neglect it; for if peace and the *habits of peace* are not soon restored both to France and to England, we shall witness a new order of social society in *both* countries, when war will be the habitual state, and peace only occasionally recurred to. The constitution of no regular healthy government, no more than of any healthy individual, can support such dram-drinking to the mind, as the life of Europe for these last

* Mrs. Damer received a handsome snuff-box in return for the bust of Mr. Fox; and the subjoined inscription, now placed within the box, tells its own story. It was bequeathed by Mrs. Damer to the British Museum.

'This box was given by the Emperor Napoleon of France to the Honourable Anne Seymour Damer, as a "*souvenir*" (the word he used), in consequence of her having presented him with a bust of Mr. Fox executed in marble by herself. The bust had been promised at the Peace of Amiens, was finished 1812, and sent to France, where it remained, but was not presented till May 1, 1815, when, by command of His Imperial Majesty, Anne Seymour Damer had an audience for that purpose at the Palais Elysée, where the Emperor then resided.'

The box is in gold, enamelled, of an oval form, and has on the top, outside, a portrait of the Emperor Napoleon, within a circlet of twenty-seven brilliants. The above inscription is engraved on a loose gold plate which fits into the box.

At a Committee, 8th November, 1828, 'the Principal Librarian announced that he had received a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, and ornamented with a finely executed portrait of the Emperor Napoleon, bequeathed to the Trustees by the late Hon. Mrs. Damer, under the injunction of never allowing the portrait to be copied, or the box, under any pretence, to be taken out of the collection.'

two years. We have all been living much too hard; we must take up and accustom ourselves to the plain regular diet of peace. . . .

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry to Mrs. Damer.

Tunbridge Wells, Wednesday, 2nd Aug., 1815.

I too could have given you many details of the *battle of Waterloo* (John Bull knows nothing of the name of *Mont St. Jean*, no more than he does of that of *Hochstet*), for I have seen a number of most interesting letters from officers engaged in it, and some of the wounded since their return. . . . If you have felt the battle of Waterloo *as* 'a soldier's daughter,' *as* it was universally felt here, and above all, *as* it was felt by all those engaged in it, its glory and its results have absorbed every other feeling. . . . I have, as you know, always thought and said, that things in general appeared in a very different light when viewed from this island and from the continent of Europe. But whatever the prospect of the rest of Europe might be, I can hardly think that anything I should *see* would prevent my thinking the French character *nationally* degraded by the military despot who has reigned over them for these last twelve years, his régime completing what the twelve preceding years of revolution had begun. I hardly think I should see their army in any other light than a band of janissaries, who with the usual protocol of his, common to *all* parties, in their mouths, of love of liberty and their country, drive before them twenty-six millions of people, to whom they have succeeded in giving *habits of war*, of which one half are too weak and ignorant to see the consequences, and *all* too base to oppose them. But opposed they *must be*; and, like you, I am so far from expecting peace during the present occupation of Paris by foreign troops, that, dreadful as it is, I, and all peaceable minds, must desire to see further war if the present French army cannot be put down without it. If Rocca or any other military man complains of this, and of the loss of all the victories bought by their blood and their brilliant valour, ask them whom they have to blame but Bonaparte, who actually made these national virtues odious and incompatible with those of other countries. If they would be content with military despotism, and fine roads and fine buildings, in God's name let them have it, but not in a manner that is to impose *their* disgrace on other people. . . .

From the Duke of Devonshire to Miss Berry.

Paris, August 2, 1815.

If a line will do, here it is, but it will be a very unsatisfactory one, for besides the hurry of seeing sights and staring at everything till I am giddy, those occupations prevent one's getting at much information of what is going on. The sovereigns seem to be composing themselves into the state they were in at Vienna. They appear very little, except at the theatres; they are, however, going to exert themselves, I suppose, from the dismay which people connected with the King and Government appear to feel. Fouché thinks everything doing as ill as possible for the King and for France. They are incensed with the Prussians, who extort immense sums of money, and when the préfets refuse, fill their houses with soldiers. They have seized upon the models of the frontier towns, and indeed the whole collection at the Invalides, and they are packed up, and some gone to Berlin. I saw them before; they are beautifully made, and extremely accurate; there is one, of the Battle of the Bridge of Lodi, with the houses on fire, astonishingly put together. At the Louvre they have taken about thirty pictures, some by Rubens; but it is difficult to know which by the catalogues, as they were not regularly hung and numbered. More are coming down every day. Having begun, there is no knowing where they are to stop, or how it may tempt the other Powers; as yet there is no harm done.

The French cut their jokes as usual. At the Duke of Wellington's ball, the women talked of having danced *sur le tombeau de la patrie*; and they call the King, Louis *l'inévitable*. The ball was dull and formal, with very few women; the King of Prussia the only sovereign there. Two Russian grand dukes, Nicolas and I forget what, are very handsome and well-behaved, and much liked by those who have seen them. Every day I am more delighted with the magnificence of the buildings and country, the way of life, and the theatres. Mdlle. Mars reappears to-night, and Talma to-morrow. The most ridiculous and the most characteristic thing is a ballet at the Opera, and the excessive applause it has. The story is the Battle of Waterloo; the scene, Paris; the imperial guards beaten, come back and inform the national guards of their disaster; a young lady hears that her lover is killed, but an English officer arrives

with him, having saved his life, upon which *tout danse àpropos de tout*, with white lilies, and plenty of Scotchmen are introduced, which puts the audience in raptures. At the other theatres there is nothing but *le bon Roi Henri*, who is not very warmly received, but no contrary feeling.

Your most sincere friend,

DEVONSHIRE.

Thursday, August 3rd.—Worked at my MSS. all the morning.

Monday, 7th.—Lady Elizabeth Yorke, Agnes, and I remained all the morning at Penshurst—they to draw, I to go over the church and the old garden. I found the former less interesting than I expected; there are only two or three old tombs of the Sidneys. The garden, with its terraces, the balustrades of the steps, &c., recalls more than any other part of the enclosure the idea of its former magnificence. In some of the rooms on the ground floor, opening to the garden, there are still some curious specimens of Delft and Fayence.

Sunday, 13th.—At church there was a sermon very well adapted to enforce the duty of a collection for the wounded at Waterloo. The plates were held by Lady Hardwicke, Lady Ely, Lady Donegall, and Mrs. Yorke. They received at the chapel doors 194*l.*—a very large contribution.

Friday, 18th.—In the evening Agnes and I went to Lord Harrowby's, where the Hardwickes, Madame Moreau, and Le Baron Arnim had dined; there were also present their eldest son, Lord Sandon, and M. de Puységur. Little Susan* sang a great deal, and very prettily, with the Baron and the Maréchale.

Friday, September 22nd.—In the evening went at ten o'clock to the Princess Sophia's, where there was an assembly of everybody, as little amusing as any other assembly; however, I talked with Lady Harrowby, and I was not therefore bored.

* Lady Susan Ryder; married, 1817, to Viscount Ebrington; died 1827.

Sunday, October 1st.—I took leave of Playfair (who was going away early in the morning) with great regret. He is not only a man of the most enlightened mind, but one of the kindest disposition I know. I flatter myself he very sincerely reciprocates the friendship we have for him.

Friday, 20th.—In the evening Agnes and I went to Lady Templetown's *—there was no one there. Lady Templetown was amusing herself with cutting out my profile on paper, which was really very like.

Wednesday, 25th.—Left Tunbridge and returned to North Audley Street.

Monday, 30th.—In the evening I went to the play, in the Duke of Devonshire's box, with Lady Tancred, A. Turner, my father, sister, H. Tancred, and R. Oswald. Saw Miss O'Neil † in Jane Shore; she acted it in a very charming and interesting manner.

Monday, November 13th.—At the play to see Kean in Tamerlane. His acting is well adapted to playing detestable characters. The piece is after the French style, full of long speeches. The part of Tamerlane does very well for Pope, who recites verse tolerably.

Saturday, 25th.—Went to Covent Garden, in the Regent's box, with Madame Moreau, her daughter,‡ her governess, and her secretary. The piece was 'The Gamester;' § Miss O'Neil as Mrs. Beverley very good.

Saturday, December 2nd.—Canova has arrived. The pleasure of seeing us again did not persuade me at first that he thought of us after so many years, but very soon

* Lady Mary Montagu, only daughter of John, fifth Earl of Sandwich; married, 1796, to Viscount Templetown.

† Miss O'Neil made her first appearance in London in October 1814. Her beauty is celebrated in theatrical annals. After a brief but brilliant career, she married Sir William Bercher, and retired into private life.—*Imp. Dict. of Univ. Biog.*

‡ Madame Moreau's only daughter; married the Viscomte de Courval, owner of the fine Castle of Puson, near Laon.

§ Tragedy by Nicholas Rowe; born 1673; died 1718; published in 1703.

his recollection of a thousand little circumstances during our stay at Rome, more than thirty years ago, convinced me that it was really us that he sought, and his joy at seeing us again was truly flattering, and truly characteristic of the head and heart of an Italian. He introduced a brother to us, an abbé, and he left us, promising to come again before his departure, Monday or Tuesday.

Sunday, 3*rd*.—We had a second visit from Canova,* his brother, and a Roman sculptor of the name of D'Este. The same delight at having met us again, the same expressions of friendship, and the old feelings of admiration, which were really gratifying after so long an absence. In the evening went with Madame Moreau to Madame de Lieven. There were the diplomats as usual, and amongst them Madame Sturman, a little Frenchwoman, the wife of the Austrian Commissary, who is going to the Island of St. Helena to guard Bonaparte.

Friday, 15*th*.—In the evening at Lady Hardwicke's, who leaves to-morrow for Paris. I hate adieux—though these were less sad to me, as I hope they are not for long.

Tuesday, 19*th*.—In the evening went to Lady Donegall's, where Miss O'Neil had dined. Miss O'Neil is in society what she is on the stage—gentle, pleasing, and interesting.

Saturday, 23*rd*.—We went to Drury Lane Theatre with Mr. and Mrs. Baring, to see 'The Merchant of Bruges,' and 'The Maid and the Magpie.' The first is by Beaumont and Fletcher—very little interesting; the second both touching and interesting, translated from the French, the story taken from their *causes célèbres*, which I have always considered as a field fertile in dramatic subjects.

* The most intimate, inseparable of all his friends was his half-brother, the Abbate Sartori Canova (son of his mother by her second marriage), who from the year 1800 resided entirely with him, and to whose sole and sacred friendship he confided at his death the execution of his most cherished designs.—*Works of Canova*, Biographical Mem. by Count Cicognara.

JOURNAL.

1816.

Thursday, January 18th.—Went in the morning to Lady Stuart's pew in Whitehall Chapel, to see the eagles and the flags taken at Waterloo, and to hear the sermon preached by the Bishop of London in thanksgiving, to-day being the day appointed for it. There was too little ceremony, too little military music, and a sermon (by the little I could hear across the incessant coughing of the congregation) too political for the pulpit.

Friday, 19th.—In the evening at Drury Lane, to see 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts.'* Kean is excellent and detestable in it. Piece interesting; very rare thing in our old plays revived.

Sunday, February 4th.—Dined at Mr. Bourke's,† with M. and Madame Benjamin Constant,‡ the General Flahaut and Sebastiani, Prince Esterhazy, Neuman, Comte

* By P. Massinger; born 1584; died 1640.

† Danish Minister.

‡ Benjamin Constant, born at Geneva 1767. His family, French Protestants, had taken refuge in Switzerland. Through life M. Constant was the consistent defender of civil and religious liberty. He was exiled at the same time as Madame de Staël, by the First Consul. After wandering for a time over Europe, he settled at Gottingen, where he married a Hanoverian lady. In 1814 he returned to Paris, full of hope that in the new state of affairs France might regain some liberty, and in 1815 he committed himself against Napoleon; yet, strange to say, after one personal interview, left him Conseiller d'Etât. After the second return of the Bourbons he devoted himself to literature, and in 1819 took part in the Chamber of Deputies, where he distinguished himself by his eloquence as one of the leaders of the opposition. He was the author of many political works; also of 'Walstein: a Tragedy,' &c.; he died towards the end of 1830. Benjamin Constant published a novel, in three volumes, called 'Adolphe,' in 1816. This may have been the work, enlarged, of which Miss Berry writes.

Berendingen (the Envoy of Wirtemberg), and Mr. Cosfeldt. General Flahaut is, as they told me, very like Robert. Constant spoke very little.

Wednesday, 14*th*.—In the evening at the Bourkes, where there had been a dinner. Lady Holland, Madame de Lieven, &c., and where Benjamin Constant read his romance or history; I do not know what to call it, as he has not given it a name. It is very well written—a sad and much too true a history of the human heart, but almost ridiculously so with the company before whom it was read. It lasted two hours and a half. The end was so touching, that it was scarcely possible to restrain one's tears, and the effort I made to do so made me positively ill. Agnès and I both burst into tears on our return home.

From A. Canova to Miss Berry.

Ho il piacere d' inviarle due stampe della mia Venere, ed una del Gruppo di Amore e Psiche: piccolo segno in vero della tenera stima e del rispetto che io nutro per Lei; ma questi due sentimenti sono si grandi, e passano talmente ogni misura, che io dispero di poter mai darle di essi alcuna prova esterna che non sia piccioli [———] Serva almeno la presenta al principal oggetto di rammentarmi a Lei, e di assicurarla che io tengo propriamente vicine al cuore le pomesse a Lei fatte. Gradisca nel tempo stesso il buon volere che mi guida a farle cosa grata, e adempia il voto che sempre io faccio, di rivederla un' altra volta fra noi. Mi confermi così dolce speranza; si ricordi talora di me, come io vivo memore sempre delle di Lei gentili maniere e delle qualità amabili che adornano il suo bel cuore e consolano quello di chiunque s'avvicina, e che io invidio tanto. Quegli sentimenti desidero comuni colla di Lei sorella, ch' egualmente io stimo e onoro; siccome di essi pure vuol esser partecipe mio fratello, che si piace ricordarsi alla di Loro memoria, mentre io particolarmente mi pregio essere.

Suo at. obb. servitore,
ANTONIO CANOVA.

Rome, 23 febbraio 1816.*

* I have the pleasure of sending you two engravings of my Venus, and one of the group of Cupid and Psyche—a small token, truly, of the sincere

On the 6th of February 1816, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, third daughter of the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, was married to Sir Charles Stuart, English Ambassador at Paris. Lord and Lady Hardwicke having taken a house there, invited Miss Berry to join them. The invitation was accepted, and she placed herself for the passage and journey under the convoy of a lady and her son with whom she had no previous acquaintance. Miss Berry's Journal during her visit at Paris, though partly written in her usual diary, is given in greater detail in the letters addressed to her sister, who remained in London.

JOURNAL.

Tuesday, 27*th.*—Left North Audley Street for Sittingbourne.

Wednesday, 28*th.*—There was a storm during the night. The weather to-day is fine, clear, and cold, with a north-east wind. I was at Dover at half-past one. The wind favourable; and if the sea does not become too rough, we shall embark to-morrow at ten o'clock, with the tide serving.

Thursday, 29*th.*—The cold continues, with a favourable

esteem and of the regard which I cherish for you; but these two feelings are so deep, and so surpass all measure, that I despair of ever being able to give any adequate external proof of them. This may at least serve the principal object of bringing me to your recollection, and of assuring you that I hold close to my heart all promises made to you. May you accept the good-will which prompts me to do anything agreeable to you, and at the same time fulfil my constant wish of seeing you once more amongst us. Pray confirm this pleasant hope, and sometimes think of me, while I retain the most lively recollection of your charming manners and the amiable qualities which adorn your good heart, and which make happy whatever enviable person comes near you. I beg to express the same sentiments towards your sister, whom I esteem and honour equally, in which my brother also joins, and hopes to be remembered by you; while I particularly pride myself on being

Your attached humble servant,
ANTONIO CANOVA.

wind. We sailed from the pier at half-past ten o'clock. I only saw my companions at the time of our embarkation. Mrs. P. was occupied with her own affairs, and her son was thrown out of a whiskey in the streets of Dover when coming to pay me a visit; fortunately I had no need of their help. My trunks were scarcely looked at at the Custom House. I remained on deck, wrapped in everything I had that was warm; the cold was excessive, and contributed almost as much as the motion of the vessel to sea-sickness. At the side of the Calais pier we were delayed in landing, because my companions had forgotten to furnish themselves with a passport; but being well known there, they allowed them to pass, and we were just three hours from one inn to the other. This other was not the excellent Hotel of Quillacq, but the Lion d'Argent, kept by an Englishman, and as bad as the other is good. At dinner we had a visit from the Governor, the poor old Comte de Celie, who was for so long in England. I do not know whether this little old man considers it a duty to give a welcome to all the English who arrive; if so, he must have enough to do.

Friday, March 1st.—Up early, to start at eight o'clock. Beautiful weather, and the roads very good. We stayed at Berney, being too late to reach Abbeville.

Saturday, 2nd.—Reached Beauvais in less than twelve hours.

Sunday, 3rd.—I arrived in the Rue d'Anjou, at Lady Hardwicke's, before four o'clock.

Extract of a Letter to Miss Agnes Berry.

Rue d'Anjou, Sunday Evening, 3rd March 1816.

Well, dearest Agnes, I arrived at least two hours before I was expected. My letter announcing the certainty of my setting out, and my *hopes* of getting here to-day, never reached Lady Hardwicke till late last night. But no matter; my reception was such as to make all announcing unnecessary, and to make

me (as I am sure it would you) rejoice that I had come. . . . . As to all my letters, and all my visits, and all my commissions here, I shall take them very leisurely, and endeavour to enjoy the sort of quiet which I think one of the great charms of a Paris life. . . . . My journal, therefore, to you, which I shall begin from this day, will often, I dare say, be much less interesting than you expect, and you may, perhaps, think me very dull, and doing nothing, when I am spending my time most agreeably. Read as much of my letter to dear Aunt Anne as you please; I know she will not think me over vain for boasting of my kind reception, and I am sure we owe her all due communication of letters. . . . . I am longing to hear from you and my father, on whom, certainly, my chief anxiety will fall during my absence. For myself, taken singly, my age makes me feel a sort of independent indifference which is very useful, and leaves one much at liberty to enjoy, as far as one is able, what falls in one's way.

Thursday, 7th.—The trial of Sir Robert Wilson, &c., they say comes on this week. If women go to the trials *à la Cour d'Assises*, which I have been assured they do, I shall take care to be one of the audience. He is to be tried for high treason, and they say strong circumstances have come out which make his case worse than was expected. It was denied in England, but is true, that having asked Sir Charles for two passports—one for his brother-in-law, and another for a Major Locock—the first he used for himself, the second for Lavalette. Bruce, who is only considered as an accomplice, said to his avocat, after a consultation, 'Ne trouvez vous pas qu'il y à quelquechose de très romanesque dans ma situation?' Admiral Linois and General Boyer* were tried yesterday at their own

* Charles Alexandre Linois; born 1761; a distinguished admiral, was taken prisoner by the English in 1793. He was released in less than a year, on condition he was exchanged for Sir Sidney Smith; this Robespierre refused, and Linois delivered himself up again as prisoner of war. He returned, in time, to France, and was in active service till the year 1806, when he was again made prisoner, and remained in England till 1812. He was then appointed Governor of Guadaloupe by Louis XVIII. The colony

desire. I have not yet heard the result, about which nobody seems to care twopence, although it was thought they would be condemned.

Saturday, 16*th*.—I saw Mdlle. George and Talma in 'Britannicus.' She is a fine actress—that is to say, having been admirably taught, and executing everything she has been taught with a magnificent theatrical figure; her face not unlike Mrs. Ferguson's, grown very fat, and set on the shoulders of a tall woman. Talma is excellent, and the dresses, costumes, and decorations *superb*. Mrs. —— is here, and is thought exceeding good company; receives all the very best French society, gives dinners and balls, and has even had the honour of being suspected of being *un peu libre dans ses principes*, for having given a ball in Lent, at which the King requested the Duc de Berri would avoid appearing. . . . I saw Eliz., *chez moi*, for a few minutes, at her return from court, in all her *beaux atours*, and remarkably well she looked. . . . . Her success here among the French is, I assure you, great, and she has already more French acquaintance than I dare be sworn any Ambassadress has had since the days of Lady Stormont or any other one *du bon vieux tems*.—Sent for Barrois, and saw him yesterday. He is as mad as Bedlam on the subject of politics, and consequently very entertaining; he has promised to come to me often of a morning, and to bring me a sight of all the forbidden political books. . . . .

Tuesday.—In the evening went to the Théâtre François,

was attacked by the English in 1815. Admiral Linois and General Boyer were imprisoned, and both tried on account of their change of allegiance on the return of Bonaparte. Admiral Linois was unanimously acquitted by the Council of War.

Eugene Edouard, Baron de Boyer-Peyreleau. He entered the army in 1793, was constantly employed, and served with considerable distinction. He was in command at Guadaloupe at the time of the battle of Waterloo. He was condemned to death by a Council of War; the sentence was afterwards commuted to three years' imprisonment.—*Dict. des Contemporaines.*

and saw Mdlle. Duchenois, Mdlle. George, and Talma, in 'Agamemnon' and the 'Avocat Patelier.' . . . .

Extract of a Letter.

Thursday, 14*th*.— . . . . I was last night at the Variétés, and saw my old acquaintance, Brunet, and the now more famed Potier, in two parts. He is excellent—nature itself—so that it is impossible to believe yourself at the theatre. His calembourgs are frequent, *des impromptus*, *fait à loisir* of course, but received by the parterre with raptures. Of the pieces I own I thought little; they would soon tire and disgust one. 'Jocrisse, Chef des Brigands,' which I had heard was very good, is no other than 'Bobinet, the Bandit,' and I think Liston makes more of it than Brunet. To the Théâtre François I shall go oftenest; there, one is sure of being really interested and entertained. Luckily, Lady Hardwicke likes it of all things. I have not yet seen Mdlle. Mars.* From the play we returned home, near eleven, changed our dress and went to the Greffulhes, who receive every Wednesday evening, and we were not too late. Their house is magnificent; it was Savary's (the Duc de Roorg's), to whom Bonaparte gave, *un beau matin*, a million francs (43,000*l*.) to buy and furnish this house. That's what you call a *free*, *equable* government, when the sovereign can give you, or me, or anybody he pleases, forty or fifty thousand pounds out of the public funds, and nobody say *Bo* to him for so doing. . . . . Our Englishmen's trial is again put off *sine die*; whenever it takes place I shall be there. General Boyer, you would see by the papers, was sentenced two days ago to be shot, but they said last night that the

* Mdlle. Mars appeared first in 1793, in children's parts, and gradually rose to eminence. She was much encouraged by Mdlle. Coutât, to whose parts she succeeded in 1812. The extraordinary charm of her acting, her voice, her countenance, and her accent, must be well remembered by many still alive.

punishment was to be changed to deportation. Of all this, however, one hears nothing, and from those I live with, necessarily perhaps, less than elsewhere, so that I long to get hold of people whom one can set talking. . . . . .

Friday, 15th March.— . . . . . Our dinner yesterday at Pozzo de Borgo's* was a grand formal affair, given to l'Ambassade d'Angleterre; consisted of twenty-six persons. You would have been delighted with the *accueil* the Duc de Richelieu† gave me; it was *really* amical—really as if he had been happy to be carried back to the days and the remembrances of his youth. He led me into dinner, sat by me, led me out again, shook my hand half-a-dozen times, and was remarked never to have been lately seen so gay in company. He is very much like what he was as a young man—very thin, very good-looking, singularly like a gentleman, with very gray hair, very much curled over his head. He asked after you with great kindness, and insisted on coming to see me; this he may never find time to do, but I am sure he has the intention. He talked freely of affairs, and not in a very consolatory manner; fears that France is not at the end of her ills, nor Europe very likely to enjoy peace. One could not, as you may suppose, much develope these ideas at a dinner; but I shall be very glad to meet him again. It will not be at Sir Charles's to-morrow, for this dinner at Pozzo's was a mixture of the two parties, as you will see by the list—Talleyrand and the Maréchals, the Duc de Richelieu, and some other of the present ministers and courtiers; whereas

* Russian Ambassador at Paris; a native of Corsica.

† The Miss Berrys' acquaintance with Armand Emanuel Duplessis, Duc de Richelieu, dated back as far as 1784, when they were at Montpelier; born 1766. He retired to Vienna during the French Revolution, joined the army of Suwarrow, and distinguished himself at the taking of Ismail from the Turks. He was afterwards appointed Governor of Odessa, in the Russian service, from 1803 to 1814, after which he returned to Paris, and was invested by Louis XVIII. with various high offices of state. He retired from office 1818; died 1821.

Sir Charles is not to mix them, but to have Talleyrand and all his set to-morrow, and the others another day. Talleyrand! could you see him! Such a mass of moral and physical corruption as he appears in my eyes, inspires me with sentiments so far from those with which I look up to great minds and great exertions, that I should be very sorry to be obliged to express what I feel about him. He speaks very little in company at any time, and, Sir Charles says, looked very sulky yesterday; to-morrow, perhaps he may be in better humour. . . . . The weather is beginning to be good, and I was yesterday out on foot, which you know is my delight. We had a walk in the Ambassador's garden, which is delightful, and, like our own, opens into the Champs Elysées. There one sees a great many of the trees barked round by Austrian and English cavalry; but they are carefully planting others whenever a tree has been injured, and this is, *as far as I have yet seen*, the only *degât* of the foreign troops perceivable; but they say the Bois de Boulogne is almost entirely laid waste. . . . .

March 16th.—Mdlle. Mars is not Mdlle. Coutât. I have no doubt I shall think her as perfect an actress as all the rest of the world do; but her countenance, and the first look of her, disappointed me. It is an intelligent but a vulgarish face, not *racheté* by any real beauty. The parts, too, I should think, were not very favourable to the development of her greatest talents. Victorine, in 'Le Philosophe sans le savoir,' and Madame Something (I could not make out the name), in 'La Comédienne,' a new and I think bad piece, though it has been well received. But what a *perfect* thing is French comedy! the representations of *their* life and *their* manners are so perfectly natural, that all idea of a theatre vanishes; and as they admit of much more conversation, and less action and bustle, on the stage than we do, one often feels oneself admitted into the interior of a private house, and listening

to their family arrangements. I long to see Mdlle. Mars again, for perfect she is, and perfect I have no doubt I shall find her; but I had perhaps heard too much to be struck at first sight. . . . . My last letter talked to you about our three *wise heads* here. The Duc de Richelieu told me the trial would certainly take place the 1st of April, and he added, '*Ils seront quittes pour deux ans de prison.*' Car. may tell this, if she pleases, to the *****, without just saying that I heard it from the lips of the First Minister of France. All the *peuple* here expect something (they know not what) to take place in this month of March, which, indeed, after the pretty *équipée* of last year, I don't wonder at their supposing must *always* produce some marvellous change; but what they *want*, not even Barrois himself can tell. Many are persuaded that *le petit Napoleon* is actually at Fontainebleau. Very few believe the father to be *really* at St. Helena. But what signifies all this? For my own ideas of things, I cannot help thinking, *que cela ira*; but not without Europe being *aux prises d'armes*, half-a-dozen times, and this bewildered people exhibiting a few more proofs of their profound moral degradation.

March 17th.—I have been lucky hitherto about my dinners. The Comte Alexis de Noailles led me in yesterday, and I sat between him and the Duke of Wellington, with whom I had a great deal of very interesting conversation. The simplicity and frankness of his manners, and the way in which he speaks of public affairs, are really those of a great man; although, talking of the allied sovereigns, their views, &c. &c., he says *we* found so-and-so—*we* intend such-and-such things—quite as treating *de Couronne à Couronne.* I diverted him much with B. Constant's idea of his never returning to *l'état de simple citoyen.* The Duke told me at dinner that Bonaparte would never do justice to Marmont, or pardon his defeat, till he saw his (Duke of Wellington's) account of the action in which

he had beat Marmont; and Marmont has since acknowledged his obligation to the Duke, which is much in a person naturally so insolent (to the English in particular). The Duke added, that Bonaparte had always waited for, and depended on, his accounts of the actions in which he was engaged with the French, to judge of his generals' conduct, and seemed proud, as well he might, of such a decisive proof of confidence in his truth and honour, hardly less glorious than the great events which called for their exercise. The Duke told me, in speaking of the military disposition which all Europe had acquired during these last twenty years, that such was its preponderance, and such its effects on the armies collected last year in the second crusade against France, that at the time the armistice was concluded, and the allies were rather blamed for making peace so suddenly, and allowing such-and-such terms, they were hardly themselves masters of their own troops, or able to control their intentions, and were dreading that some unforeseen event might have discovered this dangerous secret. Alexis de Noailles was very agreeable and entertaining too; he is a *deputé*, and one of the most *violent moderés*. The dinner was of twenty-six or twenty-seven people, but almost all Talleyrand's gang, headed by that old incarnation of corruption himself. . . . . Lady H——heard from the Duke of Wellington himself many particulars of the battle of Waterloo. In answer to a number of women's questions, one day at the Ambassador's, as to what degree of exultation he felt at the victory when won, and of grief and feeling at the moment for the fall of friends, he replied, with his usual natural unaffected simple manner, he had little time to feel either till long after all was over—'*I, who saw the battle four times lost that day.*' In the evening there was a ball at the Duke of Wellington's, to which I went, feeling myself not tired, and willing to see the inside of the Elysée Bourbon, the last house Bonaparte inhabited in Paris, now the abode

of an English Commander-in-Chief, surrounded by a guard of French soldiers! . . . . Enter Florian de Kergolay. Florian is a much better-looking man, of near fifty, than he was at twenty. He seemed really glad to see me, and enquired most kindly and particularly after you. We had a talk of near an hour together before I took him into Lady Hardwicke's. He is an *ultra Royalist*; so that I have luckily found acquaintances in all the different parties, whom I can make talk and talk to. I am to dine to-morrow with Florian *en famille*, to be introduced to his wife, who was a Mdlle. de la Lucerne, niece to the Ambassador we had in England. . . . . I am just returned from seeing Madame de Fleury; we had a great deal of conversation, and she speaks with all her former precision and cleverness. . . . . Everybody is wearing feathers here, and their price is enormous.

Extract of Letter.

Paris, March 20th, 1816.

. . . My dinner at Florian's, on Monday, was a curious one. Before he got back from the Chamber, the elder brother entered, which was a great relief; for with him I had no difficulty in making conversation. He was our only society, with their three children, who dined with us. They are all *ultraissime Royalists*, and more profoundly benighted in ignorance and prejudices than any of the many other parties which divide this bewildered country — although they, like hundred others of all parties, sincerely wish the peace and happiness of France; but how to compass it, the honest and well-meaning have not the smallest idea, or plan, or view in common with one another, while the knaves act in perfect unison with the general corruption of the nation. . . . I must give my Journal, with as few observations as possible, and, keeping to facts, leave comments till we meet. I left the

Kergolays between seven and eight, with no disposition to return to a woman who, I am sure, took me for a *Republicaine Anglaise*, and never wished to see my face again; but I was much entertained to have seen hers for once, and the manner in which that sort of person takes up politics in France at this moment. From thence I went to the François, where I saw 'Figaro,' and I was amused with detecting some parts they left out. . . . I have so much more to do, and above all to hear and see, than I have eyes or ears for—and I know how much I shall regret hereafter not setting down a number of things that are passing before me; but, alas! I feel a cruel falling off in my former powers of attention, memory, and combination. To-morrow I go for the first time to the Chambre des Deputés. Lord H——and I go into the diplomatic box. I saw Barrois yesterday; he is obliging, as usual, and is getting something curious I want in the memoir way. All my friends, on all sides, give me things to read, for which I have no time, except I were to sit up all night, which I have no inclination to do. Elizabeth's success in French society (and I have now had opportunities of hearing it from all sides, without any suspicion how much it interests me) is perfect; and he is very sensible of it.

Extract of Letter.

March 27th.—M. de Vaublanc,* the *Ministre de l'Intérieur*, told me yesterday, at dinner at the Ambassador's, that during the Revolution he had been five times denounced, twice condemned to death, but never taken; that his means of escape had been always the same—taking a stick in his hand, and a shirt in his pocket, traversing France in all directions on foot; and on these expeditions he had never been recognised but once, and then saved by a woman. His country he was determined

* M. de Vaublanc took refuge in 1797, for a time, in Switzerland and in Italy. He re-organised L'Institut in 1816: he was himself a writer.

never to leave, as he believed the emigrations from it had been one of the most certain causes of the long continuance of its evils; and that he never could submit to be reckoned among those '*que je ne veux pas nommer.*' He has the countenance and conversation of a plain, intelligent, sensible man. I had heard him speak in the morning in the Chambre des Deputés, on an article of the budget, very much in that character, and very much in the tone that a minister ought to address a representative assembly. The question was, whether of douze centimes (I make use of their denomination because I am not *certain* of the integral parts to which they belong) — to be levied by the departmental administrations on themselves — ten centimes or eight were to remain with them, and four centimes or two be paid into the general treasury for the use of the State, or rather, I should say, to be left at the disposal of the Minister of the Interior, for the general purposes of his particular administration. And it is worthy of remark, that the opposition, who were here the ultra-Royalists, those who are for allowing everything to the King, and are, in fact, against a representative government at all—were those who insisted on leaving the smallest sum at the disposal of the King's ministers, and carried their point; thus acting (from almost opposite motives) exactly the part of a popular opposition in England. M. de Vaublanc seemed to think it a point of less importance than it appeared to me, as immediately relative to the general internal administration of the friends of the country.

Extract of Letter.

Paris, Friday, March 29th.

I was yesterday very well entertained with Ward, Nugent, and Luttrell and our landlord, Comte de Rœderer,* who dined with us; afterwards went to

* Comte de Rœderer, Peer of France, and Member of the Academy;

Madame Moreau's, where there was a concert. It was more disagreeable as to arrangement than a concert in London; because all the women were seated in three rows of chairs round an oval room, without a possibility of moving, or of a single man getting near them. . . . At twelve o'clock we went to Talleyrand's; that is to say, chez la *Comtesse Edmond de Périgord*, his niece, i.e. a daughter of the Duchesse de Courland, whom he has separated from his nephew, to whom she was married. She is not five-and-twenty, and has a head more like a pretty serpent than anything I know. Here we found music again; it was only Blangini at the pianoforte,* and Mdlle. Renaud and another professor singing. The society did not consist of above twenty-five people—all his old set of gambling women.

The Duchesse de —— told —— that he would hear of little *tracasseries* at —— about her daughter, the Duchesse de —— and ——, but that she was happy to tell him their connection was quite at an end—'Car vous sentez bien tout ce qu'une mère doit éprouver pour l'honneur d'une fille, et pour vous dire la vérité, *je n'ai jamais fort approuvé* cette liaison!'

Extract of Letter.

Sunday, 31st.— . . I have been this morning to the review of the Garde Royale, between eight and ten thousand men, in the Champ de Mars. The brightness of the sun (though as cold as an east wind could make it), and the crowds of common people and of carriages, made it very gay; and as we did not take too much of it, I was

born in February 1754. He was a member of the Constituent Assembly at the beginning of the Revolution, and a Minister of Napoleon during the Empire. He died suddenly, December 1835.

* Joseph Marc Marie Felix Blangini, well-known musician and composer; born at Turin 1784. He was the author of several operas that met with success at the time, but is best remembered now by his 'Nocturnes.'

very glad I went. Madame in an open carriage drawn by six horses, went up and down the lines after the princes and their état-major on horseback. At each end of each line as they approached, the people crowded on the rising bank which encloses the Champ de Mars. The princes were received with considerable acclamation and 'Vive le Roi;' she with very little; and but few hats touched or white handkerchiefs waved. In short, she is hated by the people, and supposed to breathe nothing but vengeance and bigotry; while her manners, by what I can learn, are not captivating or conciliating to those of higher rank. Madame de Gontaut and Madame de la Ferronaye, who you remember in London, are the two ladies appointed to meet the new Duchesse de Berri at the Pont de Beauvoisin. If she resembles in beauty the other Neapolitan princess, *les nouvelles appuis à l'Empire des lis* which are to arise from this marriage will be *pretty sticks*. . . . Returned home by the Pont de Jena. Grand construction in all ways, but much less beautiful than the Pont St. Trinità at Florence.

April 1st.—. . . The letter of the Duke of Wellington to the King is only known here through the medium of the English papers, and I individually have not yet seen the paper in which are the abstracts. If such a letter exists, it is the dictates of all the Allied Powers, of whom the Duke of Wellington is only the mouth, as being their commander-in-chief as well as ours. . . .

April 2nd.—In the evening at the François, with Lord and Lady Hardwicke: 'L'Homme du Jour.' Mdlle. Mars dans la 'Jeune Personne;' I am not yet *enchanted* with her.

Miss Berry to Madame de Staël.

Paris, April 2, 1816.

I find myself here in the midst of old acquaintances whom I am very glad to meet again, and of new acquaintances I am

very glad to make; in short, amusing myself like a queen, or rather, as queens never do. By a fortunate chance I have found old acquaintances in every faction that now agitates and divides this country—this country, so wonderful by its combination of *esprit* and of folly, of enlightenment and ignorance! I have conversed with ministers, with the ultra-royalists, with the modérés enragés et non-enragés, and I shall tell you what I think of them when we meet in England or on the shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Extract of Letter.

Paris, Sunday, 7th April, 1816.

. . . Yesterday I dined at Madame Moreau's, with the Duc de Richelieu, Maréchale Macdonald, and seven or eight other people. I was glad after dinner to get a little conversation with M. Lainé, the President of the Chamber of Deputies, and before I returned home there came in two or three men whom I was glad to see, such as M. Hyde de Neuville,* the most violent ultra-Royalist in the Assembly. . . .

Monday Morning.—Mdlle. George *looked* Athalie gloriously last night, and spoke most of it with great effect; but *le petit Joas* was a little miserable girl, who had neither voice nor *âme*, and was always on the point of making a curtsey. The high priest, too, spoke the whole part as if out of a deep cavern, and slower than Kemble in his slowest moods. I was less enchanted than I expected to be (for I never saw 'Athalie' *acted* before).

* M. Hyde de Neuville, son of an English button manufacturer, established in France. In 1797 he first took part in political life, belonging to the 'Clichy' party, who were bent on the overthrow of the then Government. He became one of the most active agents at Paris for the Royalist party. At the end of 1799 he was acting in concert with G. Cadourdal Dandigni et Bourmont. His arrest was ordered, but he escaped to England. In 1805 he sailed from Spain to America. On the return of the Bourbons, in 1814, he was appointed to various foreign missions, and after 1815 took an active part in the Chamber, always on the side of *l'extrême droite*. He was again sent as Minister to the United States, from which he returned in 1822.

But then came 'La Belle Fermière,' the prettiest and best-acted second piece that can be conceived. In short, again, there is no entertainment like the French theatre. I went to see the Duchesse d'Escars,* at the top of the Tuileries; I had been prevented going the other night. He is Premier Maître d'Hôtel de Roi. They are lodged in an apartment of five or six small low rooms, up I know not how many steps, like an *entresol* just under the roof of the house. Here were all the French people we meet in society wherever we go, and a few English, those principally who go to Court. The young French women are by no means now *accueillante* in their manners to any strangers, and far less to those of my age; they are as much like our own as possible, only without half their beauty and look of women of fashion. So that it is never in these sort of large parties that one makes any acquaintance, nor does one want it; one goes to see, and for once or twice it is very entertaining, and I was glad to see the interior of the Tuileries. . . . . Tell M. Constant that I think M. Lainé a very sensible man, and his manner and clearness in summing up the debates and stating the questions in the Chamber admirable.

Extract of a Letter.

Tuesday, April 9th.—Want of confidence in all parties, from a too-well-proved want of truth in all parties, is actually the one only great evil of this country at present. It needs not another to conduct it, as it is doing, to the very brink of another dissolution of government, *if* it

* The Duc d'Escars; born 1747; married, first, the daughter of Laborde, the banker, and held a place at Court. In 1791 he emigrated, and was sent by the royal family on a mission to the Court of Sweden. He remained there till after the assassination of Gustavus III.; was then sent to Berlin, entered the Prussian army, and married, secondly, Madame de Madaillac. She was exiled by the Imperial Government of France to the Isle Marguerite, and afterwards allowed to retire into Touraine. The Comte d'Escars was created Duke in 1816.

escapes it. On the 29th of March the ministers carried their proposed law on the subject of the qualifications of the electors, and the pecuniary modes of election. At this all the Tuileries people, the King's friends as they call themselves, were in dudgeon, and the ultra-Royalist party in the Chambre des Deputés so outrageous, that yesterday they wanted to smuggle in the report their committee had made on it, in the midst of the discussions on the budget, without having given any formal or due notice to the president, and so to carry some violent amendments, which would have placed the elections entirely in the hands of the Court. Now, then, would be the moment to dissolve this Assembly, who have a decided majority against the King's ministers, and thus leave the Government without power and the country without confidence. But mark to what moral impotence an absence of truth and good faith inevitably leads. The ministers possessing neither the confidence of the Court nor that of the country, nor of the Chambers; abused within their walls for every liberal measure as a mark of weakness, and without them for every indication of vigour as a mark of despotism—the ministers are still averse to the dissolution, from a dread (a very vain one, I venture to think) of meeting a Chamber yet more difficult to deal with, from perfectly opposite sentiments; while the deputies, although boasting the perfect freedom of their elections, are frightened out of their wits at being sent back to their constituents, and have, most of them, I am persuaded, so little internal hope of being again returned, that they will, if possible, raise the standard of revolt in their provinces *for*, not *against*, the overweening power of the Crown, and *against*, not *for*, the rights of the people; and this while thinking themselves (and many of them really being) good Frenchmen and desiring the happiness and welfare of their country.

Extract of a Letter.

Wednesday, 10*th*.—In the morning I went with the Maréchales Moreau and Macdonald to see the whole interior of the Luxembourg, now arranged for the House of Peers, as it was before occupied by Bonaparte's Senate. The whole of its arrangements and decoration is the thing in best taste that I have seen in France.

JOURNAL.

We passed through an orangery to go to the grand staircase, where there are more than a dozen marble statues in niches, of different persons who played a part in the Revolution, but not one of the heroes of the Reign of Terror. Two or three committee-rooms are also surrounded with thermes, upon which are placed marble busts of the most remarkable characters of the last twenty-five years; some of them good, but the most part very bad. The House of Peers is the same size, form, and arrangement as the Chamber of Deputies, but more magnificently furnished with dark-blue velvet. The *salle*, into which the King retires when he goes to the Assembly, contains four enormous pictures of the battles of Bonaparte, now covered with green cloth tightly nailed over them. The bust of the King, in bronze, is now placed upon a platform, between four columns of porphyry, where stood a full-length statue of Bonaparte, and he still remains in painting opposite, upon the ceiling, as a Mars, with a Victory offering him a crown of laurels.

The Rubens Gallery, with Marie de Medicis on the ceiling, painted by Rubens, is in the most perfect preservation; it surprised me by the beauty, the variety, the richness of its colouring, and by the composition of many of the pictures. Two other rooms, containing seaports, by Vernet, surpassed my expectations. I cannot say the same for the History of St. Bruno, by Le Sucur, of

which I had heard so much when they were in the interior of the Capucins' Convent, and where it was difficult to see them. With the exception of two or three (particularly that of the 'Death of St. Bruno'), I like neither the composition nor the colouring, not even the drawing. From the Luxembourg we went to the Fauxbourg St. Marceau, to the Convent of the 'Dames Anglaises,' who receive young ladies as boarders, to see the daughter of the Maréchale Macdonald. I went for a moment in the tribune of the church, where six old women were performing the service, with fifty young girls for their audience. This convent is beginning only to be re-established in its ancient domicile. In the time of the Revolution it had been used as a prison for women, and the 'Religieuses' for a long while were permitted to act as gaolers. The Assembly met yesterday, and carried their point in the teeth of King and ministers, against the removal of a fifth of the deputés this year, thus voting their own permanent existence for the five years at least allowed by the charter. Again I say, this is the moment for the King to use his power of dissolving them, and thus throwing himself on the nation for the hopes of a set of representatives who will better understand and follow his real interest, as well as their own.*

Extract of Letter.

Paris, Saturday, April 13.

Friday.— . . . Good Friday was the *best* and only really *good* day we have had since I have been here. I went with Madame Moreau in a smart English landau to Longchamps, where all the English received the consoling assurance that the worst Sunday that ever shone on Hyde Park produces twenty times more handsome equipages than this one day of gala for all the horses and

* The Chambers were dissolved the 6th of September of this year, 1816.—*M. B.*

carriages of Paris. In short, this sort of *luxe* is not yet returned to be the fashion, and Longchamps was a string of dirty cabriolets and hackney coaches, interspersed with here and there a clean barouche, and one or two foreign coaches and four. Here, however I was very well amused with the people, the lookers-on, &c. &c., and remained till past six o'clock.

Extract of Letter.

Monday Morning, April 15.

. . . Yesterday it was a regular and violent snow-storm here the whole day after twelve o'clock, and I believe the whole night. Everything this morning remained covered with an inch or two of snow, like the middle of winter, and all the tender green of the shrubs, and buds of the trees, bowed down with a weight of snow. It has now, at mid-day, disappeared, but a wind is blowing as cold as Christmas, and it has just been hailing. Never was there so late, nor so bad a season here; however, as Madame de Staël said, it is the fashion not to mind it here, and so, in the very midst of it; at three o'clock yesterday, we went to L'Eglise de l'Oratoire, now given to the Reformed religion, from the principal minister of which we had obtained permission, after his service was over, to have ours (of the Church of England) read, and the communion administered, which was done by Pepys and another young clergyman here, and which we all received, with above a hundred others, before a considerable audience of common French people (for of course the church was open), and I could not but remark the serious attention and curiosity with which they marked everything that was going on. From the church, in the same violent snow-storm, I returned. . . . . In the evening I went to Princess Jablanouski's, principally to see Madame Valesska (I don't spell the name right). Well, after all I had heard of her at Naples, I expected to find a person who, if not handsome, was interesting, was elegant, looked animated, or languishing and

tender. *Rien de tout cela.* She is a large square woman, not very unlike the cut of Madame Constant, and not more than six or seven-and-twenty. . . . .

JOURNAL.

Monday, 15*th*.—'In the evening at the François—'La Mort de Pompée.' In 'La Mort de Pompée' they have been obliged to leave out six or eight lines of the first tirade; enough remains throughout the piece to furnish strong allusions, but the time is past or not arrived when they are made.

Extract of Letter.

Paris, Sunday, April 21, 1816.

. . . I know not how long I may be kept at the trial of our Englishmen, which begins, of course, early. They will be acquitted of everything *but* extreme folly, from which no tribunal on earth can clear them. Bruce is to *débiter* his own defence, which will probably be sufficiently *romanesque* to be very entertaining. . . . On *Wednesday*, 17*th*, I went all round the Boulevards to the Jardin des Plantes, where Lady Hardwicke and Elizabeth met us, and we had a charming walk; for the Jardin des Plantes, according to its present arrangement, is one of the prettiest and most enjoyable things you ever saw, with all the beasts and birds living very much at their ease in that part of it called the menagerie. . . . Among the young fine ladies, I find I have the reputation of being *une femme de beaucoup d'esprit*, which I shall certainly retain with them as we have no conversation together that can possibly detect any want of it. The elder ones, whether they take it on their own judgment or the report of their daughters and nieces, certainly treat me and talk to me as if they gave me credit for it.

Thursday, 18*th*.— . . . In the morning I had an enormous long walk. We went first to Gérard, the painter, who

is a much cleverer and more agreeable man than he is a good painter. In the evening I went to Madame de Souza's (Monsieur de Flahaut's mother), whom I was resolved to see, and there I found M. Gallois, to whom Lord Lansdowne recommended me to listen if I met him; however, wonderful to say, he said little.* . . . Lady Cahir's was an excellent party, all the fine French ladies looking their very best; but, as she said triumphantly, the English *beat them in a canter* last night; for there were the two beautiful Lucan girls,† Lady Conyngham's daughter‡ and *herself*, and the young Butler § (Lady Harriet), who is a very pretty girl too. In short, they could not *face* at all. . . . Tell my dearest Caroline that I wish she could have heard me on Thursday with Lally, and yesterday with the Princesse d'Hennin, on the subject of poor cat's paw. Yesterday, in an hour's conversation, it was a fair set-to of French *sentiment*, *procédés*, *convenances*, and hard-heartedness against English truth of feeling, benevolence, and humanity—St. George against St. Denis—and believe me, though I say it *that should not*, St. George had fairly the advantage, although fighting with the disadvantageous arms of a language not his own.

JOURNAL.

Monday, 22*nd*.—I set out at half-past eight o'clock with Lord Hardwicke to the Court, where the trial of our

* Jean Antoine Gaudin Gallois, known as a political economist and Member of l'Institut. In 1791 he made a report to the Legislative Assembly on the state of La Vendée. He defended the liberty of the press, in 1814. The return of Napoleon put an end to his legislative labours, and he did not again fill any important office. He translated the work of Filangieu, 'La Science de la Législation.'—*Dict. des Contemporaines.*

† Lady Anne Bingham; married, 1816, to Alex. Murray, Esq. Lady Louisa Bingham; married, 1817, to Francis Lord Elcho.

‡ Lady Elizabeth Conyngham; married, 1826, to Lord Aboyne.

§ Lady Harriet Butler, daughter of Lord Glengall; married, 1822, to the Earl of Belfast.

three Englishmen, Wilson, Hutchinson, and Bruce, was to take place. I did not return till nearly six o'clock in the evening. The court smaller than I expected, and less ornamented. The manner of questioning the prisoners by the presiding judge, strange to our English ears; the evidence of the *pauvre diable* Guichelin was enough to kill one with laughing, by the manner in which he swamped all he had to say, or rather concealed it in a shower of words which had little to do with his subject.

Extract of Letter.

Monday, 22nd April, 5 o'clock.

Just this moment returned from Wilson's trial, I find your packet of the 19th. . . . I would not have missed the trial on any account. It is not over. I am going there again to-morrow, which is sufficiently fatiguing, for one is obliged to be there soon after eight to get a tolerable place. But you know all trials interest me, and this is certainly of peculiar interest. The conduct of a French trial (when not for life and death) is so contrary to all our ideas of justice as to astonish one that so clever a people, after all their codes and all their constitutions, should not yet have got nearer the mark. I have no possible time for details just now, but I confess that I think our people made a very bad appearance. They were all examined to-day; all spoke much too bad French (according to my ideas) to have attempted to speak in public. B—— *perorèed* with much contemptuous affectation. In the midst of my peroration my letters are called for, so farewell. *La suite* the next courier.

Extract of Letter.

Paris, Thursday, 25th April, 1816.

. . . Well, thank Heaven! the trial ended yesterday, without *convicting me* of a headache; but it took up

entirely the whole of the three days; for, after being up soon after seven o'clock, and in the hot and crowded court for between eight and ten hours each day, I was perfectly incapable of anything but eating and drinking, and going to bed after my return, and it has thrown me back in all my engagements. . . . But I have been extremely interested. Yesterday, after the defence of the English prisoners by their advocate, M. Dupin, who executed his office admirably—speaking with great freedom and eloquence, and at the same time avoiding everything that could properly give offence (he was one of the counsel for Maréchal Ney)—both Sir Robert Wilson and Bruce made a speech; Wilson first—and very well, except his *extra bad* pronunciation; however, everybody seemed to excuse that, and the speech had considerable effect, and I think deserved it; for it was manly, soldier-like, to the point, and temperate. Luckily for him, nobody touched on the *really* bad part of his story—the having obtained passports under a positively false pretence, and for two non-existing persons—so that he was not obliged to defend himself on the only indefensible point in English eyes. In those of French truth and probity, it was *nothing*; not thought worth adverting to, even by their magistrates.* Hutchinson wisely thought proper to say nothing. Last came Bruce, who, in fine flowery speech, brought together Montesquieu, La Fontaine, Henry IV., le Chev. Bayard, la revolution d'Angleterre de 1688, les Bedouins du Desert, les Druses du Mont Libane, l'Alceste françoise (as he called Madame de la Valette, and the *romanesque*)

* This was not the view taken of this part of Sir R. Wilson's conduct by the Horse Guards in England. On the 10th of May, under the head of General Orders, a very decided censure of the conduct of Sir Robert Wilson and of Captain Hutchinson appeared, in which the following passage occurs:—'Nor does H.R.H. consider the means by which this measure was accomplished as less reprehensible than the act itself; for H.R.H. cannot admit that any circumstance could justify a British officer in having obtained, under false pretences, passports in feigned names from the representative of his own sovereign.'—*Ann. Reg.*

of the adventure in which he was proud of having acted a part. The young *avocats* thought it very fine (what they understood of it). It was just such as they would have talked themselves. The older people, while they admired Wilson, said Bruce had the *ton* of a *mauvais comedien*. However, he sat down with great applause, and neither did good nor harm, I believe, to his cause; for the fact, as they both owned and gloried in it, was undeniable, and therefore some punishment was absolutely necessary. The jury did not remain out above an hour, and they had to decide on three French persons implicated as well as the three English. The court was kept in good order, and no applause or marks of disapprobation very properly allowed. It was cram-full of women, but Lady Glengall, Lady Conyngham, Mrs. Crosbie, the only English ones I knew who attended constantly. But I do not think, whatever lies may be told of it, that it excited a *very* strong interest anywhere, or with any people except the personal friends of Lavalette.

Extract of Letter.

Paris, Sunday, 5th May 1816.

Tuesday.— . . . I was for a long time, in the morning, in the library of our host, Comte Rœderer, who is a very well-informed and interesting man, from the great part he has acted during the whole of the Revolution. He and I are great friends, and I go up to his library and find him there whenever I please, or rather *can*, which is not half so often as I wish. I went with Lady H. and Elizabeth to Bagatelle, now restored to Monsieur, but not, I think, to its ancient *recherché* of arrangement.

Wednesday.— . . . I had a most interesting morning at the Château de Vincennes, which I saw from top to bottom, all the cachots, &c. &c., the rooms

where Palafox* was, those occupied by the two Polignacs,† &c. There are no prisoners there now at all. The greater part of the cells of the dungeon are now filled with munitions of war, and the whole château is used as a military depôt, and not as a prison. The exterior of the chapel, which is very large, is in beautiful Gothic style; the interior is filled with a large framework of wood in raised stages, used as a magazine for stores, and in such a manner that I could only see, from a window above, that it is very much ornamented and very beautiful. On one part of the plaster ceiling still remains the cypher of a Henry, I forget which. . . .

Extract of Letter.

Friday.—I went to Malmaison with Madame Moreau and Madame la Duchesse de Raguse (formerly Mdlle. Peregaux, married and separated from Marmont). Here we saw the whole house and garden and hot-houses, and all Lee and Kennedy's fine plants.

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The enclosure of the house of Malmaison and the garden very good, though flat; the arrangement of the gallery, when all the pictures, vases, &c., *were* there, must have been superb. A great abundance of marble remains there still. But how Chiswick, and indeed many of our inferior villas, would turn up their noses at all the

* Don Joseph Palafox; born 1780, of an ancient family in Arragon; the brave defender of Saragossa in 1808; 54,000 persons perished during the siege. Palafox was sent prisoner into France, and confined at Vincennes till December 1813.—*Dict. des Contemporaines.*

† Armand Jules de Polignac, whose unfortunate public career was terminated by the fall of Charles X., was condemned to death in the year 1804, for his participation in the intended enterprise of George Cadourdal; the solicitations of his wife, seconded by those of Josephine, procured a commutation of this sentence for imprisonment. He was four years in confinement at Ham, and four at Vincennes. His brother Jules was imprisoned for the same affair.—*Dict. des Contemporaines.*

rest of it. The room and bed in which poor Josephine died* is all gold, and gold embroidery upon a magnificent crimson coverlid, ridiculously magnificent for such a house. The adjoining bed-room, lilac and white silk, is that which Bonaparte occupied the last night he spent in the environs of Paris. The hot-house, which is 150 feet long, filled with fine plants; a very intelligent gardener. All this belongs to Eugene Beauharnois, who they say is going to let it, but the keeping it up will cost a great deal. The Prussians were there at the last entry into Paris, for some hours only; they have broken some small things, and carried away some covers of stools that had fringes, but otherwise it is astonishing that the mischief was not greater.

In the evening, we had a very brilliant *soirée chez nous*, more than 150 English and French. There was a pretty general illumination, in the streets and at the ministers' houses, for the anniversary of the king's first return.

Sunday, 5th.—In the morning to the gallery of the Louvre, where so many fine things still remain that they have certainly no right to complain. One can say the same thing of the statues; they are now working with great zeal to re-arrange them. The emplacement and decorations are superb. They have added many marble columns since I saw it in 1802.

In the evening we went to the opera, and saw 'Ninon;' much more affecting in a ballet, and much better acted, than ever I saw it either sung or recited. . . . The life I have been leading I should be very sorry to lead for two months longer. Enough *is* as good as a feast, and of this sort of *feasting* not only *is*, but ever *was* to me. . . As it is, I have been much entertained, and shall now welcome the quiet daily bread of life, and the home and

* Josephine died May 29, 1814, and was buried in the small and ancient church of Reuil, where a monument is erected to her memory; it bears the initials J. B., and the inscription 'A. Josephine—Eugene et Hortense.' *Galignani's Paris Guide.*

its little circle, that will give me at once time and occasion to talk over and digest all I have seen and heard; and be assured that, like the Duchesse de la Ferté, *il n'y a que moi qui ai raison sur le compte des François*; and when you know all I have heard and seen, you will think so.

Extract of Letter.

Paris, Thursday, 9th May 1816.

. . . . On Monday evening I went to the play, and was well entertained. It was 'The Misanthrope,' and 'La Suite d'un Bal Masqué.' Madlle. Mars in both pieces, and in both so perfect, that she has at last entirely made my conquest, along with that of all the rest of the world.

. . . . Tuesday, we had a most interesting day at Versailles, which I had never seen well, and had almost forgotten; luckily our party consisted only of Lord and Lady H., Elizabeth, and myself. We saw everything completely, dined there, and returned to tea here. We entered the château by the garden, where carriages are not allowed, and from whence (with great civility) they made us go out. We then went to see the whole palace. There is no furniture, but they have cleaned and repaired the gilding, which is almost all of the time of Louis XIV., and is still very fresh. The king's and queen's apartments, and the gallery which is between the two, are truly magnificent, without being what is called in good taste. The ceilings, all painted and sculptured in the Italian style, and the gallery by Le Brun magnificent. Several large pictures of P. Veronese, framed, in the walls of different rooms of the apartments. The dressing-room and the queen's private library look out upon a small court of the château which is not twenty feet square. The window in the middle of the three, which forms the centre of the palace, and which has a balcony, is that where the royal family showed themselves at the first coming of the

populace to Versailles; the chapel ill-proportioned and contracted. We saw the place where stood the tribune of Madame de Maintenon; it was in the king's gallery, into which she entered by a side door opening into his apartment. At a subsequent period Madame du Barri was placed in the first arch between the columns. I went with Lord Hardwicke upon the roof, where one can walk very comfortably, and saw where Louis XV. and XVI. made their nightly walks, and by the means of the chimney-funnel sometimes heard secrets of the court, and sometimes heard very unpleasant truths. The gardens beautiful, and well-suited to an enormous and magnificent palace such as Versailles. The orangery—worthy of the place, one can say no more—contains 229 enormous orange-trees in tubs, without counting hundreds of smaller ones. The oldest orange-tree was planted by the Constable de Bourbon in 1453, as they say. After dinner we took a long walk in the gardens. Groves and bath of Apollo, and rocks, well-constructed; the sculptured groups which are very fine in themselves, are badly placed. I had before no idea of the magnificence of Versailles, nor the great effect that it must have had on the arts of its day. But if anything were necessary to deter one from the wish of wearing a crown, it would be the idea of living, passing one's life from morning to night, and from night to morning again, in the gilded rooms of Versailles. To a spectator, however, how interesting the remembrances and scenes it recalls!—from the tribune of Madame de Maintenon in the chapel, to the door at which the wretched Marie Antoinette fled from the murderers, already in her gilded bedchamber, to that of the king for protection.

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Saturday, 11*th*.—The evening at Madame Recamier's. She upon a chaise longue with the headache, and twelve

or fifteen men; of ladies, only Madame Moreau, Mrs. Patterson, the ex-wife of Jerome Buonaparte—Mrs. P. pretty, without grace, and not at all shy.

Extract of Letter.

Sunday, 12*th*.—In the evening we went to Madame d'Escar's, in the garrets of the Tuileries, where all the immaculate royalists, and *nobody else*, meet every Sunday.

JOURNAL.

Thursday, 16*th*.—In the morning to the Tuileries, to see the king's apartments. One is admitted by an order from M. Le Comte de Pradel, while the king is out, between three and five o'clock. They are very magnificent; the ceiling of the Diana gallery superb. Chapel, nothing particular; one single flag is placed near the altar, belonging to the regiment which alone remained firm to the Duc d'Angoulême. I would not have made it so apparent that that was but one. Very fine theatre made by Bonaparte in the old Salle de Concert. They are now working to make a room to serve as ball-room, dining-room, or theatre at pleasure; but, far and above all, they are occupied in taking away the *N's* thrust everywhere in all the palaces and all the public buildings.

Friday, 17*th*.—We went to the Princess de Vaudemont's, who expected us at her château. It is a very pretty French villa on the banks of the Seine, about two leagues from Paris. The house, garden, and court-yard is all arranged in half-English and half-French taste, and is very complete. A 'basse cour,' filled with the most beautiful poultry I ever saw. A large kitchen garden, kept in the best possible order by a gardener and six boys. A large balustrade, or rather wooden balcony, all round the house, covered in the front, and making what we call a verandah, in which the principal rooms look.

Saturday, 18*th*.—The morning at St. Cloud. The situation delightful, grand and cheerful. The rooms less superb than I had pictured them to myself, considering they had been the favourite abode of Bonaparte. The gallery is very fine. The large apartments here look out upon a private garden of the palace, which communicates by an iron gate to the public garden, where the fountains are. Madame d'Angoulême comes here very often in her carriage from Paris, and then rides on horseback in the park and the forest. She was there the same day as ourselves, and we saw her opposite les Grands Eaux. The terrace in the public gardens, alongside of the river, with large trees, and the Seine with its many boats, and a much frequented public road between the river and the garden, are charming; and on the other side are small stalls, all occupied during the fair, or when the court resides here.

Monday, 20*th*.—We set out for St. Germains. The approach to it very pretty. The interior of the château totally and entirely spoilt, so changed and neglected that it is hardly possible to find the royal apartment. Nothing is left but a large drawing-room, which in former times was a theatre, and where still remains the cypher and device of Francis I., and three little gilded rooms which must date from the time of the minority of Louis XIV. All that part of the château, including the apartments occupied by our James and his family, have been divided in two in their height, and are thus reduced to two entresols, occupied, during the time of the Revolution and of Bonaparte, by a military school of cavalry which exists no longer; so that the largest part of the château is deserted, and the remaining part serves as a barrack to some officers of the depôt of cavalry always here. The town has a less flourishing appearance than any other of the environs of Paris that I have seen. The terrace is fine, from its length and its view. The wood behind the

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terrace—cut, like all the French wood, as a star—was charming in its first verdure, and swarming with nightingales. We returned by the boat. In the evening I went to two guingettes in the Champs Elysées, side by side—Le Pavillon de Flore and Le Sallon de Mars. One could not see two ball-rooms more prettily arranged, or better order preserved.

Thursday, 23*rd*.—Left Paris at twelve, and arrived at Beauvais at seven o'clock; so that I had time to see the cathedral there. Fine Gothic church; the arches of the nave are as fine and bolder than those at York. The windows surpass all I could imagine in painted glass. They are the same kind as at Canterbury, but infinitely more beautiful. How they escaped at the Revolution I had not the means of ascertaining.

Sunday, 26*th*.—We arrived at Dover at six o'clock in the evening. Unfortunately, the custom-house officer was in a bad humour; he kept my *sac de nuit* and dressing-case; and instead of finishing the examination of the trunks, opened them, and threw the contents of one into the other, so as to spoil all within. I complained in vain, and was obliged to borrow night things from the landlady at the inn.

Monday, 27*th*.—The custom-house officer of yesterday evening was still more rude to-day. I think he had been blamed for the manner in which he had treated me, and that made him worse. He kept all my shoes, pieces of worn dresses, and things that were marked, and made me pay for flowers which had been worn, &c. The superior custom-house officer, I well saw, wished to make him behave better, and to return what he had taken, but to no purpose.

Miss Berry remained in London with her father and sister till about the middle of June, when she went on a visit to Captain and Mrs. Scott, at Petersham.

Tuesday, June 18th.—I walked to the ferry at Twickenham with Car and her husband. On approaching the banks of the river, under Lord Dysart's trees, we saw five or six men drawing something out of the water—it was the body of a man who was nearly drowned. Two young ladies who were out walking, seeing the body in the water, had first given the alarm. It was not cold when it was drawn out, but all the efforts which were made to restore him to life were ineffectual. Captain Scott assisted; and the Duc d'Orleans, who was walking in his garden on the other side of the river, was there in ten minutes, bringing with him two or three servants, and directing the means that he wished to try, but in vain. No one knew if it was accidental or on purpose that the unfortunate man was drowned. He was pretty well dressed, and had 3*l.* in his pockets. This scene was not cheering. I went afterwards in a boat alone to *Cross Deep*, where I landed, and walked to Washington's [the gardener at Little Strawberry] house. From thence I made a melancholy pilgrimage all round the outside of little and large Strawberry Hill, coming back by Washington's garden. Never again will I take such another walk; all that it recalled to my remembrance, all that it made me think of, all the regrets it suggested, quite overcame me.

Tuesday, July 2nd.—Took a boat at Whitehall Stairs, to see the Strand Bridge,* first by water, and then landed and walked upon the bridge itself. It is already passable for foot passengers, though neither covered nor paved. The nine arches of 120 feet each are beautiful, but I can never reconcile myself to columns upon a bridge, and here they are placed between every arch—two of the Tuscan order, and well-proportioned; but what have they to do there? Went by boat as far as Vauxhall, to see the iron bridge there, which is nearly finished, and, it is

* Afterwards called Waterloo Bridge.

said, will be open to the public the 25th of this month. I do not like iron bridges, they can never have that look of solidity which constitutes one of the beauties of a bridge; but it is fine of its kind.

Sunday, 14*th*.—We went to a *déjeuné dinatoire* at Chiswick, given for the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and about thirty other people, amongst whom were the Prince and Princess Esterhazy,* &c.; but neither of the Duke's sisters were there.

Sunday, 21*st*.—Went to the Duchess of Cumberland's large assembly. The regent had dined there. There was all of the ministerial world in town there, and many others.

Monday, 29*th*.—In the evening at Mrs. Wellesley Pole's; a large assembly. The regent had dined there. I went too early, though more than half-past ten.

Monday, *August* 26*th*.—Left North Audley Street.

Tuesday, 27*th*.—We reached Dover at three o'clock.

Wednesday, 28*th*.—Sailed in the Post Office packet, Captain King, with sixty-five passengers and four carriages. Fortunately, and very fortunately, it was fine weather; the crossing only lasted four hours. Everyone remained on deck, and few were ill.

Thursday, 29*th*.—Reached Montreuil.

Friday, 30*th*.—Slept at Grandvilliers.

Saturday, 31*st*.—From Grandvilliers reached Paris about five o'clock.

Tuesday, *September* 10*th*.—Upon returning from the opera, we heard the news of the bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth.† This news had reached the Duke

* Her Serene Highness Princess Thérèse Esterhazy; married, June 18th, 1812, to Prince Paul Esterhazy, many years Ambassador to the British Court.

† Edward Pellew, first Viscount Exmouth; born 1757. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, Lord Exmouth proceeded to his command in the Mediterranean, and, among other achievements, concluded treaties with Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli for the abolition of Christian slavery. After the restoration of peace to Europe, these treaties were shamefully infringed. Lord Exmouth was sent to chastise the Dey of Algiers; the result was the battle of Algiers, August 26, 1816. Lord Exmouth was thanked by both

of Richelieu in ten days from Algiers. Our ambassador sent a courier the same evening on to London.

Wednesday, 11*th*.—We went in the evening to the Odéon, to see 'Le Chevalier de Canolles,' and 'Le Chemin de Fontainebleau.' The second piece, on the occasion of the Duc de Berri's marriage, less bad than such pieces usually are.

Sunday, 15*th*.—Went to St. Cloud, where the fountains played, and there was a fête, and really one of the finest I ever saw—50,000 people at least, amusing themselves in all ways, eating, drinking, and dancing, all sorts of games without quarrelling, without drunkenness, without doing any harm to the beautiful gardens of the palace, without even touching a flower. To see the French nation in its best is to see it in its amusements.

Wednesday, 18*th*.—Left Paris for Fontainebleau.

Thursday, 19*th*.—From Fontainebleau to Briare.

Friday, 20*th*.—From Briare to Nevers. There is a very fine old palace of the dukes [de Nevers], forming one side to a public place, with a garden.

Saturday, 21*st*.—Slept at St. Gerau du Puy.

Sunday, 22*nd*.—Slept at Roanne.

Monday, 23*rd*.—From Roanne to Lyons, eleven hours.

Tuesday, 24*th*.—From yesterday, Monday, till Sunday the 29th, we stayed at Lyons without doing anything but walk in the streets, so unbearable to the feet, and visiting some of its dear and badly furnished shops. All is made and manufactured at Lyons, and nothing is to be found so good, nor so cheap, nor with so large a choice as at Paris. The only person we saw was Fels, a merchant whom we had always known and seen at Lyons every time we have been here. M. Camille Jourdan came to see us on Friday evening, and we saw General Abercrombie, who arrived before our departure.

Houses of Parliament, and created a viscount, and subsequently appointed to the chief command at Plymouth; died 1833.

Sunday, 29*th*.—From Lyons to Echelles. At the Pont de Beauvoisin, the frontier town, where the bridge separates the two countries, our passport was looked at, registered, and signed, twice on one side (France) and three times on the other; and they made us go through the ceremony of taking us in our carriage into the court of a dilapidated custom-house, where after another examination of the passports, and a declaration that we were not merchants, they let us depart, as we had entered, without touching anything, only giving them five francs for civility.

Monday, 30*th*.—Left Echelles early. A quarter of a mile from the inn one enters the superb mountain pass called the Echelles de Savoy, made by Charles Emmanuel in 1667; it appears to me that people never say half enough about it. After quitting this defile the scene becomes at each step more interesting. We got no further than Aiguebelle, a pretty Savoyard village surrounded by most picturesque mountains.

Tuesday, *October* 1*st*.—Reached Lanslebourg, at the foot of Mont Cenis. Immediately after leaving Chambéry begin the changes made here and there in the route by Bonaparte; but about half-a-mile on this side of St. Jean Maurienne the road is entirely remade upon another line, and in quite a different manner. It is impossible to see one more beautifully constructed: hills levelled, a magnificent causeway across the plains and at the side of the torrents, and scarcely any ascent or descent too steep to admit of the horses trotting; in short, one of the most mountainous passes in Europe is now rendered capable of being crossed as quickly as the same space of plain. Napoleon built infantry barracks attached to the little bourg, and another for cavalry attached to the convent, which has also a new church. In short, there is now a mass of respectable buildings at the top of Mont Cenis.

Wednesday, 2*nd*.—The passing of Mont Cenis has

always been to me an agreeable day, even when the manner of transport was so little convenient; now it is a delicious drive in a carriage, upon the best of roads. It takes two hours and a half to ascend from Lanslebourg to the post upon the plain of Mont Cenis, and a little more than two hours and a half to descend as far as Suze. No words can give any idea of the beauty of the scenery in weather such as we had.

Thursday, 3*rd*.—Reached Turin at five o'clock.

Saturday, 5*th*.—Agnes and I walked upon the bridge; a fine stone bridge made by the French, upon the model of that at Neuilly, during their reign here. In the evening we went to the Carignano theatre. There was a comic opera and a large corps de ballet, much better put on the stage than formerly, but jumping as usual.

Sunday, 6*th*.—We went in the afternoon to see the Queen, accompanied by two of her daughters and a lady in waiting, go out driving, and the King in a *coupé* with an officer. They drive out every day about the same time for about an hour. They leave here to-morrow for Stupinigi, so it was the only opportunity of seeing them. Several persons presented petitions to the King, who took them himself and put them in his pocket. There were a great many people under the arcades of the palace to see them go out, and many on the open space. Every one took off his hat respectfully, but no one cheered. The reception that I saw them have in the town seemed to say: 'We are not dissatisfied with you; remain where you are:' but nothing more.

Monday, 7*th*.—At twelve o'clock the court went to Stupinigi; four carriages and six horses, with three outriders behind each, but without guards or other attendants. In the evening we went with the Ross's,* in Madame de Staremberg's box, to the Italian play, where they performed 'Elisabetha Regina d'Inghilterra.' The piece

* General and Mrs. Ross.

was Italian composition, taken in part from an English novel called 'The Recluse,' in which two daughters of Mary Queen of Scotland are brought up in retirement. Here it is not two daughters, but a son and a daughter, who has secretly married Leicester—called in the Italian theatre Le-i-chester. Her brother is *Jacobo*, afterwards King of England. Notwithstanding all this jumble of facts, the story of the piece was interesting; and notwithstanding a total want of dignity and of grace in the singer who personated Elizabeth, it was not badly acted, for she was as old, as ugly, and as violent as Elizabeth is represented to have been at that time.

Thursday, 10*th*.—A drive in a caleche and four horses, *à la Vigna*, to Mr. Sordevol's. I was very glad to see the habitation of a small Piedmontese squire, for such I believe him to be. The situation of this little country-house is delightful; half way up the side of a most beautiful hill, which extends along the Po opposite Turin. It can be reached in a carriage, which is not often the case. The interior consists of small rooms, and not uncomfortable, in the Italian style. The family were all seated under the trees in the garden, after dinner, *à l'Italienne*. It consisted of a father-in-law, a brother-in-law, his wife, &c., all united and living together, which never gives any idea of individual comfort to Englishmen. They had made with much taste several little paths, *en zigzag*, upon the rapid inclination of the well-wooded hill, and an avenue of plane trees upon the little plateau, from whence they enjoy the grandest view of the Alps, with Turin below, and the Po meandering along fine meadows.

Sunday, 13*th*.—At twelve o'clock to the Superga. It takes more than two hours to ascend. The view of the Superga is really something to see; to the north the view is bounded by a magnificent amphitheatre of Alps, and to the south by hills of which the form and culture are equally varied. The church, with the habitation of a

chapter of Chanoins attached to it, is truly magnificent. The chapter no longer exists. The vaults where all the bodies of the kings and queens of Sardinia are deposited are very fine. There are twenty of their princes, great and small, already buried there; two handsome and well-sculptured monuments. All along the road the scenery, in descending from the Superga, is enchanting. We dined with the Starembergs; nothing could exceed their kindness and their friendship. I leave Madame de Staremberg with real regret. I find she has very much gained in powers of conversation. The curious and important scenes in which she has found herself since I saw her in England appear to have made a great impression, and she relates them in a very interesting manner. Her heart appears more warmly attached than ever to those she loves. I am proud and happy to be of the number.

Monday, 14*th*.—Left Turin at five o'clock in the morning; reached Novi in thirteen hours, crossing the fine plain of Lombardy, passing by Asti and Alessandro. About a mile on this side of Alessandro was fought the famous battle of Marengo.* The great road passes through the plain, which is now covered for an immense extent with vines and corn.

Tuesday, 15*th*.—Having passed through Novi Voltaggio and ascended the Bocchetto, reached Campomare; a most fatiguing journey. The first view of Genoa, after passing the point of the Fanale, is truly grand.

Wednesday, 16*th*.—Much as I am struck with the beauty of Genoa and of its environs, so much the more am I astonished and disgusted with its little crooked streets—La Strada Nuova excepted, which may be called a street of palaces.

Tuesday, 22*nd*.—Went to the great coral manufactory, and afterwards to the Palazzo Durazzo. These large Italian palaces have not the imposing air that they had formerly. They look neglected, and all their ornaments

* June 13th, 1800.

are in a style which has been thrown out of date by the beautiful palaces at Paris, with their Grecian furniture and ornaments.

Friday, November 1st.—We dined at Lord and Lady Ponsonby's,* with Lord Caernarvon and Captain Wright, a young officer in the English navy, who is to command a frigate of sixty pieces of cannon now building here in the service of this government. In the evening Lady Ponsonby accompanied us to the Governor's, where Madame de Revel had a *soirée*. There had been a dinner of all the civil and military officers, being, I believe, the Queen's birthday. All these gentlemen were in uniform. I made a party of whist with the Governor; the ladies of the country played at a round game in another room, and it was tolerably flat. There had been in the morning a parade of all the troops, whom we saw pass by the Strada Balbi. The troops are fine, and well kept.

To Lady Elizabeth Stuart from Miss Berry.

Genoa, 7th November, 1816.

Madame de Staremberg remains firm to coming the end of this month, with or without the court, and without I fancy it will be, for the ridiculous jealousy of the Piedmontese ministers throws every possible impediment in the way of the king's coming here, and it is postponed from month to month, till it is supposed it will not take place at all. Nothing can be so bad, in every respect, as the policy with respect to this newly-acquired and magnificent province, nor nothing worse than the state it is in.

From Professor Playfair.

Florence, 11th November, 1816.

MY DEAR MISS BERRY,—Though I have not been so happy as to hear from yourself, I have had the satisfaction to learn where

* Lord Ponsonby succeeded his father 1806; created viscount 1839; died 1855. He married, 1803, Lady Frances Villiers, daughter of fourth Earl of Jersey. Lord Ponsonby was employed for many years in the diplomatic service.

you are to be found. Miss Whyte tells me that you are at Genoa, that you have all arrived there safe, and that Mr. Berry stood out the journey perfectly well. This intelligence has given me great pleasure; I am glad to think that you are in Italy, and that I may be almost sure of meeting you before I leave that country. Indeed if it were not for the advanced season, the setting in of the rains, which are now falling here in great abundance, and the necessity of getting to Rome as soon as possible, I would not delay my visit to the spring.

This place is full of English, and by some strange fatality all the loungers of Bond Street are now to be seen on the banks of the Arno. They say that there are not less than four thousand foreigners in Florence at this moment, and the greatest part by far are English. It is no wonder, indeed, that this place should be the delight of strangers; it is beautiful and singular, and its associations, though not equal to those of Rome, are highly interesting; it is one of the most ancient seats of learning in the Western Hemisphere. It is the country of Galileo; the spot where he invented the telescope, and first directed it to the heavens. But I need not speak to you of beauties with which you are so well acquainted. I will only add that the landscape round Florence, though very beautiful, is not so fine, to my taste, as many that are to be seen in our own island. It wants variety; and the uniform aspect of dusky green to which the prevalence of the olive gives so sombre a hue, and which covers the whole valley, is far inferior to the fine woods and rich verdure of an English landscape. The part of Italy that has struck me most is when, descending from the grand and terrible scenery of the Simplon, you enter the gay and rich valley of Toccia, and pass on to the banks of the Lago Maggiore. The whole world, perhaps, does not afford a finer contrast in so small a compass, and to pass in the course of one afternoon from the region of eternal snow to that of eternal spring is more like the fiction of an Eastern tale than a simple fact in the history of the globe.

Tomorrow I leave this for Rome, full of expectation, and hoping that, as has generally happened to me in this tour, those expectations will be exceeded. (Though there is a *bull* in this sentence, it is not without meaning.)

Are your terrible headaches the better for the climate? I hope sincerely that they are.

I am, my dear Miss Berry, yours, with the most sincere and affectionate regards,

J. PLAYFAIR.

Wednesday, 20th.—Mr. Horner, who arrived two days ago very ill, left to-day by a merchant vessel for Leghorn. I saw him yesterday morning; he lodged above in our hotel. I went to talk to him about Pisa. He is going away very ill, but I think Pisa will restore him.*

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Thursday, 21st.—We went to a *fonction* in the Church of the Madonna della Vigna. It was the presentation day of the Virgin. The church, decorated and lighted up precisely the same as for a ball-room, all in drapery of red taffetas, and blue mixed with white, strewed with roses and embroidered with gold; the great doors of the church open; mass performed at all the altars; soldiers at the doors and at the altars; a prodigious number of people, and a very eloquent discourse by the professor of logic in the University. I observed that he preached morality as well as doctrine. The music very fine, in full orchestra, but not the least like what we are accustomed to call church music. All the priests richly dressed. In fact, a real *fête*, which the people enjoy here with the satisfaction of thinking that they are benefiting their souls at the same time that they gratify their senses.

Returning from the church we met Madame Durazzo, and went to see the Palace d'Andrea Doria. The apartments, faded as they are, still worth seeing. The original ceilings and chimney-pieces have not been touched. One sees by them that the palace well deserved all that has been said of it by the Genoese annalists, when the Emperor Charles V., and afterwards his son Philip II., were there

* Mr. Horner died at Pisa in February, 1817.

received. The gardens are also preserved, with fountains of white marble, and terraces.

Friday, 22*nd*.—We were engaged to go and see the frigate launched which has been built under the inspection of Captain Wright, who has had permission to enter the King of Sardinia's service. We entered a house where we found several ladies and a number of officers —the governor commandant, &c. &c. They gave us refreshments on a large table, and whilst all the ladies were seated, the vessel set off without asking permission. The stays were not strong enough to hold it as long as they wished.

Wednesday, 27*th*.—A delicious drive to the Nervi Villa Fravega. The garden kept in perfect order; roses and jasmine all in bloom. A sensible difference in the climate the moment we entered in the little bay where Nervi is enclosed.

Roma: 22 Novembre 1816.

Quanta consolazione m' abbia recato la sua gentil lettera, colla sicurezza di presto quì rivederla, non potrei dirlo abbastanza con parole. Io mi lusingava che la sua promessa avria ottenuto il suo effetto, ma era ben lungi il mio cuore d' averne una prova sì sollecita, e sicura. Ora mi par mille anni che la primavera ritorni a rallegrar la natura già morta e a condur Lei colla sorella, e col venerabile genitor fra noi. Giorni di piacere e di gioja saranno per me quelli che passerò nella loro amabile compagnia.

Il Sgr. Dundas mi ha favorita la lettera, alla quale ora rispondo; giovane assai colto e gentile, e degno, al mio avviso, della di Lei benevolenza. Vorrei potergli usare qualche benefizio o servigio, onde mostrare a Lei quanto mi sono preziose e care le raccomandazioni che mi vengono da persona che io stimo ed amo assai.

Non mi ricordo bene nel momento a chi fossero affidate le stampe per Lei; ma non voglio temere che siensi smarrite; in questo caso avrò maniera di riparare all' errore innocente. Gradisca i respetti del fratello, e faccia gradire i miei alla

sorella ed all'ottimo loro padre, e credami coi sensi della più verace stima e affettuosa considerazione,

Su affett° e obb° Serv^re^,
ANTONIO CANOVA.*

Tuesday, December 17th.—We took a charming drive in a calèche with the young Lady Minto, her husband, and Viviani—first to La Villa delle di l'Albero Doro, belonging formerly to the Maison Imperiale; it is almost in ruins. From l'Albero Doro we went to 'Paradise,' another villa upon the Albero hill; and to a Villa Cambiaso, which Lord Minto wished to take. It is the finest I have seen in the environs; the architecture is said to be by M. Angelo. If that is certain, the execution must have been entrusted to some Genoese architect who wished to improve upon M. Angelo's design, and has added ornaments to the windows that *he* would never have thought of.

Tuesday, 24th.—It was a fine spring day; all the world was out of doors, because here they keep the eve as well

Rome: November 22nd, 1816.

I cannot adequately express in words the delight which your amiable letter has caused me, bringing me the assurance of soon seeing you again. I flattered myself that your promise would some day take effect, but my heart was far from expecting so speedy and true a proof of it. Now it will seem to me a thousand years before spring comes to cheer up sleeping nature, and to bring you amongst us with your sister and your venerable father. They will indeed be days of pleasure and of joy which I shall pass in your delightful company.

Mr. Dundas has favoured me with the letter to which I am now replying—a cultivated and agreeable young man, and worthy, according to me, of your good opinion. I wish I could be of any service to him, that I might show you how precious and dear to me are the requests that come from a person whom I very much esteem and love.

I cannot recollect for the moment to whom I entrusted the engravings which I sent you, but I will hope that they have not gone astray. In that case I can easily repair the innocent mistake.

Pray accept the respects of my brother, and make mine acceptable to your sister and your most excellent father; and believe me, with the feelings of the most true esteem and affectionate regard,

Your obedient servant,
ANTONIO CANOVA.

as the fêtes. In the evening, the party made to go and hear mass at midnight assembled at our house. After tea, the gentlemen amused us by playing charades till near midnight, when we all set out to make the round of the churches. Mass at midnight is usually accompanied by music; in several churches this year (they know not why) there was none. We went first to the Church della Vigné. We could not make our way through the crowd near enough to hear a word the priest said who preached at the altar. From there they proposed to go as far as the Church of Carignano; the long walk to it appeared nothing on this most beautiful night, with a soft mild air and a sky strewn with stars. Arrived at Carignano, we found the church shut. Visited the Duomo, where we again found the end of mass, with bad music, and a church full of people. The service finished, we returned home through streets crowded with people going in and out of churches, and walking about in large parties.

Thursday, 26th.—The theatre is open. The decorations and dresses fine; the music of the opera middling; the first singer, La Ronzi, tolerable voice, but no dramatic talent, *anzi e garbata*. The tenor, Menelli, pleased me best. The ballet, 'La Vestale,' detestable; an *entrée*, '*Dei grotesche*,' three men and two women, by far the most perfectly improper I have ever seen.

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1817.

Genoa, Sunday, Feb. 9th.—Our friends assembled at our windows to see the masks, of which the 'Place,' as also the 'Strada Balbi,' was filled. One could have walked upon their heads from three o'clock till past five. At eleven o'clock we walked out, accompanying the Elliots to the Festone. It is a large house of several rooms, ill lighted. An immense crowd. All persons of consequence masked; the bourgeoisie and many others without masks. There was an enclosure for dancing, but few danced. Each dance is paid for, and the people (for it is really the people who dance here) think of their pence. The people here have not the same decent orderly manner of conducting themselves as at Paris.

From Sir William Gell.

Naples, March 6, 1817.

My dear ——, The abominable postmaster at Rome has been displaced for having destroyed all the letters paid for at the post-office for the last four months, but what that has to do with the detention of your letter I know not. Nevertheless, only three weeks ago arrived your letter from Genoa, dated some time last year, and informing me that your Excellencies had had the wisdom to come to Genoa. Since that time, and indeed before, I have been reduced generally to lying in bed all day, and having the gout in five places at once. I shall only add that a Dr. Richardson has undertaken me, and has already, during the last three days, done what he considers as a great change for the better. *Credat Judæus.* This puts me in mind of the Duchess of Devonshire, who is at the Gran Bretagna, on the Chiaja, and gives tea, ice, and cakes on Thursdays, besides allowing an

admiring public to tumble over, tear, spoil, elbow, and deface all her very nice portfolios of prints and drawings, to say nothing of some very pretty drawings of all sorts with which her Grace proposes to illustrate a new edition of Horace's 'Tour to Brundusium,' out of a sixpenny French translation in prose, where one is compelled to submit to Teracine, Capoue, Fourches, Caudines, &c. &c. The artists employed will be very much benefited, as the Duchess of D—— will be handed down to posterity with the immortal names of Horace, Virgil, Cardinal Gonsalvi, and Pomardi, and Il Marchese Caponi, a long-faced man, who is a good Latin scholar, and dines with her Grace very often. She is very civil and obliging, and I should give her a view of the Cathedral of Canosa (Cannæ) for her book, but that she thinks Horace was not likely to have seen it. Of course, the convent of Lariccæ and the modern walls of Rome were seen by the poet, or might have been. Virgil is also to be illustrated in the same manner. What a pity Miss Seward is no more to make a Litchfield translation of him. The people who can go out seem always out dancing and eating, and I have so many invitations that one might be tempted to think I was asked because it was a civility which cost little; but really everybody seems kind to one even when well, though there are 300 English here. I cannot write better, as I cannot sit up. The Sothebys are come to live next door. They remain here about three weeks longer, resolved for the moment to plunge into all sorts of dissipation, such as going to Pæstum and Pompeii, &c. &c. I had a letter from Mills and Mercer about a week after I received yours. They said you had been very kind to them, which is difficult for me to believe, as you are always so unkind and inhospitable to me. General Eustace is here. He gives balls, and may possibly be member for Chiatamone; but Sir George Talbot is decidedly the person elect for Chiaja, for he gives a ball every Friday, which is very good and well attended. Lord Craven's family are here with his fine ship. They like the place much, and have decided on returning. They think they are going up the Adriatic, of all places, in the summer. Lord Belmore and Co. also here with a fine brig; so that we individuals do not make a bad figure in Naples. Craven is gone to dine with the Archbishop, and the Margaret Queen has just left me. She has a violent fit of the cock-a-hoops at having

discovered, in a corner near the sea, a place where she has found an old ruined house, which for 50*l.* might be put in order, and where she can have hot baths and cold baths, all of natural sea-water &c. &c.—so she thinks she will buy it, good woman. Why does not Mr. Berry come and walk in the Villa Reale, which is grown so long and so fine? You would not know it again. If you pass ever through Florence, don't forget to get a letter from the Old Albany to the Princess Castel-Franco, our friend here, who already knows you in some degree. So while I was acting Chamberlain at Rome your Excellencies were at Genoa. I can no more. I will have Mrs. Harrott invited to tea and you to dinner the moment you come, if that ever should happen in my time. Adieu!

Most affectionately,

ANACHARSIS.

From Miss Berry to Lady Elizabeth Stuart.

Genoa, Saturday, 15th March 1817.

. . . I really begin to hope we shall keep the things you have sent us for some better occasion than making our curtsey just now at the Court of Sardinia. After a hundred delays, and a hundred different days fixed and put off, at last it is officially announced here that the Court arrives on the 21st; but still the 21st is not come, and many still doubt if it will bring them. At all events, as they arrive only for a short time, and as we shall not remain here much longer, and that it leads to nothing but to making a curtsey in a circle, I think we may very well dispense with showing our faded faces in a court which could see or know nothing but the worst of us. . . .

Saturday, March 22nd.—The King was to pass by our windows between twelve and one o'clock. The military lined the streets from La Lanterne as far as the Palais Carrega. All the Court arrived in three somewhat shabby-looking coaches. A great many people in the streets, but not a crowd for Genoa. No applause, no 'vivas,' except from a dozen little boys in the Strada Balbi. Half an hour after they had passed, the town was as quiet as usual. Everyone seemed agreed to be indifferent.

Sunday, 23*rd*.—In the morning went to the Church of Annunciata, where the King and Royal Family attended Mass. There was nothing extraordinary prepared for them. There were chairs and cushions before the altar. The Guards' band played, but it was operatic music instead of sacred music. There was not a single lady of distinction present, though usually there are many at this church.

Tuesday, *April* 1*st*.—M. de Staremberg and the Duc de Dalberg* amused themselves with making April fools of everybody. They sent me a note from Prince Kasloffsky, inviting me to breakfast at his house at eleven to-morrow; and they sent him a letter in my name, claiming his protection for an individual oppressed here for his political sentiments.

Friday, 4*th*.—About seven o'clock there was a beautiful procession from the Church of the Carmes to another church, 'La Santa Fede,' where they deposit a figure of Jesus Christ; they carry it upon a catafalque under a cover, and surrounded by candles. This ceremony is said to take place only once in a hundred years. It was a most picturesque *coup-d'œil*.

Miss Berry to Lady E. Stuart.

April 5, 1817.

How I lament over the accounts you give me of poor Staël, which I had heard before from the Duc de Dalberg. Amidst all the numerous host of her admirers, lovers, and friends, I believe few will more sincerely regret her than myself. If she

* Emeric Joseph de Dalberg; born at Mayence 1775; married to Mdlle. de Brignolles 1808, on which occasion she was appointed by Napoleon 'Dame du Palais' to the Empress. In 1810 he was raised from the title of baron to that of duke by Napoleon. He afterwards signed the two declarations of March 7 and 10, emanating from the Congress, against Napoleon. On Napoleon's return the Duc de Dalberg was amongst the twelve persons he banished, and whose estates he confiscated. After the second restoration of the Bourbons he accepted a diplomatic mission to the King of Sardinia, &c. His only daughter was the late Countess Granville.

were not too ill I should much like to write to her, but I fear my letter arriving *mal-àpropos*, or with a word too much or too little in it. They say she is leaving this world with much regret. I should like to tell her how willing I should be to die for her.

Monday, 7th. — Dined at the French Ambassador's. After the second course a great noise was heard in the streets, which the Ambassador did not wish us to notice. But Madame de Gabriac knew that it was the procession they call here 'La Casacchia,' and that it was well worth the seeing. It was passing at the time, and we and more than half the company went out upon the terrace to see it. It is a confraternity of St. James, which every year makes this procession to some convent about a mile from Genoa; then half a dozen other fraternities of penitents, all distinguished by their dress; and Capuchins, more brilliant the one than the other, carrying enormous metal crosses, highly ornamented, and so heavy that one could scarcely conceive it possible one man could carry them; then came what they call 'La Caisse,'—a representation in coloured figures as large as life of the good deeds of their saint. This enormous 'caisse' is carried also upon the backs of men; and all this is accompanied by bands of not very good music, and by an immense crowd of men and women.

Tuesday, 29th.—The French Ambassador came at nine o'clock to read to us the 'Memoirs of Bonaparte,' written by himself, and sent to be published in England. In France they are up to the present time prohibited; and the Ambassador's copy was transcribed from one of the five that they say are now in Paris. They are interesting beyond expression—all in *resumés*, with a masterly sketch of different epochs; modest as to his actions in war; insolent and sometimes *fanfaron* as to his conduct and relations in peace.

Friday, May 2nd.—We dined early, to see the military manœuvre which was to take place in the Plain de Bozanio, on the slope of the ramparts. Like everything at Genoa, it gave rather the idea of a picture or of a something arranged at pleasure than of a simple combination of every-day objects. The magnificent amphitheatre of mountains, the pureness of the sky, the setting sun shining upon the ornamented villas of Albaro and upon the walls of the town, with the plain below covered with multitudes of people; the troops and the King with his staff making evolutions in the plain, and then the attack on the bridge, which seemed like nothing short of a bouquet of fireworks; altogether formed one of the most charming scenes I have enjoyed for a long time.

Extract of Letter from Miss Berry to Madame de Staël.

Genoa, May 1817.

Where do you mean to pass the summer? Have you really, as they say, the intention of returning to Italy next winter? Pray answer these questions, or make some one else answer for you. You would forgive me if you did but know what it is to have passed eight months at Genoa. You would understand the thirst one must feel for some more interesting society—for some *épanchemens de cœur et de l'esprit* with those who are capable of feeling with and for one. No such thing exists here; it is the only fault of an enchanting place, which, if differently peopled, would be an earthly paradise. To remain always in the noviciate of society, with that only one sad consolation that it would gain nothing by being better known; to pass one's life without books—for there are none to be found here—and without conversation—for it is unknown here—is an intellectual fast which exhausts and weakens me morally, and influences much and painfully my physical well-being. We have nearly settled to remain here during the summer instead of going to Florence, on account of the illnesses there prevailing. Give me the hope, however distant, of seeing you somewhere; of having the happiness of finding myself with you in Italy, or in Switzerland, or at Paris. Tell me where you pass next autumn or

winter, and I shall try to be with you. After complaining so much of the society of Genoa, I must say that at this moment we have some agreeable people in the corps diplomatique: the Duc d'Alberg, who keeps me a little *au courant* of all that is going on in France—who has often procured me news of you, and with whom I can talk over many of our mutual acquaintances; Prince Kasloffsky, whose mind is not smothered in the enormous mass of flesh in which it dwells—you saw him at Paris this autumn; and Prince Staremberg, who has to me the attraction of a very long and intimate acquaintance. Adieu! I write to make you write; do not let me miss my aim. Adieu! Keep well; and live to enlighten, to raise, and to interest all who can appreciate you; to be the glory of your own sex, and the worthy rival of the other.*

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Tuesday, 13*th*.—My father had a slight swelling on his hand; we sent for the surgeon.

Wednesday, 14*th*.—My father's arm much more swollen, and he so unwell that I sent immediately for Ferrari; he found him with very little fever, but much inflammation in the hand. He continued all day very ill, and, though not suffering much positive pain, very weak, and to our eyes much changed.

Thursday, 15*th*.—The surgeon and the physician came at ten o'clock, and found a decided gangrene in my father's hand. The sudden and violent manner in which it showed itself was indeed frightful. Ferrari did not conceal from us that he feared the worst if its progress continued.

* It would seem that the Miss Berrys had exerted themselves, as usual, to enliven the society in which they found themselves placed.

Extract of letter from Professor Playfair:—'Naples, April 1817.—Lord Minto added that but for your house, or the society you collected, Genoa would have been insupportable. I have often admired, as indeed all the world does, that power which, by the above account, has this winter been exerted in making something out of nothing—society out of solitude.'

Friday, 16*th*.—To all appearance father's arm was much better this morning; and as his pulse kept up, and they still feared inflammation, they did not begin quinine. His head was clear, and he remained in bed very patiently.

Saturday, 17*th*.—My father's arm continued to look better; they thought the gangrene was not deeper than the epidermis, and the inflammation was sufficiently abated to commence bark.

Sunday, 18*th*.—My father was thought to be much better this morning. I confess I had not much confidence in this 'better;' I thought that even if the arm went on well, that some fresh attack would follow; they gave him quinine and port wine. At dinner-time we remarked a change in my father; his pulse was weaker; we gave him more wine, as they had ordered, and sent for the physician. The surgeon arrived about six o'clock; he found a considerable change in his patient. I asked for more wine to be given, though with the full conviction that all was too late. The physician came, and confirmed my fears—all was changed, and everything as bad as it could be. We never left the room or my father's bed for an instant. I kept the surgeon with us, and wrote a line to Andreas to tell him that my father was dying, and that I feared would not survive the night. That good friend came immediately, and did not leave us till all was over, at a quarter to six in the morning. The physician told us at once, what was impossible not to see, that there was absolutely nothing to do but to try and make his passage from life to death as peaceable as possible; and, certainly, there never was a more tranquil death than his. He retained his senses (with only a few moments of wandering) till he lost his speech, about an hour before his last breath, which he drew as quietly as if he were sleeping. He did not suffer; there was not the slightest convulsion nor alteration of the features. He had not the least idea of

dying, and only spoke of the annoyance of his arm, which might prevent him for several days from using it or getting up. When Andreas saw there was really no hope, he insisted that it was my duty to inform him of his state. I yielded, though I dreaded the effect it might have on him. I told him that we thought him very ill; that he was in great danger; that we prayed to God for him, and that he must do the same; but his feelings were so deadened it did not produce on him the effect I expected. He said he had nothing to arrange, which was true; but he thought he should be better if he could only sleep. He had given us all his blessing several times, and was always wishing us to go to bed. He died in peace with heaven and earth, without knowing that he was going to leave the one or rise again in the other. I had been attacked with spasm in the head in the evening, and it is not easy to describe what that night was; hardly could I drag myself to bed at half-past six o'clock, after having closed all the blinds in the house.

Monday, 19*th*.—I slept till nine o'clock, but woke with spasm in the head stronger than ever, and obliged to lie down again, but not before I had seen Mr. Dick, an English clergyman who is here. I spoke to him of the funeral, and settled he was to consult with Andreas on the subject, who, from pure tenderness of heart, attended to us like a brother, and undertook the charge of all these melancholy duties, which here are so hurried one upon another that we should not have been able to fulfil them.

Tuesday, 20*th*.—I am suffering from extreme weakness. Agnes bore it better than I did; I fear she will suffer more afterwards. The funeral takes place to-morrow morning. We went into my father's room with them (Mr. Dick and Andreas) for the last time. Never was death less painful to look at; there was no other change than the paleness of death upon the face, but it was the most perfect calm. We prayed at the side of his coffin; Agnes

and I kissed his cold face, and we left him for the last time. And this is human life! How strange a thing, when one can neither enjoy it, nor wish to quit it!

Wednesday, 21*st*.—Fine morning; at eight o'clock, Staremberg, Mr. Dick, and Martignoni were at our house. We got into one of the carriages with Prince Staremberg, and Mr. Dick and Martignoni in the other. They went straight to the cemetery; we stopped half-an-hour at the Hôtel de la Villa for Lord Jersey. The cemetery is on the bastion of Carignano; it is an enclosure made by high walls. On entering there is a sort of rotunda with two recesses. In one was the coffin; and in the rotunda we found the Consul, the Vice-Consul, and about twenty gentlemen of the colony, whom I could not then look at, and whom I probably should not have known had I done so. The service could not have been better read than by Mr. Dick, and when the coffin was carried into the cemetery we found ourselves in a place planted with cyprus and roses, and covered with grass, where we knelt down, with a feeling of grief perhaps less overwhelming, less distressing, than we should have experienced at the side of a vault in a church. Each coffin here has a small vault to itself. I intend to return and visit this place at leisure when I am in a fitter state to see it. The service finished, we returned home, where our two friends left us.

Miss Berry's letter to Madame de Staël, probably her last, and Madame de Staël's to her, docketed 'Madame de Staël's last letter,' belong to this period:—

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry to Madame de Staël.

Genoa, May 1817.

. . . In the state of dejection and exhaustion of body and mind in which I find myself, I looked much more to your powers than to my own for assistance. If you have seen my compatriots, Lord and Lady Jersey, who have just left us, you will

already know that we have lost that good father to whom you sent your kind remembrance! His pure and guileless soul has quitted a world in which he had met with nothing but difficulties and injustice. His death leaves us without a duty to fulfil towards the living generation; nor have we any tie with that which is to come. This melancholy state of independence affords us at least the liberty to go where we wish. I should wish to go and seek you directly; it would be the thing in the world to do me most good; but, where shall you be?

From Madame de Staël to Miss Berry.

Il m'est arrivé, my dear friend, un accident vraiment épouvantable à la suite de ma maladie; c'est de ne pouvoir faire presqu'aucun usage ni de mes pieds, ni de mes mains, à cause des crampes cruelles que j'éprouve. Je suis donc couchée sur le dos depuis quatre-vingt-dix jours comme une tortue, mais avec beaucoup plus d'agitation d'esprit et de souffrance d'imagination que cet animal. Je comptois partir le premier de Mai pour la Suisse, les médecins m'ont promis le premier de Juin: je voudrois me flatter du premier de Juillet, et je passe ma vie à me tromper, ou à me désespérer; il y a véritablement une punition du Ciel, quand la personne du monde la plus active se trouve pour ainsi dire comme pétrifiée. Je ne le suis pourtant pas, ni d'esprit, ni de cœur, voilà pourquoi je regrette votre entretien et votre amitié. Comment pourrois-je jouir de l'un et de l'autre? En vérité je n'en sais rien. Si j'ai la possibilité d'être transportée, fut-ce comme un paquet dans ma voiture, je serai à Coppet le 15 Juillet, et à Rome les premiers jours de Novembre; mais si, comme un triste présage me le dit au fond du cœur, je suis forcée de ne pas bouger de Paris, vous m'y trouverez si vous retournez en Angleterre, mais vous m'y retrouveriez si désespérée que je ne serois bonne à rien qu'à vous affliger. Voilà mon état bizarrement cruel, et qui a renversé tous mes projets dans ce monde. Puisse le bon Dieu me faire sortir de cet abyme où sa main seule peut mêtre secourable. Mandez-moi vos projets, et croyez que personne ne peut apprécier plus vivement que moi tout ce que vous valez à tant d'égards. Rappellez moi au souvenir de votre père et de votre sœur, et répondez moi directement ici. Ma fille, qui, Dieu merci, est très-heureusement accouchée d'une grosse fille aussi ronde que je l'étois jadis,

se rappelle à votre souvenir, et toute ma famille souhaite de ne pas être oubliée d'une personne aussi supérieure que vous. Remerciez en mon nom mes amis de Gênes qui ne m'ont pas oubliée.

Mad. la Baronne de Staël Holstein,
Rue Neuve des Mathurins, No. 9, à Paris,
ce 26 Mai 1817.

On the 25th of May the Miss Berrys had the comfort of seeing their constant and intimate friend, Professor Playfair; he remained at Genoa till the 7th of June following, when he continued his tour in Italy.

From Professor Playfair.

Turin, 10th June 1817.

My dear Madam,—You are not to expect in this letter anything but mere gossip. My letters moral and *entertaining* (as Mrs. Rowe has it) shall begin with my next, from Milan. . . . The situation of this place is very beautiful, on the side of the Po, and in a rich valley, with the fine hill of Superga on one side, and the chain of the high Alps, with their snowy summits, on the other. The town itself, too, is remarkable—well built, clean, and regular, far beyond the ordinary measure of an Italian city. I have been much indebted to M. Viviani for the introduction he gave me to the astronomer Plana, whom I have found a very agreeable as well as a very intelligent man, full of ardour for the pursuits of science.

Now that I am approaching to my *exit* from Italy, I cannot but congratulate myself in having seen the finest *show* that Europe, perhaps the world, has to boast of. I am aware, however, that there are some who will dispute the character I give of Italy. Last winter, while we were engaged at Rome in admiring the antiquities and remains of that ancient metropolis, a party arrived from Greece. They told us that we were in a great error; that all the beauties we saw were nothing to those which Athens alone could furnish; that if we had seen the Acropolis, the Piræus, the Temple of Minerva, we would have no admiration to bestow on what we now saw—mere imitations of models to the excellence of which it was impossible to reach. While we were listening to this discourse, another set of travellers arrived from Egypt. Alas! say they, how you are all deceived! What

is there in Greece or Italy that for antiquity or magnificence can be compared to the Pyramids, to the Ruins of Thebes or Heliopolis. On comparing these opposite opinions we saw some reason for holding by our first supposition. It is plain that in the estimate travellers form of the comparative beauty of the scenes they have visited, a little *egoisme* often finds means to intrude itself; and that a man sets the highest value, not simply on what is best, but what has cost him most pains, or what brings with it most illustration. This, at least, is the way in which one may console himself for not having seen Greece or Egypt.

I must entreat you to say to M. Viviani, that when on the summit of the Bochatta, I saw at the distance of several miles, and bearing exactly SW., what seemed a flat face of a stone of an oval form, of immense size, the longest diameter of the oval vertical. The whole was seen against a hill which was beyond it, except only the upper part of the oval, which was so high as to be seen against the sky. I could not get at my telescope, which probably would have explained the matter, and have only to look for information from our friend, who is so well acquainted with all the phenomena of that part, and can tell at once whether this is a rock, a side of a hill, or a mere deception.

After visiting Susa and the Pass which the Doria has cut through the great bulwark of the Alps, I shall go on to Milan, from which I will not fail to write. . . .

. . . I must beg to be remembered to M. Viviani. I had the pleasure to see him the morning I left Genoa; he told me you were highly pleased with the improvisation you had heard the evening before.

Yours, with esteem and affection,

J. P.

From Professor Playfair.

Milan, 18th June 1817.

The more I think, my dear Madam, of what I have undertaken to do, the more I wonder at my own boldness, and the less do I find myself qualified for the task. To tell you anything on the subjects of life, conduct, or manners, of which you are not already much more aware than I am myself—anything that must not appear to you as a truism, or a self-evident proposition which nobody needs to be put in mind of, is what I cannot reasonably expect. If I were to talk to you of astronomy or

geology—if I had undertaken to teach you something about planets or about stars, I might hope to say something that would either be new or seem to be so; but on the subject of which I am to write, nothing of the sort can be expected. You are, of all the people I know, the person on whose *tact* and knowledge of the world I have ever had the most entire reliance; and that I should now come forward to admonish or instruct, is a pretension that appears, even to myself, as inconsistent as it is conceited and arrogant. Yet, having committed a great error in undertaking, I will not commit one still greater by not endeavouring to do the best I can.

Indeed, tho' I am alarmed at the boldness of my undertaking, there is matter in the success of which, I feel more deeply interested. In the first place, then, I must begin with taking notice of a sentiment to which, in the course of some of our conversations, you frequently reverted, and which, at the same time, I cannot but consider as extremely fallacious. Such, you said, is my character; such is the manner in which nature has determined that I should be affected in certain circumstances. It is a thing which I cannot help; it is a force which I cannot but obey. Now, my dear Madam, it seems to me that this is a dangerous plea, and one that can fairly be made use of, on very few occasions. If our emotions are not always under the control of the will, the degree of them, and still more the expression, certainly are; and were it otherwise, all instruction and all moral precept would be vain. There is certainly a power in the mind to moderate its feelings, and to regulate the degree and the direction in which they are to be exercised, without which we could not be accountable creatures; we could not be guided by motives, nor admit of government by rewards or punishments. This point, therefore, must be given up, otherwise there is no error that it might not be brought to justify—no temper of mind and no course of action which it might not be employed to defend. Supposing, therefore, that this argument is given up, the next thing I have to urge is the necessity of subduing the strength of certain emotions, which, tho' in themselves founded in reason and good feeling, cannot be indulged beyond certain limits without the greatest danger both to one's own happiness and that of others. The quick and lively perception of the difference between right and

wrong in all its shades and dependencies, and the emotions excited by such perceptions, are things of this kind. They are in themselves excellent and valuable parts of the constitution of the mind, and if not given by nature, are what education and experience will very imperfectly bestow. But this species of intellectual excellence must be watched over with the greatest care. The feelings in question, tho' founded in generosity and in justice, are apt to form an alliance with others of an opposite character, such as are founded on selfishness and prejudice. Thus, when the errors and failures of others in their duty, come to trench on our interests, our opinions, or our prejudices, their amount comes to be greatly overrated; it acts on the temper and on the angry and irascible emotions. Indeed, we never give loose to those emotions so much as whenever anger seems justified by feelings that are ultimately founded on justice and humanity. It is in such cases that right and well-constituted minds are in the greatest danger. They think that they have justice on their side; to forgive seems to be wanting in a proper discrimination between good and evil, and to be angry seems only to be just. Hence it is that the nicer discriminations of moral sentiment, combining with feelings of a selfish nature, give a hardness and severity to the character quite foreign from its natural constitution.

Thus, my dear Madam, if you will allow me to bring this reasoning closer to the point, I am willing to allow that the improper conduct you complained of in some of your friends was very real, but not of so deep a character but that it ought in a great measure to have been overlooked, and certainly not treated with that indignation that ought to be reserved for great offences. Time, I am sure, and distance from the present scene, will bring you to be of this opinion if you are not already so; the only thing wanted is to try to anticipate on all such occasions a judgment which time and distance are always sure to bring about. The mind will thus take a softer tone, and see things, not in the erroneous perspective that arises from viewing them too near, but according to the true dimensions which actually belong to them.

Let me entreat you to consider that the angry emotions, even when perfectly well founded, may easily run into excess, and by indulgence may injure the temper in a most pernicious

degree—in a degree fatal to one's own happiness, and that of all one's friends. This is a danger to which the minds best constituted and most nicely formed are the most exposed, and it is for that reason that you ought particularly to be on your guard against it. . . . Nothing but the most perfect conviction of the truth of what I now state could have induced me to take a liberty that still terrifies me when I think of it. To have written you so freely is the greatest proof of friendship I could give you, and for you to receive it in good part is the greatest you can give to me. . . .

Remember me to Miss Agnes, and believe, my dear Miss Berry, that I am, with every sentiment of esteem and affection, yours, &c.

JOHN PLAYFAIR.

From Sir William Gell to the Miss Berrys.

Naples: June 5, 1817.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—The Marchese Mari, your landlord, as he informs us, has offered to carry letters to you at Genoa, and there is no resisting such an opportunity, when it seems that letters sent to you by the post are all detained on the way. I shall say nothing on any subject which can be disagreeable to you; but beg and entreat that from the day of receiving this, you will not forget that there are persons in this part of the world who really love and esteem you, and who are most anxious to know what you are doing, and how you are doing. My royal mistress has ordered me to Rome, so I am to set off to-morrow. H.R.H. is, however, at the Raffinella at Frascati, Lucien's villa, which she has hired,—that is, if she has not been induced by clerico-military fêtes at Rome to stay there instead, for our resolutions on the subject of strict incognita are easily shaken. All I can hope to do during the month I am to stay is to persuade her not to commit herself too much with the ex-family, who will, of course, try to save themselves, now they are deservedly reduced to the last extremity by their detected intrigues and restlessness, by pulling her down with them. 'Rome is our last resource; for in one way or other we have wasted almost all the other kingdoms of Europe, and shall soon, if we don't take care, have no place to go to but America. I hope to be left at Rome while the rest of the family are at Frascati, and

only to be sent for on holidays, as it is quite impossible for me to be of any use in handing about, as I cannot walk straight, and still less descend a staircase. I have no chance but learning to stand on my head, which would suit the family pretty well. . . . . I wish I could send you a number of *Pompeiana*, which Mr. Gandy is publishing in London from my sketches, and which he says is much in vogue; but I have not got one. Pray write to me at Rome, being yours most affectionately,

ANACHARSIS.

From the Honourable R. K. Craven to Miss Berry.

I cannot send this without a few words from my own individual hand, though I trust you have already read as mine every sentiment expressed at the beginning of Gell's letter, relative to the misfortune you have experienced, and the share we bear in it, as well as in every other event that may touch you. I shall therefore not dwell upon it, but proceed to say that this is the rumour of yesterday. Anacharsis is gone, and now on his way to Capua, where he this night is to sleep. His departure vexes me on several accounts, but principally on his own. I don't think his legs are in a fit state to travel, still less to support his weight and the additional one of our august princess up and down the stairs of Roman palaces. These are the physical objections, and moral ones I leave to your judgment to point out to yourself. Mills is there, and will be some consolation to him, and I hope he will be back early next month. The summer has been a long time declaring itself, but has at last made its appearance in full splendour. I wish you were to be here to drink tea with us to-morrow, and wander about the chesnut groves of Pausilippo, which I dare say you have never seen. I shall make several short excursions, having a gig, which you know is the only real happiness on earth. My mother remains here and stays the whole summer; we have still many English, but I know none except the Crawfords. The Austrian troops are going away, and then nobody will be able to arrive here except by sea. I expect Lord Craven in September. Lydia White has given a ball. Pray let us know how you do, and what your plans are, and believe me yours most affectionately

R. K. CRAVEN.

From Miss Joanna Baillie to Miss Berry.

Hampstead, June 8, 1817.

My dear Friend,—I received a letter from Mrs. Damer a few days ago, informing me of the melancholy event that has taken place with you; and I have seen her since and learnt the particulars concerning it. I sympathise with you and your sister most truly: for I know well that the advanced age of a parent, which makes such a loss expected, and for which we ought to be prepared, does not therefore make it less afflicting. That he has lived to a great age, in health and comfort far beyond what most old people enjoy, and that your society and affection have so greatly contributed to it, is pleasing to remember; but long habits broken up, and the removal of the object of those habits, who bore to you affection of a nature which no other can bear, makes for a time a sad blank in the heart, which will not be comforted by reason. May you both have a better and a higher source of comfort! this is my earnest wish. I am glad for your sakes that your father had recovered from all the fatigue of travelling before he was taken ill, and that he has died from a circumstance which might have happened to him here or anywhere; and I am glad both for your sake and his own that his illness was so short and his end without suffering. Indeed, I should be very ungrateful if I were not glad of every circumstance that spared him pain: for he was always kind to me, and received me with a friendly welcome whenever I entered his door, from the first moment that your kindness opened that door to me. When I took leave of him in Paris, he wished me happiness till we should meet again—'If,' said he, with a graver tone of voice, 'we ever meet again in this world.' The event which has happened came across my mind at the time; but he looked so healthy and so well that I would not allow myself to think seriously of it. He had a kind and cheerful and guileless heart, and I shall always recollect him with gratitude. . . . When you return to your own country, a new epoch will begin in your life. You will then be at liberty to adopt any plan of life that you please. I have often heard you regret, and I thought with good reason, that you lived too much in the world. . . . Whatever you do, your sister and you have my earnest wishes for your happiness; and God, who orders everything for the welfare of His creatures,

sends you this change for good. Farewell! Do not think from what I have said that I wish you to write to me till you are perfectly so disposed; for I shall hear of you by Mrs. Damer, and shall not think your silence arises from any want of regard.

Farewell again! Yours affectionately,

J. BAILLIE.

JOURNAL.

Saturday, June 7th.—We went in the morning with Andreas and Galliaffy to the cemetery, to make arrangements for the stone that we wished to place there. It was decided that, in order to close for ever the small vault in which the bier was placed, the marble must be framed in the stone which forms the covering.

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry to Lady Elizabeth Stuart.

Genoa, Saturday, 14th June 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Ever since the death of my poor father I have been trying to write to you. Spirits have been wanting yet more than time. I was far from well before this event happened, and you may guess what effect it must have had on nerves so cruelly irritable as mine! Certain it is that at his great age such an event could not be a surprise; that few illnesses could have been accompanied with less suffering, and no death with less horror; but the loss of our last duty here on earth (in our peculiar situation) seems to leave us alone in the world, with little interest in this generation, and no connexion with the next. It leaves us indeed the triste liberty of disposing of ourselves as we will, and *my* will would probably be to go directly to Paris, and in your society and that of some few other people to feel myself once more with those who interest me, and who (*for auld lang syne*) I may hope still a little to interest; but the health of *both* of us so much calls for another winter in the south. . . . You will see the Jerseys in a very few days; they were at Genoa exactly during the time of all our melancholy confinement. . . . Nothing could be more kind, more friendly, than their attentions to us—much more than I should have claimed from our previous intimacy.

Tuesday, July 8th.—We went this morning at nine o'clock, with Viviani and Fregeville, to the cemetery, to see the marble that we had placed upon the tomb of my father. The proportions pleased the eye, and the inscription satisfies me better when engraved than it did in manuscript. The cemetery itself struck me more than ever; it has an air of repose, without gloom, which tranquillises the mind, and takes away the idea of horror from death, by suggesting that of a refuge from all the troubles and sorrows of life. If I die in Italy, it is here that I will be buried.

Tuesday, 15th.—We* were in the carriage at half-past four, on the road to Savonna. All the road from Genoa to Savonna is a succession of the most picturesque landscapes. One passes through four little villages or bourgs, each one prettier than the other. In most of these places small merchant vessels are built. We counted in one of these bourgs nine upon the stocks. After dinner, a walk in the town of Savonna to the Dicomo, and to the prefecture, an ancient convent, which still preserves its melancholy aspect. In Bonaparte's time Savonna was the chief town of the department, and had some brilliant préfets, as M. Brignole, M. de Chabrol, &c. The ancient port of Savonna was ruined by Andrea Doria. The environs are charming—less incumbered by buildings than Genoa, and more intermixed with foliage. We went *en calèche* to see a gallery which is made through a rock upon the road which the French have constructed from Genoa to Nice, and which passes by Savonna, but up to the present time is not all finished. We made the tour of the Bay of Vado, keeping close to the shore; the scenery most beautiful. Vado is upon the site of a Roman city; it was there where the galleys of Mark Antony retired after the battle of Actium. The

* The party consisted of the two Miss Berrys, the Duc de Dalberg, M. Da Viviani, and General Fregeville.

only remains of the ancient buildings are some foundation walls, to be seen here and there among the vines. This bay, with the town of Savonna and its castle advancing into the sea, and its cultivated hills extending along one side, with its batteries rising on a precipitous rock on the other, was Nelson's favourite anchorage in the Mediterranean. All the finest peaches in Genoa come from Savonna.

Wednesday, 16*th*.—Before seven o'clock in the morning we were in our *calèches* for Pian di Merlo. Fabio Pallavicini came to Savonna yesterday, to arrange that a cart with oxen should be at the rendezvous, where the carriages could no longer be of use. Upon leaving Savonna, the ascent of the Apennines begins, on a very fine road which leads to Alexandria. These mountains are covered with green trees and cultivation. The higher the ascent (and we mounted for two hours and a half), the more scarce become villages or even habitations, and the landscape assumes quite a pastoral character of its own. It is neither Swiss nor Scotch, nor Savoyard nor Italian. It is the Apennines, and nothing but the Apennines. We found ourselves surrounded on all sides by these green mountains, crossing and recrossing in all possible ways. Near ten o'clock we arrived at the point where we had to leave the high road to take that of Pian di Merlo. It is a very stony path upon the side of this mountain—scarcely broad enough to admit even one of the very narrow carts of the country. Two of these equipages, each drawn by two oxen, awaited us: one contained a mattress to sit or rather to lie upon, and covered over, *en berceau*, with branches of chesnut trees, making a real theatrical car in a pastoral ballet; the other was for our luggage. We two, with our maid Harrot, placed ourselves in the theatrical carriage. Our three gentlemen followed on foot, though there was an ass at their service. In this manner we passed without the slightest inconve-

nience a road which in any other way would have been impassable to us. Fabio and his little wife came to meet us half a mile from their house; his mother, who is still full of grace and *esprit*, also met us nearer home. It is quite a farmer's house of this country, preserving the external appearance of such. The inside is arranged with perfect simplicity, but having all that is necessary to comfort, where nature and climate make so little wanted for enjoyment. There is (as in all the houses, large and small) at the top of the staircase a *sala* which communicates with all the other rooms. This *sala* is the drawing-room, where everyone meets. Seen from the outside, one should not have thought so many people could be lodged. They gave us an excellent *déjeûner à la fourchette*. The environs of the house are adorned by the hand of nature only. Agnes and the Duke began to sketch. We went down a stony steep descent to a grotto, where a small spring of water flows beneath the foliage. We dined at past five o'clock in morning dresses—that of our host and hostess—really peasant-like gingham dresses, with large aprons of the same stuff; Fabio in a waistcoat and trousers of the same, with garters and shoes of Russian leather. His little wife looks very well in this country costume, with a large coarse straw hat, and for liveliness and intelligence is quite another person to what she appeared at Genoa in her splendour. One is here in the midst of the scene of Bonaparte's first triumphs in Italy, when for the first time he took the command of the army, fought the Austrians at Monte Notte, turned their position, and marched upon Turin. The Duc de Dalberg says that he has never well understood these movements till now that he is upon the spot. Instead of being too hot upon these mountains, even at this time of the year, I felt cold. Upon returning to the house, the sketchers retouched their morning's work, and I played a game at picquet with Madame Thérèse Pallavicini. They

brought us sorbets instead of tea, which is much better in this country, and we all went to bed at half-past ten o'clock.

Thursday, 17*th*.—Beautiful summer's day; the sky so clear and pure as to assure one that it is still Italy, which one might otherwise doubt in these mountains. I passed a part of the morning reading under a large chesnut tree near the house, enjoying the most beautiful temperature. Our breakfast (always *à la fourchette*) was later. The dinner was necessarily the same. After dinner it was settled we should take a long walk; we were to go to the valley of the Bormida, where commences the Plains of Piedmont, but we started too late and had to return.

The evening passed the same as yesterday. There was no want of conversation; Italian vivacity would always supply that, in spite of ignorance; but these friends are well-instructed people—have seen much of the world, and occupy themselves with literature. The Duc de Dalberg is charming company; he is so gay and gentle, and his manners are both simple and fascinating.

Friday, 18*th*.—Our amiable hosts would not take leave of us last night. Everyone got up at six o'clock. They gave us coffee before seven; and then having expressed our thanks, and the pleasure our visit had given us, we left in the same way as we came—accompanied by Fabio, his wife, and Viviani, who remains with them. We then arrived at Savonna by ten o'clock. We walked more than half a league from Savonna to the small country-house of a certain M. Boschetti. It was at this house that Jules II., of the family of Rovere, was born. M. Boschetti is a gentleman of this country whom the Duc de Dalberg had known at Paris as having spent money unwisely in building upon the Champs Elysées. He had invited the Duke to see his pictures, and this was really the object of our visit. They are nothing very remarkable; however, the Duke has expressed a wish to have

three of them. Before one o'clock in the afternoon we left Savonna. We reached Voltei about five o'clock in the evening, and walked upon the terrace of the Villa Brignole here, which I never see without fresh pleasure. This villa always gains by comparison with all others, even in this beautiful country. At last we tore ourselves away from this enchanting place.

It was in the course of this month that Miss Berry must have received the expected announcement of the death of Madame de Staël, who died on July 14th, at Paris. In a letter to Lady Hardwicke, during this month, Miss Berry writes of the hopelessness of Madame de Staël's state, adding—'I shall think the world less interesting without her.' Madame de Staël's last letter to Miss Berry was in the handwriting of her friend Miss Randall. The following account of the closing scene was written by a lady who had not long left Genoa :—

Extract of a Letter addressed to Miss Berry.

When I arrived at Paris the 17th of June, she (Madame de Staël) was supposed to be at the point of death; she rallied from that attack, and her family indulged great hopes, but which no physician encouraged. . . . I saw her a week before her death; she was as eager as ever on politics. M. de Montmorency was by her bedside, and she disputed with him the great question of liberty as formerly. I dined there on the Sunday; she saw the Duke of Orleans, and on that night she died. . . . No words can do justice to the feeling Albertine* has shown her, and indeed the affliction of all those around her speaks much more for her character than all the *éloges* that could be written. Her marriage with Rocca, and her son by him, was acknowledged in the will. The exact date of the marriage is unknown. She left them both a provision. . . . . She is an irreparable loss: no woman and no man possesses the talents she had. . . .

* Duchesse de Broglie.

Wednesday, 30*th*. — General Babua, Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian forces at Milan, was here last week, on a tour of military inspection, to visit the fortresses, and to inspect what progress the Sardinian Government was making in the disbursement of its share of French money awarded by the Congress to the King of Sardinia. He insisted much on the speedy construction, not only of the roads from hence to Savonna, and from hence to Sazanno, but also on some others, such as one begun by the French from hence to Parma, which the Piedmontese and Genoese pretend would essentially injure, instead of aiding, their commerce. The Austrian Government is not of a gentle or yielding nature, at least in Italy; and the Piedmontese Government, aware of this, and likewise of their own weakness and their own strength, or at least the strength given by their situation, replied to the injunctions of Babua—'Vous pouvez nous jeter dans l'eau, mais vous ne pouvez pas nous submerger.' General Babua is a very tall stout man, with a pretty good countenance, and his carriage less stiff than most of the Austrian officers.

Friday, *August* 1*st*.—Went to hear Paganini play, a celebrated violinist; it was a concert, but much less tedious than these concerts usually are. A military band was in the orchestra, which played some martial music between the acts. Paganini played three pieces, surprising for execution, and sometimes he produces most enchanting sounds from the instrument. He is a Genoese by birth, a very bad character, earning a great deal of money, and never having a penny. He has not yet displayed his talent out of Italy, where everyone is mad about him.*

Thursday, 7*th*.—In the morning walked to the Grand

* Nicolo Paganini was a native of Genoa; born 1784. His musical talent was very early developed. At nine years old he made his first appearance as a violin player; the marvellous power he displayed in executing the most brilliant and difficult passages on one string is well known. He never left Italy till past forty years old; but his fame was great, and as he travelled through Europe it was a succession of triumphs. He died 1840.

Palais Durazzo, where the Duc de Dalberg had appointed us to see the collection of engravings, valued at 30,000*l.* sterling. It is not worth that certainly; though large, and containing all the great works of engravings published together, many of the most rare are wanting in all the collections of the different masters; such, for example, as Marc Antoine, Rembrandt, &c. &c. The arrangement is perfect; one finds what one seeks in a moment.

Friday, 8*th.*—We went again to the Durazzo Library to see the collection of drawings. Amongst a great number of very little value, there are some charming ones, but nothing to compare with our fine collections of the old masters' drawings.

Saturday, 30*th.*—Mr. Wishaw leaves to-morrow for Florence. I showed him a sketch of the beginning for 'The Life of Lady Russell,' which he much approved of, and we talked a great deal upon this subject; then during the evening he read to us the list of the MSS. of poor Horner, and some pieces of a journal of Lord Byron's in Switzerland, put down *au coin de son étrange ésprit.*

Thursday, *September* 4*th.*—M. Spinola and Viviani came in the morning to go with us to the Palais du Ministre. There are statues larger than life of the most celebrated men of Genoa and of the Spinola family, painted to imitate bronze, between columns also painted in grisaille; but the bronze is too much gilded, and the grisaille does not produce sufficient illusion.

Tuesday, 9*th.*—The weather being fine, it was settled we should leave Genoa this evening. Several persons came to see us embark. About seven o'clock we two, Viviani, Mrs. Botto and her daughter—to whom we had offered a passage in our felucque—Harrot, Adeline, and Pepino, went on board. The carriages were well placed in the middle of the ship, so that we could easily enter the English carriage; and under the awning there were spread two mattresses, upon which four or

five people could lie down, which we ladies all did. The daylight only served us till we got out of port; there was no moon, yet there were not more than four hours in which we could not see the time by our watches. The air was perfectly delicious; very little wind, only little puffs in passing the gorges of the mountains, down which flowed small rivers.

Wednesday, 10*th*.—I left my mattress before four o'clock, to watch the dawn of day, and see the sun rise. All was as fine, as clear, and as pure as yesterday. At ten o'clock we breakfasted upon the cold provisions we had with us; but I began to feel headache, which was augmented by the motion of the sea. At noon we had a breeze, but I was in no condition to see anything or to enjoy anything. The Gulf of Spezia is one of the most beautiful *coups-d'œil* imaginable. One enters at Porto Venese, a château and a small town, both equally in ruins. The felucque passed this point, and a small island, Palmiera; and then the Gulf opens out in all its beauty. We arrived at Lerici at half-past two in the afternoon, having been eighteen hours upon the sea in perfect weather; and if I had not been so ill, it would have been very enjoyable. Madame Botto sang to us for some time last night, and so did the rowers — in quite a different style, but far from unpleasant to listen to on the water.

Thursday, 11*th*.—Arrived at Lucca.

Friday, 12*th*.—Reached Florence.

Friday, 26*th*.—The morning to the Pitti. The collection there more numerous than ever; and never was there one so large with so few bad pictures. In the evening went with C. [Lady Charlotte Campbell] and her daughter to Madame d'Albany's. She received us as old acquaintances, and with much cordiality. Besides ourselves, there were only two ladies and two Italian gentlemen. Madame d'Albany is grown much fatter than

she was, and her figure, which was always square, is now much worse. In speaking to her, I recognised the same countenance, but it has lost much of its good-nature, without having gained much in expression of intelligence.

Saturday, 27*th*.—In the evening at Madame d'Albany's. It is the day on which all the Florentine society agree to go to her house. The room in which she receives is small, as they all are in Granfigliazzi's house, which she inhabits. She never moves from her chair at the side of the fireplace; the ladies arrange themselves in a circle, the gentlemen standing behind. There is no means of conversation, nor of changing one's place; and the only consolation is, that it is all over by ten o'clock, having begun at eight.

Sunday, 28*th*.—We were presented to-day, at twelve o'clock, to the Grand Duke in the Palais Pitti. We were assembled to the number of ten or twelve ladies, and five or six gentlemen, in a drawing-room at the side of that occupied by the Duke. Mr. Dawkins made us all go in together; formerly each person entered separately, or each family or party. We were next to Char. and her daughter. The Grand Duke spoke only to her and to us: said to her that he was glad she was here to be present at the fêtes given in honour of his daughter's marriage; to us of our former residence here, of which some one had told him—of the fêtes that had been given them at the Casciena, and of the fire which took place; adding how many things had happened since then, and that he had been present at a much more awful fire at Paris. The audience did not last altogether more than a quarter of an hour, and he dismissed everybody by saying he would not detain them.

Tuesday, 30*th*.—The marriage of the second daughter of the Grand Duke with the Prince Carignan took place at the Duomo to-day. All the English who had been

presented were invited to the Duomo at ten o'clock. Not thinking it right or feeling inclined to put off our mourning, we did not use the ticket we had received from Mr. Dawkins. We went with Mr. Sotheby to his apartment at the Hôtel de York, to see all the procession pass. It was really very magnificent as regards carriages and liveries, for the military added but little to the spectacle. In the evening there was a Court held, to which we did not go. There were fireworks on the Palazzo Vecchio, which we saw from an open gallery at the top of our house.

From Sir William Gell to Miss Berry.

Naples: September 29, 1817.

WICKED PEOPLE,—There you are all three at Florence, and not one word can you afford to say, any of you, to your poor cousin in the south, whither I think you ought to be beaten for not coming while I remain in a tolerable state of flertification, that is, before my next fit comes on. You scarcely deserve to have the history of * * * and her sister, who have more merit than any ladies who have ever undertaken the tour of Italy. 'Ach, now!' says * *, 'and I don't see why we should not go from St. Mary the Major (Santa Maria Maggiore) to St. John's Latter end (San Giovanni Laterano) without passing through the whole city.' There is here a certain Austrian, called Count Jenisco, and they both go about talking of St. Jenisco's blood liquidating, instead of the liquefaction of St. Januarius. I shall give you one more, and that shall be the last one a piece for you and Lady Char. 'Ach, now, and talk of police, and I saw with my own eyes three people in a tarantella (caretella, a sort of gig), and if four great lazzarettos (lazzaroni) did not come and pull 'em out, and take their places by force.' There's for you in that line. Now I will tell you what saith my royal mistress by the mouth of her prophet—'Where are the Berrys?—*mein Gott*, they are very cruel not to write to me when I have such regard and affection for them.' She assured us one day a little girl was ill because she had *mangiato il letto.*' So of course we stared, and I asked whether it was made of hair,

wool, or feathers? She die from laughing, and meant *latte*, milk. Another time she looked me full in the face, and said to a man who was going to play the piano, 'Temo che troverete il ciambellano (cimbal) un poco cattivo.' This, however, she swears I have invented myself. If fate ever puts you in the way, make her tell you how the Empress Marie Louisa invited her to Parma; how the attendants dined in the outer room; and how, in full-dress feathers, and velvet chairs with heavy gold legs and backs, the two ladies sat at a very long *tête-à-tête* before dinner at a fire. 'You imagine it not very entertaining; I assure you, very doll (dull), I yarn (yawn), and she de same; *mein Gott*, I balance on my chaire mit my feet pon die fire. What you tink? I tomble all back mit di chair, and mit meine legs in die air; man see nothing more als my feet. I die from laugh, and what you tink she do? She stir not, she laugh not; but mit the utmost gravity she say, "Mon Dieu, Madame, comme vous m'avez effrayé." I go in fits of laugh, and she repeat di same word witout variation or change of feature. I not able to resist bursting out every moment at dinner, and die to get away to my gens to tell die story. We all scream mit di ridiculousness for my situation.'

I don't know whether I have told you this so that you can understand it, but hope your genius will help you out to imagine what must have been a duet between this bottle of frisky champagne and that jug of stale small beer. I shall give you another instance of a happy change of letters. Slap Lady Charlotte on the arm, and say, 'I tell you what, dey only want to make a pat's cau (cat's paw) of me.' So much for the world. I have just been to Capri, 'Affreux Tiberi,' and the people call the ruins 'O Palazzo do Timperio.' Moreover, I went up 569 steps in the rock, and came down the same only a week after a fit of the gout, which has been effected by putting my legs into a box, and burning brimstone without mercy underneath. So when you have the rheumatism, come, and you shall have a certain cure. If I had money enough I would come and see you; if you ever get to Rome, and I can stand upon one leg, please the Pope, I will come on purpose, as I did to England, to see you. I beg you will not be so idle as not to write. Tell me where is my own pocket, Lady Char. I salute you all caldamente, and lofe you very mouch strong well, my little dear. Adieu, my dears. You had better come here, if it was

only to have good cavalieri serventi and a lame lover among three. I kiss you all, hands and feet. Mind you go to the Countess of Albany's, and tell her her sister, the Princess of Castelfranco, is very well, and I dine with her to-morrow.

Thursday, October 2nd.— In the morning we went to Bartolini's, the sculptor. He makes very good likenesses in his busts; but he works to sell, and not to immortalise his name. One group, however, of a Venus and a Cupid, and a gesse of a Nymph, are really fine. He would part with them for almost nothing, to show what he can do in marble of his own composition.

Sunday, 19th.—In the evening to Madame d'Albany, where we saw some children dancing, which they do here every Sunday.

Tuesday, November 4th.—The evening at Lady C. C.'s. The Duchess Lanti sang admirably well, accompanied by Manielli.

Friday, 7th.—Fine weather still. I walked to several booksellers, printsellers, &c., to search for old books, and landscapes of Tuscany, to begin my project of illustrating the 'Life of Lorenzo de Medici.' I found very few. Lord John Russell arrived from Bologna. I had a great deal to say to him about his work, as well as of mine, if ever I am in a state to occupy myself seriously with it; and I was obliged to think of it all in a minute, as he leaves to-morrow at six o'clock for Leghorn, to embark for Malta; from thence to seek an opportunity of going to Greece.

Roma: 19 Novembre 1817.

Ella mi ha favorito d'una lettera da Genoa, annunciandomi il suo ritorno in Italia, e la disposizione di passar poi a Roma. Io non mancai di rispondere subito al grato avviso, e il non vedere più lettere e nuove di Loro famiglia mi fa temere con ragione che quella mia risposta andasse perduta! Ora intendo che da parecchi mesi Ella ritrovassi in Firenze colla sorella, e che non pensa di riveder Roma. Questa notizia seconda mi addolora

moltissimo; e infinitamente ancora mi spiace che Ella non m'abbia fatto degno d'una sua riga per mia consolazione, e per rendermi certo della bontà onde le piace adornarmi. La prego a voler gradire questi miei sentimenti, e assecondare il desiderio di mio fratello e di me per conoscere le Loro nuove, e sapere se abbiano volontà di donarci il bene di rivederle anche una volta fra noi. Di ciò, di cui liberamente l'assicuro si è, che io non cambierò mai quel senzo di stima, di rispetto, e d'affezione che Le ho professato, e per il quale sono e sarò sempre

Obb. affet. servitor Loro,
ANTONIO CANOVA.*

Sunday, 16*th*.—In the evening accompanied C. C. and her daughter to the Pitti, where there was a reception *en grand gala* in honour of the hereditary Prince's wedding, which took place this morning, with the Princesse (de Saxe), who arrived at Caffagiola the evening before. The nuptial benediction was given without any great ceremony in the Church of the Annunciade. There was a dinner afterwards at Court for the Ministers, and in the evening this reception. We arrived after the

Rome, 19th November 1817.

You favoured me with a letter from Genoa, announcing your return to Italy, and your wish to proceed later to Rome. I did not fail to quickly reply to your kind notice, but having received no further letters or news of your family makes me naturally fear that my answer has been lost. Now I hear that for several months you have been in Florence with your sister, and that you do not think of coming back to Rome. This news, while it grieves me exceedingly, displeases me still more, in that you have not thought me worthy of a single line to console me, and to assure me of the kindness with which you have always treated me.

I entreat you to accept my feelings of regard, and to gratify the great wish of my brother and myself to be made acquainted with your movements, and to know if you have any intention of visiting us.

I can most truly assure you that I shall never change in the feelings of esteem, of respect, and of affection that I have ever felt for you, and that I am, and ever shall be,

Your obedient and affectionate servant,
ANTONIO CANOVA.

presentations to the bride had taken place. We found her in a sort of circle, talking to several gentlemen who had been presented to her. She is graceful; she would be really *pretty* for anybody, but *beautiful* for a Princess. She was dressed in pink, which is the fashion here for brides in the evening; in the morning in white. The brilliancy of the Court-dresses far greater than I expected. The ladies all wore gold and silver; some with a quantity of diamonds. It is said that all this display is since the time of the Court of the Bacciochi here, who, like the rest of that sacred family, insisted that everybody should ruin themselves in order to depend more immediately upon their favour. There were many English at the Court. Eighty-one ladies and gentlemen had been presented this day, in order to attend the reception and join in the fêtes which were to follow. The bride had her party at cards, the bridegroom his, and the Grand Duke a third; and before ten o'clock they left. The Grand Duke then began to play again; but he and everyone else departed before ten o'clock. The apartment where the Court was held is very fine, consisting of several rooms very well lighted by wax candles, ending in a round room, where, placed upon a pedestal in the middle, stands the beautiful Venus by Canova.

Friday, 21*st*.—About two o'clock Agnes brought us the overwhelming news of the death of our poor young Princess and her child! The account arrived to-day by the post in a letter from our Ambassador at Paris to me, and in a letter from Mrs. D. to Char. I was too ill to read mine, or to hear the other, or even to ask questions; but felt that the news remained like a horrible dead weight on my head and on my heart.

Sunday, 23*rd*.—There was a very grand feast, or rather function, at the Church of Ste. M. Novella, for the repose of the soul of a certain Sigr. Ventini, who died some weeks ago. The whole church was hung with

crimson velvet and gold fringe, quite new—very brilliant and magnificent. The high altar was glittering with gold and silver stuff; and all was lighted up between four and five o'clock by about 5,500 wax-lights distributed in all parts, and in large lustres hanging from the ceiling of the church. Numbers of people began to go there from eight o'clock in the morning, and from three o'clock till past five, when all the lights were lighted, and the Archbishop gave the benediction. The crowd became too dense for us to penetrate.

Saturday, Dec. 6th.—In the evening at Madame d'Albany's with Lord John Russell and others. Afterwards to Madame Hitsoff—a very small party, the first I have seen in Italy deserving that name. It was in the two small rooms she always occupies, and which were in that state of agreeable untidiness which marks constant occupation.

From Miss Berry to the Countess of Hardwicke.

Florence, 14th December 1817, Sunday.

. . . The Italians are here, as everywhere else, very unsocial in their own houses. Nothing so true as what the poor Staël said, that in Italy the theatre spoilt society, and society the theatre. No soirée holds here for a moment after nine o'clock if there is a theatre open in the town; and where one goes every evening to see the same thing, of course one looks (without always finding it) for some amusement independent of the stage. Our old friend Madame d'Albany, whose hopes of three kingdoms (if ever she entertained them) have settled into a sort of curtesey *queenship* here, *receives* every evening, and publicly on Saturday, when her Court is as dull as any *real* one in Europe. But on other evenings, when one finds her sometimes alone, sometimes with only three or four people, and when she comes and sees one of a morning, she is not unentertaining—well informed, sensible, sharp, and heartless—very different from what we knew her many years ago, at Paris, in Alfieri's time. But she seems to think, and other people seem to allow her to think, that she has inherited his genius and his

sentiments, which on many subjects agree oddly enough with her own visible partiality, to the powers and dominations of this world. . . .

Tuesday, 16*th*.—In the morning for a long time in the library of the Grand Duke, at the Pitti Palace. It is necessary to have an order to go; 38,000 volumes in twenty-two small rooms.

Wednesday, 17*th*.—In the evening went to Madame Hitsoff—very small pary; tolerably agreeable. Madame Appony sang a great deal, and enchantingly.

Wednesday, 31*st*.—In the evening Madame Appony came to our house, Tonelli, Bartolini (the sculptor), &c. &c. Madame Appony sang beautifully, with Tonelli at the piano. Thus finished the year 1817.

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1818.

Florence, Friday, January 9th.—In the morning to the Academy of Arts, where the schools of painting and sculpture are united to the manufactories of Pietra Dura and of Scagliola; having seen these formerly, we went to the rooms which are filled by a most complete collection of gesse (plaster casts) from the antique and from the works of Canova. Young children of all ages were employed in copying them, though, it seemed to me, fewer in number than I saw in the same place twenty years ago. In a long gallery are arranged all the pictures of the Florentine school, taken from the monasteries suppressed in the time of the French. It forms a very complete and curious history of art since the time of Cimabue* and of Giotto :† one sees the immense step made even by those two in looking at a picture of the Virgin by a painter of the date at which this collection begins.

Monday, 26th.—In the evening at the Cocomero; a most absurd piece performed; the scene laid in England. A Lord Mayor under the title of Lord Hudson, and aldermen displayed as military officers nominated by the Lord Mayor. The spropositi were without end, and so ridiculous that we and Lord John Russell (who was with us) were dying of laughter.

Tuesday, February 3rd.—A beautiful day for the last

* Giovanni Cimabue; born at Florence 1240; died 1300.

† Giotto, or Angiolotto; born near Florence in 1276, pupil of Cimabue; died 1336.

of the Carnival. Everyone was out of doors, and masked from nine o'clock in the morning. I masked Pepino as Harlequin, and sent him to run amongst the masks on the Lung Arno. Tonelli called and proposed our taking a walk. The scene was very gay—an immense crowd of people. The *bourgeoisie* masked, the *beau monde* without masks. Florentines of this class, very few. At half-past four in the afternoon we started in our open carriage for the Corso, and the carriages made two lines from the Palace Anunziata to the Santa Maria, where they turned at the end of the street to rejoin the file, guarded by foot soldiers at regular distances. The great and only expense of the Florentines is in liveries, horses, and carriages, so it is very hard upon them if bad weather interferes with the four or five times in the year when they can display and enjoy them. The Prince Borghese had five carriages, one drawn by eight horses; he himself in a coupée with the Duchesse Lanti, a black servant behind magnificently and fantastically dressed in his colours, fawn and snuff colour. The Prince Corsini had three carriages; he alone in a phaeton with two grooms, all lace liveries. The Marquis Torregiani, three carriages; the livery dark-blue and gold. These people, and many others, indeed, who have any pretensions whatever, have two *chasseurs* behind their carriages, all dressed one more magnificently than the other; and here, instead of going as elsewhere with the gentleman's carriage, stand behind that of the lady. In the evening we went to Madame d'Albany, who on Shrove Tuesday always receives the children masked, who dance at her house on Sundays. There were about thirty of them, with their mothers or aunts, and several other persons of Madame d'Albany's usual society.

Miss Berry was still collecting materials for her work on Lady Russell, and appears to have applied for in-

formation respecting historical MSS. to Lord Guildford,* from whom she received the following reply:—

Rome, Jan. 27, 1818.

My dear Miss Berry,—It is neither from forgetfulness nor from idleness that I did not write to you, but from positive inability to recollect any printed book or collection of private papers which might be of use to you. Lord Dartmouth will tell you how faithfully I delivered your message to him about his invaluable copy of Burnet. I have also a vast number of tracts of that time at Wroxton, of which you shall have the use as soon as I can call them mine, for they are at present the property of my Dowager Maria. Lord Bridgewater has a great collection, I believe, at Ashridge, but they are probably of too early a date, and anterior to the Civil War. The 'Somers Papers,' which were bought of Lord Lansdowne for the British Museum, I think would have a great many anecdotes of the reigns of James the 2nd and William the 3rd, mixed with the '*twaddle*' which you are looking after. For at this time the private interests of politicians, and the passions of Court ladies, had a much more ostensible and declared influence on public events than they have now, and the line of distinction between personal and political was not so well known by statesmen, as it is now by the mob. What is become of the Hardwicke collection? The last lord was a man of such research that a great deal of secret history must be in the possession of his heirs. I believe, however, that his papers were also bought for the Museum. Lord Chichester has all the papers written by or to the Minister, Duke of Newcastle, neatly copied, and arranged in about a hundred volumes; many of them might be of use to you, as they begin with Queen Anne. The collection of 'Stuart Papers,' lately gone to England, ought also to be a rich mine for your 'Comparative History of the Manners,' but cannot have much concerning Lady Russell, as I believe it chiefly consists of the correspondence of the son of James the 2nd, which must have begun about the time of her

* Frederick fifth Earl of Guildford; born 1766; succeeded his brother 1817; was Chancellor of the University of the Ionian Islands; died, unmarried, 1827.

death. Who has the papers of old Sarah Marlborough? Her grandson, Jack Spencer, was her favourite and her heir. Perhaps Lord Spencer may have something curious. The Duke of Leeds is the eldest descendant of the family, but he probably has nothing from them. He ought, however, to have a great deal of his own. Adieu! my dear Miss Berry. I am sorry that I am able to give you so little information on the subject upon which you have written to me. We are here eight hundred and fifty English individuals. I only have my venerable contemporaries, the Duchess of Devonshire, Miss Knight, &c.; and of the Romans, Madame Divinigo and similar matrons. I smothered Canova with kisses in your name, and have promised him and your other friends that you will pass next winter here. Pray give my love and respects to your sister, and believe me, with the greatest truth,

Your devoted, humble servant,

GUILDFORD.

Tuesday, 10*th*.—In the morning to the Recluso dei Poveri, where 1,663 poor men, women, and children are taken from out of the streets, clothed, fed, and given some occupation, of which they are allowed their choice. Of this number there are now 470 women and 1,193 men and boys. The building is composed of two convents united, of which the churches serve as workshops. It was begun in the time of the French, and after their departure was neglected; but the town so swarmed with mendicants, that the Grand Duke re-established it within the last two years. The inmates are all dressed in thick brown cloth. Their dormitories are pretty clean; three times a week they have meat, and vegetables on the other days. A sixth part of what they earn a day is given to them for their daily wants. Another sixth is put by to be given to them when they leave the establishment, and the rest goes for its support. There are some who earn six or seven paulo a day by making carpets. Fortunately the people have a horror of this recluse, otherwise their idleness would send two-

thirds of the population of Florence to the Recluso dei Poveri.

Saturday, 21*st*.—In the evening went to the reception at the Pitti; we were there at eight o'clock. The Grand Duke, his son, his daughter-in-law, and his daughter had already entered the circle, which was too thinly attended. Lady Charlotte Campbell and we were presented to the daughter-in-law, a ceremony we had missed on her marriage. She asked us the usual questions as to our stay at Florence, &c. As for the Grand Duke himself and the little Bossue (his daughter), they never speak to anyone after the first presentation—at least I never saw them address a word to any English gentleman or lady. After about half an hour, the Grand Duke and his children each made their party at cards; and then those who were in the same room, consisting principally of the ministers and their wives, did the same. Mesdames Brignolle and Appony invited me to sit down at their table, which I did not know until afterwards was a sort of favour. All the rest of the company remained in an ante-room. At ten o'clock the Prince's party broke up and they went away. This might have been a tolerably good assembly if there had been more company, and if the Princes had been more talkative and more gracious. Foreigners are allowed to come as often as they like, if they are content to be no more noticed than the chairs; but the Florentines are invited in small numbers to each of their receptions, which take place twice a week—and if those who are invited do not appear, the company is too small, as it was last evening, for any Court whatever.

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry to Lady Hardwicke.

. . . . Now for a word or two on the Devonshire business.*

* A strange romantic story had been put in circulation at this time as to the birth of the late Duke of Devonshire, who was said to be a supposititious

To be sure, Shakspeare is, as usual, quite right when he makes his Gravedigger say that 'all the world is mad in England,' for such a strange mad story, with such *accessoires* as *this*, I never heard! Luckily, it begins by being founded on three falsities—first, that the Duchess at Rome is sick; next, that she is *dévôte*; and third, that she is turned Catholic, not one of which is true, as Madame d'Albany assures me, who is in regular correspondence with her, and indeed we should all have heard it in this near neighbourhood of Rome had it been true. . . . When the late Duchess was to be confined at Paris, that is to say, at Passy, after spending the summer at Spa, there was (as I remember she told me herself) present at the labour, as a sort of witness, the Duchess Dowager d'Aremberg, our Princess Staremberg's mother, a very great lady of the most unimpeachable character, still living, with all her senses about her; and I remember the poor Duchess adding, that the Duchess d'Aremberg, then an old woman, said she hoped she might still live long enough for the son she had seen born, to come and make her his bow at Brussels. In short, I cannot attach (knowing, as I think I do, the character and conduct of the principal actors) the smallest degree of faith to any part of this confused bothered story.

Monday, March 16th.—Went to M. de Boutourlin's to look in the library which he has bought here from the heirs of a certain Dr. Lessi. He has paid for 6,000 bound volumes, and about 400 or 500 unbound, 1,250 scudi—that is 300*l.* sterling; it is about, one with another, 2 paulo a volume. The books would have sold for certainly more than double that sum in England. There are some very superb, many very curious, and several very rare in the collection.

Friday, 20th.—Went to the Church of Ste. Maria Madelena dei Pazzi, to hear the Passion sung; it lasted from noon till three o'clock, alternately singing and

child, a changeling, &c. This story has long since died away. Miss Berry's account of the presence of the Duchesse d'Aremberg on the occasion would alone have been a sufficient contradiction to any such fabrication.

preaching. The music was tolerably fine, but the preaching detestable. Lenesino, an old singer, sang here, and at the Grand Duke's Chapel, to which he belongs, having left the stage twenty years ago from religious scruples.

Monday, 23*rd*.—Nine o'clock this morning was the hour fixed for the celebration of Lady Charlotte Campbell's marriage (to Mr. Bury). We had been friends for thirty years, and we offered to be present, as did Sir Thos. Fremantle. Lord John Russell was invited, and Mr. Dawkins was necessarily there. They were married at Lord Borghersh's house, being that of the English Minister, though not there himself.

Thursday, 26*th*.—Went to Fiesole; leaving our carriage at the church below Villa Mozzi, we proceeded, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a machine called a tregia—that is to say, a sort of sledge, upon which is placed a basket large enough to hold four persons sitting, two *vis-à-vis*. This machine is drawn by two oxen, and they ascend and descend the steepest paths without difficulty. We saw the cathedral, one of the most ancient churches of Tuscany. This and San Miniato are both constructed on the same plan, with a sort of choir, to which one mounts by a staircase on each side of the great altar. The sarcophagus and the bust beneath, placed in this choir by Salutati, Bishop of Fiesole, is the work of *Mino da Fiesole*, in 1467, and is admirable—the bust most striking. The Capucin Convent at the top of the mountain is, I think, that which was so much frequented by Cosmo and his grandson Lorenzo. The adjoining church (of St. Alexander) is built on the site of an ancient temple dedicated (as they say) to Bacchus, of which there are no other remains but the columns. Upon the other side of the mountain are the remains of what is an amphitheatre. All one can see are four or five gradations of cut stone and some small caves. From this place are to be seen the walls of the ancient town of Fiesole, which

appears to have occupied a valley between two small hills.

Friday, 27th.—I went with the Comte Bardi to the Laurentian Library. Saw the travels (MSS.) of Cosmo III. in England in the year 167–, accompanied by Magalotti, who gives the description of the travels, and by an artist who made drawings of all the small towns where they stopped, and of all the country-houses they saw. I remarked Wilton, Billingbear, Audley Inn, &c.

Sunday, 29th.—In the morning Leoni came to read me his translation of Lord Byron's 'Lament of Tasso,' and to ask me the meaning of some of the more difficult passages. He has succeeded wonderfully well in rendering the sense and spirit of the English verse into Italian prose, which he did before putting it into verse. The Italian verses, I confess, pleased me less, probably because in paying that close attention to the English lines that I have done to-day, I am the more sensible of their great beauty.

Thursday, April 2nd.—Went with M. Brignolle to a collection of portraits and other things in the Piazza Sta. Croce il Consigliere Ravani—a large room entirely filled with portraits, but without names. It is a pity, as there are some good ones, and several which, by their date, might be curious. There are many others in his library to which they have given names, sometimes, perhaps, gratuitously.

Monday, 6th.—We went this morning to the Pratolina, five and a half miles from here, on the road to Bologna. It is a continual ascent, and takes two hours to reach the top. The house at Pratolina is in ruins—a pity, for the terrace which surrounds it on all sides is superb, and the distribution of the rooms inside excellent. This dates from the first Grand Duke Cosmo. The garden was formerly (and as I saw it twenty years ago) a beautiful Italian garden, with a number of fountains, walks, and

terraces. During the reign of the French, their military detachments, assisted by the peasants of the neighbourhood, spoilt it all, cut the leaden pipes which conducted the water, displaced and carried away the sculptured stone from the terraces and balustrades, and made much havoc in the woods, but, it appears, without touching the large trees, which are here of a size and beauty rare in Italy. Since the return of the Grand Duke he has placed here two German gardeners, who have laid it all out *à l'Anglaise*. There are no fountains nor walks; all is in winding paths, green sward, and groves of trees. To me, who delight in an Italian garden, the change is not agreeable, but the admirers of an English garden must allow that this is not ill done.

Wednesday, 8*th*.—In the morning with Tonelli to the Riccardiana Library;* fine collection, arranged in highly ornamented rooms. When the Grand Duke bought the Riccardi Palace (formerly the house of Cosmo P. Pal.), the public bought the library [in 1812], which is now open every day. However, I saw no one studying there, whilst we saw at least twenty at the Magliabecchiana.†

Saturday, 18*th*.—In the evening, before nine o'clock, I went with Madame d'Appony to the ball at the Pitti, given in honour of the Duke of Modena and his brother the Archduke Ferdinand, who are here for three days. The ball-room is large. It was brilliantly lighted with wax candles; no lamps, even in the great drawing-room. Soon after the entry of the Princess and the two Archdukes, everyone passed into the ball-room, and they commenced by an English dance, the Duke of Modena

* The Palazzo Riccardi was begun in 1430, by Cosmo de Medici; sold in 1659 to the Marquis Gabrielle Riccardi, and bought by the Grand Duke towards the end of the last century.

† Bibliotica Magliabecchiana, so named from its founder, Antonio Magliabecchi, the most singular of bibliomaniacs, for he is said to have read all the books that he bought. He died 1714.

dancing with the Archduchess here, and the Duke Ferdinand, his brother, with the little Gobba, and the hereditary Archduke with Madame d'Appony. Then a French dance—the four ladies, two Princesses, Mesdames Brignolle and Durazzo; the gentlemen, the three Princes, and M. Reccillai; afterwards a valse, &c. &c.

Tuesday, 21*st*.—Went this morning to Madame d'Appony at one o'clock, when she always has Manelli with her; she sings Handel like an angel—'Farewell, ye limpid streams,' at sight!

Wednesday, 22*nd*.—This morning with Comte Bardi to the Marucelliana Library. There are several engravings, old portraits, &c., and the most perfect collection of Marc Antonio's I have ever seen, or which I believe exists. These engravings deserve even more than their reputation.

Saturday, 25*th*.—Left Florence for Lucca; the weather delicious, and the country through which we passed a continual garden. Arrived at Lucca. On the Corso we saw La Duchesse the ci-devant Queen of Etruria* and her son in a carriage, a well-appointed equipage, mounting the red Spanish cockade. Lucca has an air of decline and sadness that its situation and the smiling beauty of its environs do not justify.

Sunday, 26*th*.—Left Lucca for Massa; weather perfect. All the peasants in their Sunday dress. The women's costume is charming, and the country which they inhabit in an Italian spring realises to the traveller's eye the idea of a fancied Arcadia.

Monday, 27*th*.—Left Massa at nine o'clock; took the route to Carrara, its beauty having been so much vaunted to us, and having been so strongly advised to see the workshops of Marblea; but neither the one nor the other is worth the trouble. Its situation is rather fine, surrounded

* Marie Anne Eliza, wife of Felix Bacciochi, eldest sister of Napoleon; born 1777; died 1820.

by marble mountains, but the road going out of Massa is difficult, and passes by a bridge not wide enough for some carriages. In the artists' ateliers there were nothing but busts, which are sold at Florence as the works of the sculptors there. There is absolutely nothing one can buy to carry away—not even specimens of the marbles found in its environs.

Tuesday, 28*th*.—At nine o'clock we were in our portantines, having them covered only at the top. Harrot and Salvador rode on horseback, and a mule with our luggage completed the cavalcade. In five hours' march, without giving a moment of repose to our indefatigable porters, we reached Borghetta, a most miserable bourg. Our porters only rested a quarter of an hour. In two hours from Borghetta we reached Corodono, where there lives a good priest, to whom I had a letter from his friend Viviani. He gives hospitality to all who are introduced to him—so far at least as he has to give, which is not much. We arrived, having eaten nothing since eight o'clock but a hard egg at Borghetta. He was alone, and without a fire in his house. After having called his servant and another woman working in the vines, he managed to give us a menestra with vermicelli and some bad cheese, a bad omelette, and two pigeons, killed after our arrival, which they could not succeed in sufficiently cooking to serve up. The dessert was superb; all the fruits of the country—grapes, peaches and dried figs, nuts and filberts, and excellent apples. This was served out by the good priest himself, assisted by his brother the doctor, who arrived to help him; and they gave us new milk for tea, and a very good bed for me, with a sort of sofa for Harrot in the same little room. Agnes occupied the priest's room, which was filled with old shoes and old culottes.

Wednesday, 29*th*.—We had new milk from the priest's cow for our breakfast in the morning, and left our lodging

at Corodono at eight o'clock, having in our best manner thanked the priest and doctor, and given the former twenty-five francs for him to give his servants for the trouble we had occasioned. In three hours we arrived at Braco. As far as Braco was through mountains quite uncultivated, and very little inhabited. During three hours' progress we did not see a single cabin. After the post station at Braco (an isolated house), comes a long rapid descent, by very stony paths, too much broken to deserve the name of a road, leading to a plain where Sestie is situated, on the small bay which bears its name, and which, backed by the most picturesque form of mountains, is of striking beauty. From Sestie to Chiavere the road upon the seashore is excellent; those who wish to rest from riding on horseback or from the motion of being carried in the chair always perform this part of the journey in a carriage to be got at Sestie. Nothing can be more beautiful, better peopled or more dressed than all the coast from Sestie to Chiavere. Chiavere itself is one of the prettiest little towns possible.

Thursday, 30*th*.—The same perfect weather; we left Chiavere early. There is nothing more charming than the road from here to Genoa—sometimes on the seashore, sometimes crossing, and sometimes coasting along mountains covered with olives (which are here of great age and of extraordinary beauty), corn, vines, and habitations, with church towers peeping out in the distance over woods covering the precipitous sides of the mountains; at the mouth of every little valley are to be seen small towns or villages close to the sea. At two miles on this side Nervi the new road is already passable for carriages. At Nervi we had intended having a carriage and leaving our chairs, but it was a grand fête day (the Ascension), so that all the carriages and all the horses from Nervi were at Genoa. We proceeded in our chairs, and Harrot on horseback. The road was full of people, as it always is on fête days

at Genoa, and we made our triumphal entry, all covered with dust, in our travelling dresses and in our open chairs through this crowd, dressed in their Sunday best, to the very foot of the staircase at the Hôtel de Londres, where we were met with a most cordial and affectionate reception from the Prince and Princess Staremberg, who expected us to dinner.

Monday, May 4th.—Went to the Opera: the Court was not there, and the public were displeased with the ballet, would not see it, and such a noise was made in the pit that the curtain was dropped, and the second act of the opera was beginning. This displeased them still more; the pit became noisier than ever. The police then addressed a word to the orchestra, and the play ended; but it was not yet nine o'clock, and the displeasure of the public was demonstrated by all sorts of noise, shouting, roaring, and, finally, by throwing the benches in the pit one upon another. At least a quarter of the rioters were officers. I know not whether it was out of respect to them that the guard did not arrest some and turn others out. But once the guard did enter, and retired again without touching anybody. The pit at a London theatre could not have been uproarious with more perfect impunity. With difficulty we got our chairs to go home.

Tuesday, 5th.—Went to the Government Palace, where the Court gives a ball in the evening. Saw the room, which was formerly called the Great Council-room; it is undoubtedly one of the finest in the world; it was ornamented with garlands for this evening's ball. The statues which occupy the space between the columns had been all defaced in the days of democracy, but on the occasion of a grand ball given to Napoleon, upon the reunion of the Ligurienne Republic with France, they were repaired with plaster, and draped with common cambric muslin, which still remains, and accords wonderfully well with

the marble, particularly now that dust and time have subdued somewhat of its original whiteness.

Wednesday, 13*th*.—This morning I went with G. C. de Négro to all the libraries and brocanteurs at Genoa, where I could hope to find books or prints which would be useful for my 'Lorenzo de Medicis.' I found but few. Kasloffsky met us in the street, and accompanied us to a librarian; got into a discussion with me upon Roscoe's ideas, and to the end to which these ideas led, in his life of Lorenzo, and from that to general principles of government. To-day he is for an odious oligarchy; to-morrow, perhaps, he will be for an absurd democracy. What a head, and yet so much cleverness!

Thursday, 21*st*.—This morning I went again to the libraries, and to see the tomb of Andrea Doria, in the Church of St. Matteo; it is only a sarcophagus, in rather bad taste, placed in a subterranean chapel which still belongs to his family. The chapel is in stucco, gilded and painted, and was much spoilt in the time of the Genoa Revolution, when the people, more barbarous or more malignant than in any other town in Italy, obliterated not only the arms of Andrea Doria, over his sarcophagus, but even the inscription below. One cannot comprehend that sort of liberty!

Thursday, *June* 4*th*.—We went with Harrot to the cemetery upon the bastions, where we gathered flowers and shed tears upon my father's tomb; but never did a cemetery show death under a less gloomy aspect, nor give birth to ideas more calculated to soften and to calm the grief for inevitable losses.

Tuesday, 9*th*.—Left Genoa.

Wednesday, 10*th*.—Arrived at Milan.

Friday, 12*th*.—Left Milan: the posts in the Milanese partake a little of German slowness: reached Sesto Calende late. One side of the little inn is entirely covered with the branches of a large vine, and the house

itself is situated on the banks of the beautiful river Ticino. A clear moon lighted up the scene, and has left on my mind a very agreeable remembrance of Sesto Calende.

Saturday, 13*th*.—Reached Duomo d'Ossola.

Sunday, 14*th*.—Left Duomo d'Ossola at six o'clock for the Pass of the Simplon. The first mile is along the valley, the ascent never very steep,* and apparently as much descending as ascending during the first stage. Two galleries through which the road passes, both very picturesque. One magnificent fall of the torrent by the side of the road, separated by a rock of enormous size. In the later part of this stage, the finest possible mountain scenery, but completely Swiss, not at all Italian. Italy one leaves at Milan. Arrived at nine o'clock at Iselle; no horses, although only one carriage requiring four horses had gone before us; waited an hour for ours to be refreshed, in order to make three posts more. Arrived at the inn at Simplon after one o'clock. Here, again, no horses, and obliged to wait nearly two hours till ours were again refreshed; from the inn at Simplon one is continually mounting for two hours and a half. The road winds through certainly the highest and most perpendicular masses of rock I ever beheld, till at last, where two torrents meet and occupy the whole space of the narrow cut in the rocks over which they pass, a stone bridge of a single handsome arch is thrown over one of them, and the road conducted along the side of the other, through the long gallery of rock; and the scenery on this part of the road is sublime, without conveying any other ideas than those of awe and melancholy. Blasted pines and enormous inaccessible masses of bare rock seem to record the passage of the Great Destroyer rather than the creation of a Beneficent Being. I am glad to have seen

* The average slope nowhere exceeds 6 inches in 6½ feet.—*Murray's Handbook.*

this gigantic work of man in overcoming nature. As a military road and a military measure it was perhaps necessary, otherwise I must ever think it a misapplication of the immense powers of labour and money consigned for a time to the hands of a man who, in making the Simplon, thought more of doing what nobody else would do, than what in the ordinary course of human affairs was best to be done. It is useless to count on posting on this road as on the Mount Cenis; it is neither a commercial nor a post road; you meet nothing on it whatsoever but a travelling carriage like your own, of which you dread the sight, because it is sure to delay your progress. It is not to be supposed, therefore, that this mountain passage will long be passable,* as nature prevents its being open above four or five months in the twelve, and that nothing can make it worth while, or indeed possible, to be *always* on the watch (which is necessary) to keep it in repair for the passage of armies. We did not arrive at the inn at Brigge till near nine, having left Duomo d'Ossola at six.†

Monday, 15*th*.—We left a neat Swiss inn at Brigge about six, and arrived at Martigny after eight. The post is a production that will not flourish in Switzerland. It was forced by Bonaparte through the Vallais, exists only on this route, and is served in an awkward manner. Martigny is the only place that seems not to have improved in the many years that have passed since we were here returning from the glaciers; it is the same dirty, comfortless-looking little bourg it ever was, and the inn but little better, although it was crammed and always is crammed

* The tempests of 1834 and 1839 fell with tremendous violence on the part of the road near Iselle, and destroyed it for a space of nearly eight miles—*that is to say, for this distance the portion carried off was greater than that which was left. Every bridge of stone was swept away; in some instances* even the materials of the bridge disappeared, and the place where it stood was not to be recognised.—*Murray's Handbook.*

† The journey usually occupies ten hours.—*Murray's Handbook.*

the whole summer long with travellers in all directions; for it is at this place that the road separates for taking the Swiss or Savoy side of the lake, besides being the place to which persons descend from the Montanvert and Col de Balme.

Tuesday, 16*th.*—Arrived at Geneva.

Wednesday, 17*th.*—Geneva.

Thursday, 18*th.*—Moret.

Friday, 19*th.*—Dole.

Saturday, 20*th.*—Monthard.

Sunday, 21*st.*—Willinerau-sur-Yonne.

Monday, 22*nd.*—Paris.

Monday, July 6*th.*—M. de Duras gave us tickets for this week in the box of the gentlemen in waiting. I arrived in time to see the last scene of Talma, in 'Manlius.' It was the night of his return to the theatre after rather a long absence. On the curtain falling, they called loudly for him, with a noise and a disturbance much more like London than Paris. Three times they in vain began the second piece; it was impossible to hear a word. Three times the two actresses who had to commence the piece took refuge in the side scenes. At last, whilst Baptiste Cadet came forward to address the audience, some officer of the police, in his scarf of office, announced that, by an order of the police, the actors were forbidden to appear upon the stage out of their parts. One might well ask why this rule? which prevents the audience from showing, and the actor from receiving, these marks of approbation. They have much to learn in this country upon the *ne quid nimis* in the way of government. At last the audience was asked if they would have the second piece, 'L'Aveugle Clairvoyant.' Upon the reiterated 'Ouis' from the pit, they replied, 'Vous l'aurez quand ces misérables criards ont cessés.' On this the noise was renewed for some

minutes, after which we had the piece very well acted and very amusing.

Tuesday, 7*th*.—Dined at Lady D. Hamilton's; saw the comic opera, 'Chaperon Rouge,'—a pretty opera, founded upon a story of Mother Goose. The music by Auber.

Wednesday, 8*th*.—Went in the evening to Madame Crawford,* where we met the Duke of Wellington, the Duc de Guiche with his intended bride, the daughter of Madame d'Orsay, and granddaughter of our hostess.

Friday, 10*th*.—In the morning went to Girard's, the painter, with my sister. I only saw his pictures; the large one of Henry IV.'s entry into Paris is not equal to what the sketch promised. It has all the faults of the French modern school. I do not think that Girard's last works are as good as those of some years ago.

Saturday, 11*th*.—In the evening to Girard's, where I found Grassini and her sister singing, accompanied by Paer.† Grassini is aged, but still looks wonderfully well preserved. Her sister is not even pretty, but has a fine contralto voice, which will make her fortune at the Italian theatres.

Sunday, 12*th*.—In the morning to prayers, afterwards

* Madame Crawford was an Italian by birth, and in early life accompanied an English gentleman to India, and narrowly escaped being drowned on her return. She afterwards lived with the Duke of Wurtemberg, by whom she had two children—the General Francmont and a daughter who married General d'Orsay (father of Comte Alfred d'Orsay and the Duchesse de Guiche, afterwards Grammont). She eventually married an old Englishman, Mr. Crawford, and was received by the corps diplomatique and all the best French society.

† Ferdinando Paer, an eminent musical composer; born at Parma 1774. In 1795 he brought out two or three operas at Vienna; in 1801 became chapel-master at Dresden. After the battle of Jena he was taken into the service of Napoleon, attended him to Posen and Warsaw, and was afterwards appointed conductor of the chamber music to the Empress Marie Louise. After the restoration of the Bourbons, he became director of the Italian Opera at Paris till 1825. Amongst his best operas are 'Agnesi,' 'Griselda,' 'Sargino.' Died 1839.

to see the Spanish Raffaelles, which are now in the hands of Mons. Bonnemaison; the picture-dealer. 'La Madonna del Pesce' finer even than I had imagined it; 'La Madonna della Perla' much less good to my mind; a 'Mater-dolorosa' by Guido, one of the finest productions I ever saw from his brush; and a Murillo, a sort of Holy Family, treated *bourgeoisement.*

Monday, 13*th.*—In the morning the Duchesse de Duras took us to M. de Lestrie, to see the process of taking lithographic impressions, which is nothing more than the usual process for engravings on copper. From the lithographer's we went to the statues at the Louvre. It was not a public day, so that we were alone in the rooms. It is impossible for anything to be better arranged, or in more perfect taste—and what treasures they have still! Those who had not seen the 'Apollo' and the 'Laocoon' would never believe that anything could be missing in so fine a collection.

Thursday, 16*th.*—In the morning with Agnes to Mrs. Crawford's, to see the pictures. The portraits are really interesting to those who occupy themselves with the history of France.* She took my sister into her room, which is filled with all sorts of beautiful things. The personalty of these people ought to be worth millions.

Wednesday, 22*nd.*—Went to Girard's house; a very small party. Amongst others was Madame Brouard, the author of the 'Suites d'un Bal Masqué,' and the sister of Talma.

Thursday, 23*rd.*—Went in the evening with Lady Elizabeth, and Lord and Lady Hardwicke, to Madame Crawford. It was the wedding day of her granddaughter, Mdlle. d'Orsay (Ina), to the Duke de Guiche. In the second room were the bride and bridegroom; she, dressed in white trimmed with orange flowers, and a

* A large portion of this collection is now in the possession of the Earl of Beauchamp, at Madresfield, in Worcestershire.

bunch of orange flowers in her head. A very handsome blonde of sixteen years old. She seemed quite happy, self-possessed, and calm; she followed us into the two rooms where her trousseau and corbeille were displayed; both superb. There were gowns without number, and of all kinds, from the Court train to the most simple demi-toilette.

In the 'corbeille,' a purse with 100 Napoleons was placed in the midst of ribbons, gloves, hat feathers, and a Brussels point lace gown. They had been married the preceding day by the municipality, and this morning at L'Eglise de l'Ascension, the parish church of the young lady, where there had been an immense assemblage of the friends on both sides.

Monday, 27*th*.—Went with Lord Hardwicke to see the MSS. which have been offered for sale to Sir Charles Stuart; they are all the papers and correspondence of Ministers relative to the Peace of Utrecht. We remained some time turning over and reading them. There ought to be amongst them some curious facts, and I found some that were amusing, but much less than one should have expected.

Saturday, *August* 1*st*.—Dined at Mr. Locke's with Mr. Ward, Macdonald, and Young the comedian. The last very amusing, and related in detail the account Talma had given him of the Reign of Terror.

Monday, 3*rd*.—In the evening to see 'La Famille Glinet,'—a very pretty piece, beautifully acted. The story is placed at the beginning of the League, but it is, in fact, the history of the effect of political opinions upon the interior of families in France now and at all times. The King has just given a pension of 800 francs to the author, a M. de Merville.

Tuesday, 4*th*.—We accompanied the Duchesse de Duras to the School of Mutual Instruction which she has established in a quarter not far from the Faubourg St.

Germains. It is not superior in point of situation or building to that at Lancaster, and the pupils much less numerous; but this is one of many. We saw there about 126 boys; their progress and their habits of order and regularity bear testimony to the incalculable advantages of this system, and is perhaps still better adapted to the French than to the English youth.

Sunday, 9*th*.—Dined with the Duchesse de Duras, and afterwards accompanied her to Montmorency and then to the forest, where, under the large chesnut trees, is held every Sunday a sort of fête champêtre for the peasants of the environs and a number of idle lookers-on, who always appear at all the fêtes at Paris. There were as many carriages at the door of the inn in the small town of Montmorency as I ever saw in the yard of one of the inns at Richmond on a Sunday. The dancing under the trees was charming.

Friday, 14*th*.—I went to see pass the bronze statue of Henry IV., enveloped in blue cloth covered with *fleur de lis*, and drawn upon a sort of sledge by forty oxen in two lines.

Tuesday, 18*th*.—We walked to the new bridge to see what they were doing with Henry IV. The statue had arrived at the foot of its pedestal, and above and below and on both sides the apparatus was arranged to draw it up. The space around was kept free; for the cords, the pulleys, and the levers and ropes were so placed as to keep off a very considerable crowd. From the new bridge we walked to the Place Dauphiné, to see the monument of Desaix,* killed in the battle of Marengo; it is placed upon a public fountain—a bust upon a half column crowned by a Victory, and upon the base of the column is engraved all the names of those in the regiment who contributed to the expenses of the monument.

* Lieutenant-Colonel Ant. Desaix, born at Ayat, Dep. du Puy de Dôme, 1758; killed at Marengo 1800.

Wednesday, 19*th.*—Left Paris.

Tuesday, 25*th.*—Arrived in London.

Petersham, *Saturday*, *Oct.* 17*th.*—Went to Little Strawberry Hill to visit Admiral Bowen, who now occupies it. I was received with great civility by him. They took me all over, both inside and outside, to see the ruinous condition in which the alderman had made it over to them. In spite of all, the trees which we had planted with our own hands are grown, and the beauty of the long green walk and the lawn in front of the house struck me much, and I was glad to feel that all this gave me more pleasure than pain. I felt myself occupied with the present without dwelling on the past.

Friday, *November* 13*th.*—Went to Wimpole.

Wednesday, 25*th.*—At last a fine day; went with Lord Hardwicke, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and my sister to Cambridge. Visited Trinity College; saw the hall, the statue of Sir Isaac Newton in the chapel, and the kitchen, from which they dine 285 persons *in commons*. From there we went to see Lord Fitzwilliam's pictures, being a portion of the valuable legacy he has left to the university of books, pictures, printed music, and MSS. I hardly remember any collection containing so great a number of pleasing pictures, and with so few that are uninteresting. The books are also an excellent collection of all sorts, but especially of French works and works upon art. His old servant and his son have the care of them, and are paid by the university. They both recognised us; the father I had not seen since we were in Italy a hundred years ago; the son lived for a long time with Mr. Cambridge. I was touched with the manner in which the old valet said that his master had so frequently spoken of me. What a difference in our two fates had they been united! It seems to me that he might perhaps have gained as much as I should; but who knows?

Saturday, *December* 5*th.*—Lord Hardwicke went to

Cambridge, and brought back to dinner Mr. Smythe, the Professor of Modern History—the same who has written such pretty verses under the title of 'English Lyrics.' He has a good countenance, and great simplicity of manners.*

Saturday, 12*th*.—I worked all the morning; before dinner I read in my own room to Lady Hardwicke, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and my sister, what I had written of Lady Russell's Memoir, with which they expressed themselves much pleased.

Saturday, 19*th*.—Sir James Mackintosh in my room this morning; hearing me read over and commenting on my 'Memoir of Lady Russell,' spoke frankly, seemed pleased, and satisfied me very tolerably with his opinion. Afterwards a little general conversation, especially on his own book; his conversation always admirable. His views of the Revolution, and what he wished to prove it was, clear and admirable. In the evening he read some of Milton's 'Paradise Regained' to us. Afterwards much interesting conversation about Sir Samuel Romilly,† and details of his last moments.

* William Smythe, professor of modern history at Cambridge; born at Liverpool 1766; Eighth Wrangler at Cambridge in 1797; became tutor of Peterhouse College. In 1806 he published a little volume of 'English Lyrics,' which was praised by the 'Edinburgh Review,' and cited by Dugald Stewart in his lectures. He was appointed by Lord Henry Petty, in 1809, professor of modern history at Cambridge. In 1845 he published his 'Evidences of Christianity.' He died in 1849, at the age of eighty-three years.—*Imp. Dict. of Universal Biography.*

† Sir Samuel Romilly died Nov. 2, 1818, in the sixty-second year of his age, having survived his wife only three days.

JOURNAL.

1819.

Monday, January 4th.—Returned to North Audley Street.

Sunday, February 14th.—In the morning went to John Street Chapel to hear Sydney Smith, who preached a very good sermon upon Death. He took the opportunity of making a well-deserved *éloge* of Sir S. Romilly.

Guy's Cliff, Friday, July 9th.—Having been very much occupied with arranging the notes of Lady Russell's Letters, and the composition of the Memoirs of her Life, having Bab. and her husband* in the house, and my real or imaginary duties to fulfil vis-à-vis society, with health more than usually delicate during the months of April and May, I have neither had time, strength, nor will to continue my Journal. Now that my book is published (which it was the 1st of this month), I recommence my Journal in the same place where I first began twelve years ago, in the house and by the advice of my friend Greathead. We arrived here the 4th of July.

Monday, 5th.—Looked at all the improvements they made since our last visit in 1810.

Wednesday, 7th.—Walked with Greathead towards Gaveston's Hill, which belongs to him now, and where he is going to raise a monument to mark the place where the person fell who gave his name to the spot.

Thursday, 8th.—We drove this morning with Anne Turner to Leamington; saw the rooms, the baths, the

* Dr. and Mrs. Bannister.

pump-room, &c., and a town which I have almost seen born, and which increases in size every day. The buildings in general are in very bad taste; the houses in rows, all in red brick, except the rooms and the large baths, which are in stone.

Tuesday, 13*th*.—Agnes and I went with Mr. Greathead to Coventry. The three churches are of fine Gothic architecture, and have been much ornamented; but the stone has been so sensitive to the effects of time and atmosphere, that the ornaments are almost obliterated. All three have spires of great height. The spire of St. Michael is mounted upon an octagon tower, at the back of which are four flying buttresses resting upon a square tower in beautiful proportion. But all the charm—all the prestige of the exterior is forgotten inside the church, where nothing corresponds with the ornaments and the beautiful form of the outside. The Protestant religion is not intended to please the eye. There are many very ancient houses in Coventry—wooden buildings, of which the first story projects in small bay windows. There is a small hospital built in this manner round an interior court, the windows ornamented with wooden work marvellously well carved. I went into a ribbon-weaver's to see the weaving, the large and, I believe, only commerce of the place. The man who was at the loom said that he could make ten yards a day such as I saw, which was white figured ribbon, and of the width that we call sixpenny. The Town-hall is a fine large room, the same architecture as the churches, with superb windows.

Wednesday, 21*st*.—Left Guy's Cliff; returned home.

The following letters are amongst those received by Miss Berry on the publication of Lady Russell's 'Life and Letters:'—

From the Duke of Bedford to Miss Berry.

Hamilton Place, June 4, 1819.

. . . The scarcity of materials to illustrate the life of such a person as Lady Russell must always be a matter of regret, but I can have no hesitation in saying that you have used those which have been placed in your hands to the best advantage; and the philosophical part of the work, the reasoning and reflections, are such as must ever do the highest honour to your own head and heart. . . .

BEDFORD.

From Miss Joanna Baillie to Miss Berry.

Hampstead, Saturday, July 24, 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I hear you are in town, and I hope you are returned to it refreshed, after your successful labours with the agreeable society of your friends at Guy's Cliff, the pure air, and beauty of the country. I may well say *successful* labours, for your 'Life of Lady Russell,' as far as my acquaintance extends, gives general satisfaction; and I must thank you again for your copy so kindly bestowed upon your unworthy servant, now that I more perfectly know its intrinsic value, besides the value I particularly set upon it as your gift, and a token of your regard. I have, indeed, read it with great interest; and the picture you draw of that noble and excellent woman, with your own just and impressive remarks on her character, and the nature of her piety, which had so much effect in forming that character, will make her life a pleasing and edifying example to the young women of the day, who consider religion as too exclusively connected with mystery, and what we call Methodism. . . .

From Mr. Wishaw to Miss Berry.

50 Lincoln's Inn Fields, July 14, 1819.

MY DEAR MADAM,—On returning from the country I found your kind and acceptable present, for which I beg to return you my sincerest thanks. I have read over the whole with great interest and satisfaction; and it is no flattery to say that you have rendered a valuable service to literature and to the public by this genuine picture of unassuming female excellence, bearing

the true features of the English character, and connected with one of the most important periods of our history. Such a work is not, perhaps, calculated to be immediately popular; but of its ultimate success there can be no doubt. . . .

Yours most faithfully,
J. WISHAW.

Sunday, August 23rd.—Left London.

Monday, 24th.—Embarked at Dover for Boulogne.

Tuesday, 25th.—Abbeville.

Wednesday, 26th.—Stopped a short time at Amiens to see the Cathedral, which is one of the finest and most ornamented Gothic churches I have ever seen. Slept at Clermont.

Thursday, 27th.—Stopped at Chantilly to see the remains of the château.* The stables, and what is called the small château,† are still perfect; it is re-furnished, and they are now arranging a small room for a theatre on the ground floor of one part of the large château, which was demolished nearly down to that height, and they are making a large terrace upon the top, which ranges with the first story of the small château. There were not more than half a dozen of the Prince's horses in the stables,‡ but he is not here now, and seldom resides here. The woods did not appear to be much spoiled, but of the cottage on the Isle d'Amour, &c., there were only the melancholy remains which mark their position. 'L'Isle d'Amour' is converted into an English garden, all newly made, and consequently bare and not pretty.

Wednesday, September 3rd.—I went to see the Exhibition of French Industry in the rooms at the Louvre. The interior of the Louvre is now finished—that is to say,

* The grand château was destroyed in 1789.

† On the Restoration, 1814, the petit château was restored to the house of Condé, and many improvements were made by the last of the name, who frequently resided here, and made it his principal hunting-seat.—*Galignani's Paris Guide.*

‡ The stables are capable of holding 180 horses.

in a state ready to be furnished. It is at present full of all the manufactures, all the machines, all the inventions of every kind in France, from agricultural implements to jewellery, and from the coarsest cloth to velvet. Nothing can be more amusing, though fatiguing—I will not say with seeing it properly, but with merely walking through such an immense space so filled.

Tuesday, 7th.—I went to M. Rederer's, and found him as usual working in his study. He is busy about a History of Louis XII., of which he gave me the sheets that are already printed. The conversation was, as usual, very interesting, and we made reciprocal engagements to meet often when I return here next year. I explained to him a little the subject on which I was about to occupy myself; he promised to assist me in showing me where I should find much of the information I needed. We went before six o'clock to dine with the Duchesse de Duras and her two daughters—the Princesse de Talmont (a widow), and Clara, the newly-married Duchesse de Rauzan; she married just a week ago M. de Chatelleux, who takes the name of Duras, the title of Duc de Rauzan, and the 'Duché pairé' of Duras after the death of his father-in-law. It appears that this arrangement met with much opposition; his family did not like his giving up their name, and the *familles* Duras and Deufort (which are the same) not liking that he should take theirs. However, it is arranged, with the King's permission, that he should take the title of Duc de Rauzan, which is in the family of Duras. The rest of the company were M. de Chatelleux, the brother of the bride; M. and Madame Roger de Damas, M. and Madame de la Vallette, Madame de la Bedoyère (the wife of him who was shot for being the first who led his regiment to Bonaparte on his return, 1815). These three ladies are Chatelleux, sisters of the bridegroom—all three very pretty, fair, with good complexions and good features. There were besides, M.

Humboldt—as talkative as ever, and as little pleasing as I have always thought him in society—and a M. de la Ferronaye.

Friday, 10*th*.—In the morning, with Robert, Lady Tancred, and her son, to see the exhibition of pictures in the Grand Gallery of the Louvre. They are placed upon a large scaffolding before the old pictures. There were several producing a curious effect by their manner of disposing of lights and shadows; one particularly, of a Chapter of Franciscans, by Granet,* really wonderful! There are several others, which are called Tableaux de Genre, painted upon the same principle.

Sunday, 12*th*.—Went to St. Cloud with the Tancreds and Tonelli. The approach is a street so narrow, so crooked, and so steep, that habit only can reconcile one to it. We entered by the garden gate into the gayest, the most animated scene that can be imagined in a public fête. The waters played, and the crowd was great. Dined at St. Cloud with the Mercers. Drove to the park, which was then lighted up, and where were at least five or six thousand people dancing to different orchestras. We amused ourselves going from one ball to the other till past ten o'clock, when we returned to Paris.

Friday, *October* 1*st*.—In the evening at M. d'Escars, and afterwards at Madame de Rumford's. A great many people there—Lord Lansdowne, Madame de Flahault, M. de Broglie, &c. I talked some time with Gallois without drawing much out of him; either he does not understand what I am wanting, or he can give me but very little assistance. Everyone here could only talk and dream of politics.

Saturday, 2*nd*.—Started about eleven o'clock for St.

* Fran Granet, born 1776, the son of poor parents, began life by painting the prows of ships at Toulon. His dexterity in the management of light and shadow acquired for him the name of 'le Rembrandt Français.' —*Biog. de Contemp.*

Germain. At Poissy is a church, built as they say by the English; it is Gothic, has been much ornamented, and is now defaced by time. It contains an old stone font, where they pretend St. Louis was baptized, having been born in the room of a convent or palace adjoining the church, but which no longer exists.

Thursday, 7th.—Went to the Odéon. The Odéon is the old French Comedy, where I have often seen Mdlle. Contat and Molé. It has twice been destroyed by fire within the last thirty years, but it has always been restored upon the old plan, which is excellent. The present costly decoration of the interior is in bad taste—a great deal of gilding badly applied, no part where the eye can repose. A royal box in the middle, supported by four large golden caryatides, which cut and do not accord with the design of open boxes in front, and *loges grilles* behind.

Sunday, 10th.—After prayers at the Ambassador's, we went to see the Princesse d'Henin and Lally.* She is lodged in a very fine country-house which belonged to the Duc de Praslin (minister), and which now belongs to his grandson.

* The Marquis Trophime Gérard de Lally Tollendal, born 1751, son of the unfortunate Lally Tollendal, who was most unjustly executed. No sooner had the young man left college than he used his utmost endeavours to vindicate the memory of his father, by obtaining in different courts of justice a reversal of the sentence by which he died. In 1789 he was chosen Député de la Noblesse aux Etats Généraux, and was an ardent admirer of the plans and policy of Necker. In 1792 he joined with others in endeavouring to rescue the King from his dangerous position, but was thrown into prison; he fortunately escaped the massacre of September, and took refuge in England. He offered to return to France and defend the King on his trial; but the offer not being accepted, he printed his defence. He returned to France after the 18th Brumaire, and lived in comparative retirement till 1814, when he was made a member of the Privy Council of Louis XVIII., whom he followed to Ghent in 1815. He voted for the act of amnesty in 1816, for the law of elections, and for the liberty of the press. He was the author of various works. (*Biog. des Contemp.*) His tragedy on the fall of Strafford is alluded to in a letter (1791) from Horace Walpole to Miss Berry. Died 1830.

N.B.—The grandson of this detested minister never having emigrated, has remained in quiet possession of all his property, of which this house formed a part. The Princess is grown very old and very infirm, and '*les plus gras des hommes sensibles*' (as poor Madame de Staël called him) has become fatter than ever. They received us very kindly; she accompanied us to a foolish sort of temple near the front of the garden, raised upon the site of Molière's house. If they had left the house itself standing, pilgrimages would have been made to it. Lally took us round the garden, half kitchen garden and half English garden, but all is beautiful in such fine weather as we have now.

Thursday, 28*th*.—Walked in the morning with Robert to the Place de Grève. We entered the Hôtel de Ville, and saw there the large room where the city entertains the King. It is a beautiful room, but it was not as a room for fêtes that it interested us, but as that where the Committee du Salut Public held its sittings, and sent hundreds of their fellow-creatures to the guillotine. With what horrible fears have these stairs been ascended, and with what wretched despair have they been descended! In a narrow closet—or rather cupboard, for it has no exit—is a small window of four panes, which looks into one of those very little square courts sometimes introduced here in the interior of houses to give light. It was from this window that Robespierre threw himself when they brought him before le Commune de Paris, then assembled in the before-mentioned large room, having previously wished to blow out his brains. The lantern at a grocer's door at the corner of a street opposite La Maison de Ville, a little to the right, is that where Foulon* and Berthier, the

* Foulon succeeded Necker as Minister. He had given great offence to the people by saying that 'if they had not bread they might eat hay.' He was brought to the Hôtel de Ville and ordered to prison; but the mob, fearing he should escape their vengeance, thus barbarously executed him,

two first victims to the rage of the populace, were taken and hung. The man who showed us all this, and answered my questions, said he was not at Paris at that time, and he replied with very little interest or intelligence, and as if all these things had happened a century ago.

Saturday, November 6th.—Our ambassadress said that the picture of 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' by Girodet, about which all society has been in ecstasies the last three days, is only fit to be a sign-post in the Rue Vivienne, 'au besoin de tout.'* It is necessary to have seen the nakedness, the colouring, and the composition of this much-boasted picture to feel the perfection of this saying.

Wednesday, 10th.—I stayed at home. Hallam paid me a visit; also the Comte de Kergolay. I had much conversation with the latter upon Ultra politics. The Ultras talk more easily, more willingly, and amuse me more than all the others. I talked with Mr. Hallam about my occupations here. He began by saying he knew I was working at something, and he much approved the idea. By a law of the two Chambers, passed since the ministry of Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr,† everyone, without excep-

July 3, 1789. Berthier de Sauvigny, son-in-law to Foulon, was seized at Compiegne, and brought back to Paris to endure a similar fate.

* A picture by the same artist, M. Girodet, seems to have attracted the attention of Sir Samuel Romilly in 1802. 'The subject,' he says, 'is Victory introducing Dessaix, Dampierre, Marceau, Joubert, and the other officers who have died in the war, to the heroes of Ossian. The execution is, if possible, more ridiculous than the subject.'—*Diary of a Journey to Paris in* 1802: *Mem. of Sir S. Romilly*, vol. ii.

† Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr, born 1764, served with much distinction in the wars of the Revolution and of the Empire, from 1793 till 1812, when he was made prisoner of war at Dresden, and there remained till after the restoration. Having accepted honours from the Bourbons, he remained faithful to their cause during the '*cent jours*,' and on the second restoration he was twice appointed Ministre de la Guerre, and it was during his second administration that was framed that law of recruiting 'qui promittre à la France une armée citoyenne et constitutionelle' (Vide *Biog. des Contemp.*). Marshal Gouvion resigned his office in 1819, because he would not touch the law of elections, which he considered as the safeguard of the peace and liberty of France.—*Biog. des Contemp.*

tion, is obliged to enter the army as a common soldier. When talking of this law to M. de Kergolay this evening, I asked him if his son had entered the service. He answered that if the King had commanded or required such a thing of his ancient nobility, he should not have made the slightest difficulty; but that a *law* should deprive them of the privilege of entering as officers—that a *law* should make common soldiers of his children—that was more than he could swallow. Such are the ideas of an 'Ultra,' and a very honest man, upon the subject of the power and dignity of the *law* and of the King.

Monday, 29*th*.—Went to the 'Séance Royale' in the Chamber of Deputies. We arrived there without hindrance, though there was an enormous crowd. We were placed in what is called the 'reserved tribune,' which means nothing more than one part of the two exterior rows of the great circle.

Thursday, *December* 2*nd*.—At M. de Vaudemont's, where I found Talleyrand with only three or four other persons, and, for the first time in my life, I got into conversation with him. We spoke of the Galatée; his remark was that between the three persons there was only one eye—that of Pygmalion in profile. Then we talked of public mournings; of their effects in large réunions, &c. &c.

Monday, 6*th*.—Went with the Ambassador, between one and two o'clock, to the Chamber, to hear the discussion on the acceptation of Grégoire.* The crowd was

* Count Henri Grégoire, formerly Bishop of Blois; born 1750. He was the firm and open advocate through life of civil and religious liberty, and was the author of a great variety of works on literary and political subjects. He passed the last fifteen years of his life in retirement and study. He died in 1830. On his death-bed the Archbishop of Paris refused to allow the last sacraments to be administered to him unless he would retract the civic oath taken formerly to the Constituent Assembly. This he refused; the Abbé Guillon administered the sacrament to him; but after death came the last act of persecution, when he was refused the rites of sepulture.

enormous; in the minister's box I had scarcely room to sit down. The discussion (if it could be called a discussion) lasted five hours, and finished without touching upon the real question—if Grégoire was or was not eligible.* It was at last decided, by a sort of acclamation on the right side, that he should not be admitted; but the legal question, *the truth*, in fact, was not touched upon by either one side or the other. I returned home between five and six o'clock. In the evening a grand ball given by the Spanish Ambassador upon the marriage of his king. The two courts of Orleans and Berri were there. The ball was like all these large balls, except that it was better lighted. All the great world of Paris was there, without as much crowding as one might expect in a meeting of 2,000 persons.

Wednesday, 8th.—In a *salon* in the Rue de Varenne, where I was yesterday evening, the conversation turned upon the stormy sitting of the 6th in the Chamber of Deputies; then upon the appointment of the four vice-presidents,† MM. Lainé, De Villèle, Corbière, and ——,

* Les empiètements de l'ultramontanism commencaient alors à inspirer de forte répugnance au pays; l'espérance d'acquerir en Grégoire un défenseur éloquent et éprouvé des libertés ecclésiastiques, jointe aux grands souvenirs qui se rattachaient à son nom et au désir de répondre par une manifestation solemnelle aux scènes de réaction qui venaient d'ensanglanter l'Isère, fixèrent sur lui les yeux des électeurs de ce département. Son élection en réveillant les haines contre-révolutionnaires, effaroucha la timidité du parti-libéral dans la chambre; car le projet annoncé par les ultra-royalistes d'exclure comme *indigne* le nouveau député, allait placer ce parti dans la fâcheuse alternative ou de ratifier une violation formelle de la charte, ou de compromettre son plan d'opposition parlementaire en prenant la défense d'un républicain avoué. On fit auprès de Grégoire pour l'engager à donner spontanément sa démission de vives instances, que sa fermeté repoussa. La difficulté fut tournée au moyen d'un subterfuge législatif. L'élection de l'Isère fut annulée sans un motif nettement formulé de manière à ce que les uns pussent vôter l'annulation pour vice de forme, tandis que les autres la prononçaient pour cause *d'indignité*, et personne (hormis M. Dupont de l'Eure) n'eut le courage de repousser hautement cette injure de la tête du respectable vieillard.—*Nouvelle Biographie Universelle.*

† Joseph Henri Joachim Lainé; born 1767; lawyer by profession. In the session of 1816 he took an active part in the Chamber as minister and as

which took place yesterday, and with which everyone appeared quite pleased. Then the conversation fell upon the freedom of the press. The lady of the house supported its necessity in a representative government. 'Ah pour le gouvernement représentatif vous en serez bientôt dégoûté;' replied a young married lady, a relation of the family. 'Il n'y a pas de gouvernement qui puisse aller avec la liberté de la Presse;' said a young officer, who, though young, is a lieutenant-general. 'Nous sommes actuellement en paix, tout est, pour ainsi dire, tranquille en dedans et dehors, et voyez le mal que tout cela fait; mais si nous étions en guerre, ou dans des difficultés extérieures, qu'est ce que Louis XIV. aurait pu faire avec la liberté de la presse?. Dans la guerre de la succession, par exemple? Mais vous voyez,' said the lady of the house, 'que l'esprit publique est beaucoup amelioré depuis qu'on a la liberté de la presse.' 'Ah! oui (disait la dame ennemie du gouvernement représentatif), il faut peut-être de l'émétique à un malade; mais quand il se porte mieux, quand il sera fortifié, vous ne le ferez pas vivre de l'émétique?'

December 28th.—I dined yesterday at the Duc de

deputy. From 1817 a change took place in his politics, and from that time he was regarded as belonging to the Côté Droit. He was greatly admired as a speaker, and it was said, 'Si sa discussion etoit aussi solide qu'animée il laissera peu de chose à desirer.'—*Dict. des Contemporaines.*

Le Comte Joseph de Villèle was born in 1775; originally served in the navy with M. de St. Felix, and resided with him in the Isle de Bourbon. He returned to France in 1807, and lived in retirement till 1814; he then took an active part in politics, as the determined enemy to constitutional government, and in favour of absolute power. In 1820 his appointment as Vice-President of the Chamber was regarded as a proof of the increasing power of the party opposed to constitutional liberty. He afterwards became a minister of the crown.—*Dict. des Contemp.*

Jacques Guillaume Pierre Corbière, avocat at Rennes; became deputy in 1815. His opinions were so ultra-royalist that he held the doctrine of exceptions from the restraint of certain laws, that the *friends of the king could commit no crimes*; and in order to increase the exceptions to the amnesty of June 1815, he proposed to establish a new category of political offences.

Broglie's with M. de Lafayette. It was the first time I had been in his company. He has the appearance of a frank and honest man; his manners are simple, cheerful, and agreeable, such as might belong to a person even perhaps superior in abilities to himself. M. and Madame de Broglie, Lally, two young Englishmen, Auguste de Staël, and myself, were the whole of the company. M. de Lafayette spoke out his opinions very plainly, although one saw they did not agree with those of the Duc de Broglie, and still less with those of Lally; but all these shades of liberality may come together in a *salon* without coming to blows in dispute, and can do justice to each other's intentions, however much everyone of them thinks his neighbour mistaken. Their want of any steady inviolable principles on which to fix their judgment of actions, and their ignorance of what can or cannot be done in any other country than their own, is remarkable—I should say astonishing, if I did not know them too well to be astonished. As an instance of the first, the company yesterday were all talking of Marshal Ney's death as a most melancholy and iniquitous transaction. I ventured to say in a corner to Madame de ——, that (putting aside all political considerations of the fact), if there was or if there could be such a thing as treason to an existing Government (whatever that Government might be), Marshal Ney was guilty of that treason in the most offensive, and, as it appeared, inexcusable manner. 'C'est très vrai,' was the reply; 'mais son nom se rattache à de si grands souvenirs c'était un caractère si François, 25 ans de gloire l'avàit si ennobli, qu'on trouvait qu'il était traité durement, d'autant plus que son procés n'était pas conduit de la manière, ni dans les formes juridiques, qu'on a du observé.'* This last observation was confirmed by the Duc de ——, who interests himself in the study of juris-

* The arguments of Madame de —— might have been fairly used in favour of a pardon, but not of an acquittal.—Ed.

prudence. Here we see these people, even the most liberal of them, confounding the crime of the person with the manner of his trial. Their faulty jurisprudence did not make Marshal Ney less guilty, if it had saved instead of condemning him. Thus it is that in every transaction, great as well as small, sometimes from good, sometimes from bad motives, they always contrive to avoid the truth. The fairest trial on earth could not have saved Marshal Ney being found guilty. But if he had been saved they never would have considered the manner of his trial. An instance of my second remark, i.e. on their ignorance of what can or cannot be done in other countries, was Lafayette's observation, when they were talking of the interference of one country in the affairs of another, such as that of Sir Robert Wilson, &c. in the escape of La Valette, that such interference, when capable of doing good, was sometimes unluckily refused, as in the case of Mr. Pitt, to whom (he said) it was offered to save the life of Louis XVI. by distributing two millions of money here in France. 'And by whom was this proposal made,' I asked, 'in particular?' 'Par un M. Crawford, un Anglais.' 'Celui qui mourut dernièrement ici?' 'Non; M. Crawford qui s'appelle *Fish*.' Imagine Fish Crawford proposing the disbursement of two millions in France to save the life of Louis XVI.! Imagine Mr. Pitt receiving such a proposal from such a negotiator as Fish Crawford! And this sale, this lie, has been actually believed and repeated, and made a slur on the character of Mr. Pitt, in enlightened France at this day!

Wednesday, December 29th.—I called on Rederer for the first time since his return from the country. Talking of the projected changes in the mode of election and representation, I said if there was sufficient confidence in the intentions of the Ministers, to suppose that they would not attempt *other* changes, those proposed were certainly advantageous to liberty, and in the spirit of a constitutional

monarchy. He replied that he saw I was not in the secret; that the intended changes in the rights of elections, and of the *eligibles*, threw the elections entirely into the hands of the *ancienne noblesse*; that in his commune—that of ——— in Normandy—of two hundred eligibles, a hundred and forty-seven would be ancient nobles; that all the elections thus secured, the Assembly would vote the restitution, in some form or other, of the national domains, and thus, to please ten thousand nobles, dispossess three millions of persons of the land they had not only paid for, but made their own by improvement. From these premises he foresaw an interminable civil war, worse than all the preceding ones in French history. Without at all believing his augury, I mention it only to show the state of thousands of minds less informed than his at this moment; only I hope and believe that much of this is affected, and that they all cry out, as little believing what they say as the ultra-royalists cry out what I have no doubt they wish and desire.

Friday, 31*st*.—In the morning to an exhibition of industry, by ladies and the Princesses, for the poor. If these poor people have no other resource they are to be pitied.

1820.

LETTERS.

From the Hon. James Abercrombie to Miss Berry.*

Bowood, Jan. 5, 1820.

DEAR MISS BERRY,—I have not forgotten my promise to write to you; and although the dilatoriness with which I have performed it does not entitle my assertions to much credit, yet I do assure you that I should not have allowed the pressure of business, not to say the anxiety of mind inseparable from the discussions in Parliament, to have interfered with my purpose if I had not known that your resolution to remain at Paris, and the means which *you* there possessed of knowing what was passing here, rendered what I could say of no value. Had you gone to Italy, I should have acted differently: for there you would not probably have had the means of connecting and of fairly appreciating the rumours which were circulated on the Continent respecting the state of this embarrassed but not ruined country. As I told you at Chiswick, all I can contribute towards your amusement is to give you my thoughts about England, and the state and conduct of the parties who divide it. I hardly ever recollect to have witnessed a greater sensation from a domestic event than that which was caused by the imprudent and unwise proceedings of the magistrates at Manchester. There certainly was great room for condemning their measures; but, on the other hand, those who were clamorous against them erred greatly, both in fairness and in their public duty, in not making allowance for the difficulties of the position

* The Hon. James Abercrombie, born 1776, third son of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, was Judge Advocate 1827, Chief Baron of Scotland in 1830, Master of the Mint and Member of the Cabinet in 1834, and Speaker of the House of Commons in 1835. In 1839 created Baron Dunfermline. Married 1802, Mary Anne, daughter of Egerton Leigh, Esq. Died 1858.

in which the magistrates stood. The meeting, from its numbers and the evidence of intended intimidation, could not be considered as legal. The danger to the peace of the town, and the injury to the real right of petitioning from so gross an abuse of it, are circumstances which I always thought should have deterred the Whigs from taking any part in the affair except in Parliament, where the errors both of the magistrates and of the people could alone be fairly and fully stated, with all the qualifications with which prudent men would wish to express their opinions.* There certainly was some provocation for the removal of Lord Fitzwilliam,† but it was not wise, and indeed I may say it was culpable, to seize it. However, the division of men of character and property was impolitic when we were threatened with a contest for property, and when the signs of the times indicated a growing breach between the higher and lower orders of society. No rational person ever thought that the deluded Radicals could overturn the State; but anyone who viewed the

* In January 1819, Henry Hunt, the leader of a set of men called 'Radical Reformers,' presided at a numerous meeting at Manchester, with flags and mottoes of 'Hunt and Liberty,' 'Rights of Man,' 'Universal Suffrage,' 'No Corn Laws." Mr. Hunt treated with contempt the idea of petitions to the House of Commons, and asked his audience to come forward 'as men and Englishmen, and claim their rights.' A remonstrance to the Prince Regent was then adopted in lieu of a petition to Parliament. In the month of June numerous meetings in the manufacturing districts were held, but, like that at Manchester, no breach of the peace occurred, though the harangues of the leaders were highly inflammatory. The manufacturing districts were in so distressed and disturbed a state as to become a subject of serious alarm to the Government. On the 16th of August an assemblage of 80,000 people took place in Peter's Field, at Manchester, to be addressed by Mr. Hunt. He had just begun his speech, when the appearance of the Yeomanry Cavalry, advancing at a brisk trot, excited a panic in the outskirts of the meeting. They brandished their swords in the air, and making for the cart on which the speakers were placed, captured Hunt and another. A cry arose among the military to attack their flags, and immediately they proceeded to cut right and left to get at them. In ten minutes the whole ground was cleared, numbers were trampled down, and not less than 300 or 400 injured. For this act Colonel L'Estrange and his officers, &c., received the approbation and thanks of the Prince Regent.—*Ann. Reg.*

† Lord Fitzwilliam presided at a numerous meeting at York; the bands of Reformers, with their usual insignia, were on the ground. In consequence of the part taken by Lord Fitzwilliam on this occasion, he received a dismissal from the Prince Regent from his office of Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire.—*Ann. Reg.*

difficulties of the country felt that it was the duty of the Government to take immediate and effectual measures to preserve the public peace from the disturbance of an unemployed and angry population. It was also necessary to reassure the well-disposed inhabitants of the manufacturing districts, in which the panic was excessive. This was a delicate task, because to propose new and restrictive laws under the influence of alarm is a proceeding at all times calculated to excite the proper jealousy of all real lovers of liberty; and on the present occasion it was of the greatest consequence to do nothing that should indispose or alienate the middling classes, who, being pressed by taxation and poor rates, are inclined to view with more than ordinary suspicion the conduct of Ministers and of Parliament. On the whole, I must in fairness say that I think the Ministers have executed their task in a manner which, in the result, ought to satisfy the public. To many of their measures, altered as they have been, I have no objection to make. I confess that I wish a further experiment had been made of the efficiency of the existing laws against libel, before any measures are taken to restrain the liberty of the press. I look with apprehension to a contest with the press. It never can be put down in this country without a violent struggle, and to irritate it without greatly augmenting the power that is opposed to it renders the new measures a source rather of weakness than of strength. On the whole, the opposition acted with more prudence than I expected. I could not go all lengths with them, and of course by the intolerant I am considered as a false friend. On reflection, I feel confirmed in my own opinions, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that I agree with my host here, and others whom you would regard as the most prudent and dispassionate of the opposition. I am very glad also that our friend at Chiswick was perfectly disposed to lend the aid of his name and property to the moderate faction, as it is called. The success of Lord J. Russell's motion is a benefit. I wish it could have been carried when there was no room for suspecting that it owed any portion of its success to fear. If it stops here, it is well; if it is only the first point of a wedge that is to go further, I shall not be without my fears. Things are never stationary; there is a general desire for some change—something from the uneasiness of the condition of most people. What the Government must do is to

play for the support of the middling classes; if they join the lower orders, the force and the power are with them. We have too much debt and too many people here; to diminish the one and employ the other is the problem to be solved. Enough of this, and what I have said is my true and unreserved opinion.

There is in the last 'Edinburgh Review' an article on Chaptal's book on French Manufactures, that is written with so much ability, and displays such an extent of variety of knowledge, as to have excited a great desire to discover the author. Who he is I neither know nor can guess. He is perhaps a little insolent, but he is a good Englishman. We have here a most severe winter, which adds to the great sufferings of the poor. I am reading Coxe's 'Life of Marlborough;' the subject, in spite of the dulness and want of capacity in the writer, renders it most truly interesting. I cannot help wishing that in the beginning of the next century our successors may have another hero, and that the state of England may have been as free, happy, and glorious, as in the interval between the battle of Blenheim and Waterloo. After such a dull tiresome letter you will not wish for a second, but pray let me know that this comes to your hands. Mrs. A. joins in kindest remembrances to you and your sister; and believe me,

Yours most sincerely,
J. A.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that Ralph* is quite well, and placed much to my satisfaction.

From Miss Berry to Mr. Abercrombie (afterwards Lord Dunfermline).

Paris, 17th Jan. 1820.

Your Scotch reviewer's facts respecting French industry and manufactures are, I dare say, all true; but yet he does not appear to me to give always a just, an exact, or a like picture of either. In some particulars he deceives himself; in others he is deceived by not being sufficiently and intimately acquainted with French character, French cleverness, and French wants.

All M. Chaptal's mistakes and misstatements, and all those of others, the reviewer might have summed up in the one great

* The present Lord Dunfermline.

desideratum in French character—the one fundamental and insuperable defect which pervades all their combinations and paralyses all their enormous advantages—an ignorance of the value, an indifference to the existence, and a neglect of the practice of truth, collectively and individually. This is so perfectly known to themselves, that a tacit agreement seems always to have taken place, mutually to receive and to make assertions without enquiry into proof, but at the same time without confidence, in fact, on either part. And your reviewer, instead of wondering at their tardiness in adopting some applications of machinery, might with more reason have wondered at their little advancement in the doctrine of sound and useful ethics, not to have yet arrived at the conclusion that *truth* is, in everything, not only the shortest, but the only way to excellence—the only foundation on which anything permanent *can* ever be raised; and that *all* ways of evading, slighting, or opposing it, are, in fact, only loss of time and hindrance of business in all the affairs of men. Had we *here* exulted over the superiority of our country, at least at its nearer approach, its more assiduous cultivation, its more constant habits of this first great moral good, both in principle and in application, both in great and little matters, I should have heartily and exultingly agreed with him. But he detects French inaccuracy in the insufficiency of these details, or the non-agreement of those details with general promises, programmes, and proposals, without seeming aware of this great failure, from which all others must spring. It is this failure which prevents M. Chaptal from enquiring accurately into facts, the result of which might be less agreeable to his readers, and which none of them would be at all the more likely to believe. This same spirit of inaccuracy (to give it no harder name) pervades many of their manufactures, much of their machinery, and, in general, everything which does not disgust the eye on a first and superficial view. On what does not contribute to beauty, and what is not in its application susceptible of much ornament, they bestow no pains, are satisfied with its being merely serviceable, and will not pay a sous for its being better put together or more likely to last. And it must be added, that much of their coarse tackle, and many utensils and articles of every-day use, for the common purposes of common life, are better adapted to their end, simpler, and made

and repaired at half the expense of ours, altho' incomparably less neat, less complicated, and less satisfactory to the eye. To this the reviewer does not seem to have attended, and thinks the great mass of the people in this country must be without conveniences and comforts, because those conveniences and comforts are presented in another and less finished form than in England.

Nor does he take notice of several material circumstances in manufactures, where they must ever be our superiors; and in others, where they have made such rapid strides as to have acquired a certain degree of excellence which is capable of being adapted to every purpose of use and ornament at an expense much inferior to ours. Thus, as an instance of the first, in dyeing all brilliant colours, the water, or the climate, or their mode of applying the one and of profiting by the other, have even made them infinitely our superiors, and are likely ever to continue them so. The excellence of their silk manufacture he avoids touching on, while it would certainly have been an excellent occasion for a philosophical enquirer into the comparative industry and interests of the two nations, to have shown his own countrymen, while doing justice to their competitors, how much it would, in fact, contribute to the riches of both, if—instead of forcing a silk manufactory, never thoroughly naturalised in England, and carried on under such disadvantages as to have been only just able to support itself—we were, by opening our ports to French silks, to prevail on them to allow the entry of our cotton and other stuffs, in which we are, *perhaps*, still their superiors. In speaking of the improvement in their manufacture of glass and crystal, he seems little aware how far they are advanced in its beauty, and in the art of cutting and preparing it for all sorts of ornamental purposes, as well as all those of common use; and that, however one of the trade would still allow a difference in favour of the purity and whiteness of our crystals, it is imperceptible to common eyes in their application either to ornament or use. In plating silver on copper their advancement is still greater and more rapid, which is the rather to be admired, because the use of silver-plate is more universal in France than in England, and consequently the demand for plated articles less. Their forms are more beautiful, their silver whiter, their prices not greater, and in some articles which they have been long in the habit of

making, less than ours. There are a number of depôts for it at Paris, and its use is becoming every day more general.

On their paper and books the reviewer has looked with ULTRA-*English* eyes. The paper on which their ordinary works are printed (not *editions de luxe*) is more lasting, tougher, and of a more agreeable colour to the sight than ours; and they now make writing paper which it requires an experienced eye to discover from ours—without talking of that (no longer in fashion) which the reviewer supposes made for 'Parisian belles and boudoirs.' Their foreign commerce in books must always greatly exceed ours, because they write and print for all Europe, from the universality of their language in that quarter of the globe; consequently, like all articles of a great and general demand, books are better, cheaper, and more plentiful than with us.

To their common cutlery, too, I fear the reviewer don't do justice. In everything where the luxury of perfection enters in cutlery, we beat them hollow. But they now make useful knives for every common purpose—not, indeed, at 'ninepence a dozen,' but at as low a price if not lower than you could have an article of equal use, altho' not equal appearance, with us.

It appears to me, likewise, that in the dressing of leather, and everything to which leather so dressed is applicable—in harness, coachmaking, &c. &c.—their leather is as good, as serviceable, and certainly looks quite as well, as ours. In the reviewer's admiration of our English horses he has entirely overlooked, or perhaps he is too young to have known, the incalculable amelioration which has taken place in the appearance of horses of every description in France since the Revolution, and since the remounting of their numerous cavalry made their studs of such enormous importance to all their successive evil governors. The common coach-horses of Paris at the present day seem to me stronger, more hardy, better suited to the purpose, and in better condition, than the common run of coach-horses in London. In the thousand cabriolets which are whirling before my windows on the Boulevard, I see some of the most active and handsomest horses I can imagine for the purpose; and the reviewer has entirely passed over a very remarkable breed of draft horses now in France, or at least in the neighbourhood of Paris since the Revolution—I mean the short, thick, beautifully-moulded

cart-horses, resembling (altho' not in colour), and exceeding in beauty of form, those known in England by the name of *Suffolk Punches*. These animals, in perfect condition and spirits, are to be seen every day in the streets of Paris, drawing the large covered carts from the villages in the environs, which convey everything which a great town thus receives from twenty miles around.

After most justly marking the want and the neglect of all cross roads, and the consequent inefficient and often impeded communications between neighbouring parishes and provinces, the reviewer denounces the nation as ignorant in the art of road-making and paving, and that 'it is practised upon erroneous principles.' Nobody who has seen and travelled much on the many roads made by the French within these last twenty years in the south of Europe can possibly be of his opinion. On the contrary, their methods of constructing roads, in all the various difficult circumstances common to mountainous countries, appear models of excellence, yet unrivalled elsewhere, obviating every difficulty, preparing against every accident, and constructed to resist in no common degree even the effects of time and neglect.

In speaking with no great respect of their agriculture in comparison with ours, he has totally neglected adverting to their gardening, in which art their produce both of fruit and flowers and all culinary plants far exceeds ours. I speak of the climate of Paris: certainly in point of severity of cold, very little, if at all, milder than that of London. It would have been worth enquiring how much this superiority is to be attributed to the qualities of their soil and air, and how much to their greater skill. But the reviewer satisfies himself with declaring them to have received a 'charter from nature contained in their sybaritical aphorism—"Be thoughtless, and enjoy."'

Whether it is, indeed, from the rights inherent in those born to this charter, or from any more complicated and recondite causes, I know not; but certain it is, that the French, as a nation, contrive to extract more enjoyment from existence than we do. To adopt a vulgar phrase, they somehow or other make a *better thing* of human life. The Englishman, with all his claims to depth and solidity, and all his advantages of government and education (perhaps a little too pompously insisted on

by the reviewer), has never attained the art (and, after all, it is the first I know) of procuring for himself as much *innocent* enjoyment as, under all his supposed disadvantages, has ever been done by his French neighbour.

This art is so desirable that it seems well worth while to enquire to what secondary causes it may be attributed, and how it may be acquired. . . . .

From Miss Berry to the Countess of Hardwick.

Paris, Thursday, 6th Jan. 1820.

. . . . . There are always a number of little things which I can tell you of her '*Excellency*,' which she cannot, or will not, tell you as well herself. I think her looking infinitely better than when you and we were here together the summer before last. She has acquired too, a *délibéré*, a confidence in her own manner, which becomes her perfect civility particularly well, and her *toilette* and her '*grace*' are celebrated here even by those who have the greatest pretensions to both. Were I now to turn from the *lace and fringe of life*, and talk to you of the excellent stuff both of head and heart on which they are applied, I should tell you nothing new; but I must express my admiration of the manner in which, while fulfilling every duty of her troublesome situation, she never neglects a single attention of friendship, and finds even time to bestow on old and useless friends.

The difference of the footing on which even the most favoured of the English are, since we were here together in 1816, is quite remarkable. They have at last shaken us off their shoulders, and they now snap their fingers at us. It is not, as then, that some people sought and others avoided you, but that all the world treats you now with equal neglect.

JOURNAL.

January 10th.—I called on Rederer again. M. de Chauvelin * was with him, but went away at my entry.

* François Chauvelin was sent, when very young, as Minister Plenipotentiary to London, in 1792; afterwards to Florence, when Lord Howe threatened to bombard Leghorn unless the Grand Duke of Tuscany sent him away within twenty-four hours; he accordingly retired. Thrown into prison on his return to France, and constantly threatened with death, from

All these people are in the most violent state of agitation, from the extreme folly of the Ministers in having announced, by the King's speech, measures which remain still unbrought forward (as they say from the illness of M. de Lerne, le Garde des Sceaux), and consequently enveloped in all the mischief which the opposite party can possibly suppose from them, and magnified by all the uncertainty in which they have remained now for nearly six weeks. Time has thus been given to raise all the busy spirits in France against the Ministry, on account of the supposed tendency of those measures, which they continue to assert is no less than to attack the national domains, and restore feodality and the aristocratical rights by means of a Chamber chosen by the altered laws of election. But no one is sure what these altered laws are to be, and no wonder that everyone fancies the alteration will be that which he most dreads; for the Ministry seem to have adopted the same means that the theatres use to raise the curiosity and expectation of the people, by advertising 'Relâche au Théâtre en attendant!'—'La loi des élections!' &c. One can hardly conceive such folly in the execution of their intentions, whatever they may be. They have certainly succeeded in exciting all parties to a degree of violence against one another, of which, thank heaven, we have hardly an idea. I must say, for the good sense and candour of Rederer, in the midst of his bitter exclamations against the conduct and intentions of the Ministers, that he declared such was the situation of France, till they had wilfully conjured up this storm against themselves; that he, and those who thought with him, had allowed that although another dynasty and another form of government might suit their own interests better, that as Frenchmen, laying their hands on their hearts, they must

which he escaped on the 9th Thermidor. Accepted public employment during the Empire. After 1814 he took an active part in the Chamber.

own that this for the liberties of their country was better: 'Que ceci valait mieux,' was his phrase. Peace and tranquillity in every part of France, agriculture flourishing, commerce improving, new modes of industry devising, and plenty everywhere. In this state of things, in which certainly nothing is exaggerated, although I began with thinking that, as these intended changes were, in fact, all improvements, and all in the true spirit of a representative monarchy, the sooner they were made the better; yet I am now almost convinced that it were far better, with a people whose natural volatility has been so often wrought even to madness during the last twenty-five years, that the first and best habits to give them are those of security: allowing both sides to feel that a Government may be abused without overturning it—convincing the Libéraux that their estates are safe, and that liberty may exist in spite of all the ridiculous doctrines and silly conduct of ultra-royalists, and convincing the ultra-royalists that neither anarchy nor proscriptions ensue from a limited monarchy and the freedom of the press.

Monday, 31*st*.—The news of our King's death spread about this evening. I did not believe it at the time.

Tuesday, February 1*st*.—After breakfast Lady Charlotte and I walked to the Ambassador's, where we found the servants already in mourning for the King. The intelligence arrived by telegraph to the French Government yesterday evening; and old d'Osmond came into the Ambassadress's box at the Opera, to whisper it to her. We were all the morning at shops, buying our mourning.

Thursday, 3*rd*.—At Madame Moreau's. The Queen of Sweden*—that is to say, the Countess de Gothland, the

* Eugénie Bernadotte, afterwards Queen of Sweden, was the daughter of Clary a négotiant at Marseilles, and the sister of the wife of Joseph Bonaparte, king of Spain.—*Biog. des Contemp.*

wife of Bernadotte, and the mother of Prince Oscar—entered suddenly, without being announced. It so happened that the conversation had just turned upon her, upon her family name, and upon her extraordinary life at Paris. Her entrance so amused the company, that for some moments I took her for a hoax, and the more so that everyone being inclined to laugh offered no explanation.

Sunday, 6*th.*—I was at half-past twelve o'clock at l'Abbaye-aux-Bois, to go with Madame Recamier to St. Sulpice, to hear what they call a discourse of the Abbé Frassinous; it was upon the existence of God—a very eloquent discourse, and very well reasoned, without having any great depth of thought. His proofs were drawn from the perfect order established throughout the universe, and the conviction that nothing of which we have any knowledge can be made without order and without a calculating mind. The crowd was immense; it was with the greatest difficulty that I obtained a place. A crowd of gentlemen in the nave of the church.

Saturday, 12*th.*—Fancy masked ball at the Griffiths. I wore a black domino; Agnes and Lady Charlotte in coloured dominos. I should have been amused had I been well. The ball was very good—a splendid quadrille of Tartars; the gentlemen well dressed in character; the ladies quite the reverse, because here it does not signify what costume is proposed, the ladies will always dress according to their taste (sometimes very bad), or in whatever they think becomes them. They bid adieu to all appearance of truth in their costume; it is always merely fancy dress. The quadrille was composed of Mesdames de Noailles Juste and Alfred, the Duchesse de Dinon, and the Duchesse de Mailly; the Prince Arthur Potoski, the Duc de Dinon, M. de Mossion, and M. de Custine—all very good-looking figures. Several other costumes, some eccentric, but most of them handsome; some ladies of the time of Louis XIV., and a Ninon de

l'Enclos, admirably well got up; most of the gentlemen in dominos, which they soon threw off; a few only kept on their masks. We left immediately after the departure of the Duc and Duchesse de Berri, having stood near them a quarter of an hour in the first room, whilst they were talking and saying 'goodbye' to their hosts. All this is become fixed on one's memory when we afterwards knew that it was the last ball he was at, and that in less than twenty-four hours he ceased to exist.

Sunday, 13*th*.—After having dined at our Ambassador's, at ten o'clock we went to the Duchesse d'Escar's, who receives every Sunday fortnight at her apartment, up three pair of stairs at the Tuileries. Here I remained with Mrs. Scott and my sister till past eleven o'clock, when, hearing at Madame de la Briche's some of her society were to disguise themselves comically, I resolved to go and persuade Agnes to accompany me.

We found, instead of the usual quiet meetings at her house, a vrai réunion de Carnival; all the younger part of the society costumé or travestied, either in the most becoming or the most comical manner.

M. de Mure (a very fat coarse man) admirably costumé en demoiselle, waltzing with a young man six feet high, en enfant, and M. Mossion as his nurse, all admirably masqued, and all d'une gaieté folle, which seemed to communicate itself to all the company. There were no princes, no predetermined fine dresses and rivality of expensive toilets; but everybody seemed there for their own amusement, and, thoroughly to have attained their end.

Soon after twelve, in the height of all this gaiety, I saw a rush to the door of the outer room, and learnt that a message had been sent for M. de Bethisy (whose wife is one of the Duchesse de Berri's ladies), which message was immediately communicated to M. Ferdinand Chabot, one of the Duc de Berri's écuyers, who both

immediately flew away—the Duc de Berri having received a coup de poignard à l'Opéra. It was said to be slight—to be nothing—for that he had returned into his box. This was all that was known for the first ten minutes, but its effect on the meeting I shall never forget. The fiddles ceased; silence ensued; gravity more or less intense, and in the women amounting to horror, marked every countenance, and contrasted singularly with the odd travesties and gay costumes of the men.

A second and a third arrival of persons sent to enquire brought accounts nearer the truth. By one it was known that nobody had yet returned to the Elysée, and by another that he had fainted away, and already been bled three times.

Knowing how unattainable truth ever is, at first, on these occasions, I waited no longer; but, calculating that our Ambassador, from the seclusion occasioned by the death of our King, might not have heard of the event of the night, we stopped at the door of the Ambassade; with some difficulty got in; found him, as I had guessed, returned home before the event had happened, and writing in his cabinet for the next day's courier.

Our intelligence was worthy of a place in his despatches. Still, I had no idea, from anything I had heard —considering the exaggeration usual on all such occasions—of the real truth, nor of the horrible scene that was passing in one of the housekeeper's rooms at the Opera-house.

The next morning, Monday, February 14th, was the day on which the long and often-delayed Law of Elections was to be laid by Ministers before the Chamber of Deputies. I had agreed the day before, at Sir Charles's, to go down to the Tribune Diplomatique with M. de Fagel.* He was to call for me at twelve o'clock; at ten o'clock I received this note from him:—

* Dutch Minister.

Paris, 14th February 1820.

The dreadful event of the Duc de Berri's assassination, who died this morning at one o'clock, at the Opera-house, in the arms of his distressed family, induces me to go to Pasquier* at half-past eleven, to hear more particulars about this horrid crime, in order to inform my Government of them.

You will, I hope, excuse me if I do not wait on you to go to the Deputies; but my friend Baron Zuylin will call at twelve at your door, and take care of you as well as I could have done.

I take this to be a personal revenge, nourished and inflamed by the party who is determined to prevent the reigning branch of the Bourbons from having an heir to the Crown.

I am, respectfully and sincerely yours,

(Signed) FAGEL.

About twelve, his friend Comte Zuylin came (he is the Dutch Minister at Madrid, returning to his mission). We found few people yet in the Chamber; the tribunes full, except the Diplomatique, where we went. Of ladies, there were only Madame de la Briche, Madame Mole, her daughter, and Madame de Jumillac, the Duc de Richelieu's sister. The tears were in all their eyes, and we, of course, began talking of the scene of the night before.

At one o'clock, when the Chambers met, the attendance was full, except on the bench of Ministers, who were all absent, the examination of the assassin then going on. The sitting began with reading over, as always takes place, the procès-verbal of the last discussion (on the Domains Nationaux); nobody listened to it. Almost before the secretary had done reading, a M. Clausel de Coussergues,† from the *Côté Droit*, started forward to the

* Le Comte Denis Etienne Pasquier; born 1767. He held employment under the Empire; became Préfet de Police in 1810. After the second return of the Bourbons, he was appointed Ministre Secrétaire d'État de la Justice, and Garde des Sceaux. From 1819 to 1822 he was Minister for Foreign Affairs, and became a peer.—*Dict. des Contemp.*

† Jean Clausel de Coussergues, born 1765, was but little known till after the return of the King, when he became a warm advocate for the revival of

tribune and said, 'La Chambre n'a pas encore décidé sur la manière d'accusation des ministres, mais moi, je viens ici pour dénoncer M. le Comte Decazes* comme accomplice du meurtre de M. le Duc de Berri!' If he added anything more, his voice was drowned in the general *brouhaha* and universal marks of disgust and disapprobation of the whole audience, for I think tribunes, galleries, and all joined in an involuntary expression of their feelings. The president very properly declared his notice informal and inadmissible; that he had only allowed him *la parole*, supposing that he had something to say relative to the procès-verbal; and then immediately read the letter addressed to him as President of the Chamber, announcing the assassination and death of the Duc de Berri. M. de la Bourdonnaye† moved the address to the King, and, instead of confining himself to the affecting circumstances of the moment, and the deplorable state of the Royal Family, he connected the event they all deplored with

all the ancient institutions in France, and vehement against all freedom of thought or liberty of the press.—*Dict. des Contemporaines.*

* Elie Decazes, Duc et Pair de France; born 1780. In 1810-11 he became Conseiller à la Cour d'Appel de Paris; Conseiller du Cabinet de Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland; Secrétaire des Commandemens de Mdme. Mère. After the return of the Bourbons in 1814, he adhered to that dynasty. He succeeded Fouché (Duc d'Otrante) as Minister of Police in the years 1815–16–17. In 1818 he married Mdlle. de St. Aulaire, granddaughter, on the mother's side, of the last reigning Prince of Nassau-Sarrebruck, and received from the King of Denmark the title and duchy of Glucksburg. After his resignation of the ministry in 1820, he was appointed Ambassador to England.

† François Regis, Comte de la Bourdonnaye; born 1767; served under Condé, took part with the Vendéans, but afterwards submitted to the Government of Napoleon. In 1815 he proposed the persecution of all who had taken part in the Revolution of the 20th of March. Nothing could exceed the violence of his reactionary spirit. He was opposed to the system of recruiting established by Gouvion de St. Cyr; he was furious against the admission of M. Grégoire to the Chamber of Deputies; he asserted the right of Ministers to speak on all questions, and denied the right of Deputies to reply; he went so far as to declare that 'La Charte avait été octroyée et non pas consentie.' Even the unfortunate ministry of M. de Polignac, in 1830, would not satisfy him, and he disagreed with his colleagues and resigned before the fall of Charles X. Died 1839.

the factious spirit of the times; denounced the writings and discourses they heard every day as the instigators of the crime. The *Côté Gauche* heard everything he said in dignified silence, General Foy* only saying a few words expressive of much feeling, and desirous that all party ideas should be excluded on such an occasion. Corbière followed on the *Côté Droit*, in the same sense, but less political than La Bourdonnaye. They then retired to their bureaux to select a committee to draw up an address, which was to be discussed in a private sitting; so that *we*, the public, were sent away in about an hour after their meeting.

The address was carried up to the King that evening. It is decent, and *ne jette pas le froc aux orties* on the score of the constitution.

The Assembly met *en séance ouvert* the next day.

Tuesday, 15*th*.—I was at the Chamber at one o'clock. The *séance* was still more numerous than yesterday. On reading the procès-verbal, it mentioned that the proposition of M. de Clausel had been 'écouté avec une immobilité parfaite de deux tiers de la Chambre.' Certainly a procès-verbal (I should suppose) has no business to express *how any* proposition is received, but, instead of letting it pass, as the president advised, *comme non avenu*, M. de St. Crige, the directeur-général des Douanes, a sort of minister, gets up and says it ought to have been qualified with the general disapprobation of the House. Courvoisier,† in a very good short speech, insisted on its

* Alexandre Sebastian Foy; born 1775; entered the army at fifteen years old, and served with distinction throughout the war till 1815, when he received his fifteenth wound at Waterloo. In 1819 he entered the Chamber of Deputiés, and declared himself the supporter of 'les droits fondés par la Revolution et consacrés par la charte.'—*Dict. des Contemps.*

† Jean Joseph Antoine Courvoisier began his career in the army of the Prince de Condé, in which he distinguished himself. During the years 1815, '16, '17 and '18 he was an active supporter of the ministry, of which he was, from his eloquence, regarded as the Cicero. He was favourable to constitutional government.—*Dict. des Contemps.*

having obtained, and moved for its being qualified with, the *indignation* of the Chamber. M. Clausel de Coussergues again mounted the tribune, and declared that, however informal he might have been, he persisted in his intention, had in his hands the means of justifying his charge, and desired the Chamber to settle a time for his being heard. Upon this, M. de St. Aulaire (the father-in-law of Decazes) made a good and sufficiently impressive speech (in his circumstances), ending in declaring his answer to M. Clausel to be summed up in the words, *il est un calomniateur.*

Two or three other short speeches were made on the words of the procès-verbal, which were afterwards left as they found them, by their passing to the order of the day. It was then announced that the Ministers had a communication to make to the Chamber, which would be ready at half-past four o'clock, and that the House would be suspended until that hour.

A little before five, the whole six ministers occupied their bench, and Decazes mounted the tribune. His appearance was lamentable. He has been ill. It was his first time of appearing in public for long. He had been up for the most part of two nights, and his voice was almost extinct. All this, however, failed to move the pity of his audience, for they repeatedly desired him to speak louder with all the *dureté* they would have used to a laquais. He was visibly *too much* overcome by his situation. His speech introductory of the law of election might have been, and was, well worded, but wanted all force or dignity, and failed in making any impression. Then followed Pasquier, with the proposal of an immediate censure on the newspapers, and demanding the power of arrestation of any citizen on the mandat of any three Ministers. His introductory speech was better given, but seemed equally without any effect that dared to show itself. The *Côté Gauche* heard it all in the *recueillement* of

the most profound silence; and if the *Côté Droit* had flattered themselves that any of these laws would, in the present circumstances, be carried by acclamation, they must have found themselves woefully mistaken. A sort of *sourd* murmur of applause was instantly repressed by a fear of showing how small was the minority who partook of it.

On settling when the laws were to be sent into the Bureaux (the nine committees into which the whole House is divided), the ministry, or at least the *Côté Droit*, wanted them to be sent directly; the *Côté Gauche*, by the voice of M. de Lafayette, wished for a delay of three days, which was not allowed, and was of little consequence, as they may take as long as they please to make their *rapport*.

Monday, 21*st*.—I am going to set down all the circumstances I have heard, directly and immediately from those who received it from the mouths of the persons themselves present—spectators and actors in the horrible scene at the Opera-house during the night of the 13th.

The Duc de Berri had led the Duchesse away to her carriage near the close of the first act of the ballet, intending to return and see the end of it himself; had with him neither hat nor greatcoat. Madame de Bethizy was in waiting on the Duchesse, and M. de Choiseul (who married Miss-Parkyns*) on the Duc. After they had put the Duchesse and Madame de Bethizy into the carriage, both sitting forward in the coach, the *valet de pied* was just shutting the door, with his back turned to the Duc, when a man slipped between the horses of the carriage and the sentry at the door, and gave the fatal stab. M. de Choiseul saw a man push or pushed forward on the Duc de Berri, and thrust him away with his arm before he was aware of what he had perpetrated. Nor was the poor wounded man himself, for he exclaimed, feeling only a violent blow, '*Voilà un fier brutal*;' but instantly

* Afterwards married to the Prince de Polignac.

seeing the knife in the wound, '*Je suis assassiné! Caroline, un prêtre.*' The coach-door was shut, but the poor little Duchesse instantly threw herself on it. Madame de Bethizy, a strong young woman, seized her with both arms round the body, to prevent her, not knowing at all (as she says) whether there were more assassins or an émeute—in short, having no clear idea but the one, of preserving the Duchesse, who, screaming and struggling, insisted on the door being opened, and in springing out of Madame de Bethizy's arms, tore her glove to pieces, and left the impression of her hand on the flesh beneath. She almost fell out of the carriage at her husband's feet, who by this time had fainted, and was carried into a room at the Opera, which belongs to the secretary or housekeeper of the administration. On recovering his senses in this room, le Duc de Berri is said to have exclaimed, 'Ah! c'est un jugement du ciel que cette chambre!' because it was one where it is said he used to give rendezvous to some of the nymphs of the Opera. This is, it seems, an *entresol*, low and meanly furnished. Bed there was none; two chairs were brought, and mattresses from another room, and the Prince laid on what is called *un lit de sangle*—truckle-bed.

Here were shortly collected around him, besides his poor wife, who never quitted him for an instant, Monsieur and the Duc and Duchesse d'Angoulême — sent for directly to the Tuileries—the Duke of Orleans, his wife and his sister, who happened to be at the Opera in their box, with their children.

The Duke of Orleans, on finding how serious the accident was, sent round for the Duchess and his sister, desiring the children to be sent home. For it is to be remembered, in addition to the horror of the scene, that, as the audience in the theatre knew nothing of the accident, the last act of the ballet was going on, and that every time the door opened of the room where the Duc

de Berri lay (which must have been almost every instant), the applause of the pit and the steps of the dancers struck the ears of the spectators of the horrors within. The effect was so terrible, that Mdlle. d'Orléans, less occupied than the rest with any immediate services to the poor victim, actually fainted dead away from the mere incongruous horror of the scene, on which she had a sort of leisure to look.

In the meantime, half-a-dozen surgeons assembled were making the poor Duke suffer martyrdom by opening and enlarging his wound, cupping, and various applications, to prevent his being immediately choked with blood on his lungs.

From the first he felt himself a dying man, and remonstrated against the agonies they were making him suffer. He desired to see and bless his child, who, before two o'clock, was brought by Madame de Gontaut from the Elysée Bourbon to this scene of horror! The impression made on her, she says, is indelible. The carriage which conveyed her and the infant was stopped and delayed by the crowd of carriages at a ball given by Maréchal Sachet in the Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré, while she felt that every moment's delay might deprive the child of its father's dying benediction.

The poor Duke's arms had been extended by the surgeons, to assist his respiration. He brought them together again to receive, for the last time, his infant daughter, and bless her. He then said, 'Mais, j'ai d'autres enfans, deux filles, longtemps avant que je vous ai connue, Caroline; que je les voie.' Gustave de Coigny instantly went in a carriage from the Opera-house to the Rue Neuve des Mathurins, where these children are living with their mother—now a decent and well-behaved Englishwoman under the name of Mrs. Brown, who is occupied with nothing but their education.

On arriving at the door at that hour of the night, or

rather morning, he had the greatest difficulty to procure admission. At last, having made the servant understand that she was not to disturb her mistress, that he only wanted the two children and their maid, who must instantly accompany him, she told him that the eldest child slept with her mother, so that all hope of concealment ceased.

On M. de Coigny being obliged to tell her that she must allow her children to go without *her*, that *she* could not be admitted, she made no reply, but gently pressed his arm in silence, put on a large bonnet with a deep veil, and placed herself in the coach with the children, their maid, and M. de Coigny. On his again repeating that she *could not* be allowed to go in, she again, without uttering a word, squeezed his arm as if to assure him of the propriety of her conduct, and actually remained in the carriage at the door of the Opera, while the children, accompanied by their maid, were carried up to their dying father, by whose bed they knelt and received his blessing, and his recommendation to the poor little Duchesse, who declared they should live with her, and always be considered as her own.

The poor dying man then, in a whisper to his brother, the Duc d'Angoulême, reminded him that he had *another* child, a boy, born since his marriage, by *Virginie*, a dancer of the Opera, whom he recommended to *his* protection.

His not offending the feelings of his wife with the mention of this child showed his power of thinking of others in the midst of his cruel sufferings, with the blood mounting higher and higher in his heart every moment.

He had expressed a great desire to see the King. We must hope, for the sake of his character, that like all kings he had been deceived as to the real state of the case at his *couché*, when an accident was mentioned by Decazes to have happened to the Duc de Berri at the Opera; but how slight he had chosen to make it, to spare the King's

feelings, we know not, and they certainly needed not such precaution. At two o'clock he was sent for; the danger announced immediate, and the dying man most eager to see him. The King and all his immediate attendants had gone to bed as usual, and before they could get him and themselves up, and his carriage ready, and the means of putting him *in* and *out* of it (which is an operation), it was half-past five before he arrived at the Opera-house.

In the intermediate time, nothing could equal the impatience of the poor Prince, or exceed the horrors of the people collected around him, in a small low room, ill and poorly furnished, and looking perfectly unsuited to the guests it contained. It was now crowded with the Princes and their immediate attendants; with all the household of the poor Duke; with the Bishop of Chartres and the Curé of the parish, who had been called to administer the succours of religion; with the Ministers, and numbers of medical people, to say nothing of those bringing backwards and forwards warm water and other things that they wanted. Amongst these persons was a *figurante* of the Opera, still in her costume *de théâtre*, who had somehow or other fallen into the service without having had time to change her dress.

The heat in a low crowded room was excessive, and no light was allowed but what was necessary for the surgeons, which showed all the horror of his large and ghastly wound, left entirely *à découvert* to encourage the flowing of the blood, with which everything was stained, and the gown of Madame de Berri covered! Everybody was waiting for the sound of the guards, and longing to announce the arrival of the King to relieve the impatience of the poor dying man, who, at every noise of wheels, asked if it was not him, and seemed to dread his arriving too late. *At last* he came, and the Duc de Berri's first and last words to him, in a now almost choked utterance, were '*Grâce pour l'homme.*' By his great eagerness to obtain

mercy for the man, and his dread of the King's not arriving in time for him to ask it, he seemed to connect the idea of thus expiating his own weaknesses; and expressed a hope that the great sufferings from his wound might spare him others hereafter.*

He recommended his household and servants to the King, and seemed much satisfied with having lived to see him.

Within half an hour after his arrival, his embarrassed respiration, which had long been drawn with a suffocating noise in his throat, ceased altogether—the King closing his eyes before he left the Opera-house.

His poor little wife never left him a moment. At the very last the King had desired her to be taken away before the last breath was drawn; but she, hearing her husband again breathe, burst away from those that held her, and returned to his side. When all was over—and not till then—she was conveyed back to the Elysée in a coach, with Madame —— and Madame de Gontaut and the child. On undressing her there and taking down her hair, she suddenly seized a pair of scissors and cut all she could of it off, desiring Madame de —— to keep it, and give it to her child when she was old enough to understand that her mother had cut it off the day her father was murdered.

On the evening of Monday, the 14th of February, she and her child, accompanied by Madame de —— and the Duchesse de Reggio, in waiting on her, were removed from the Elysée to St. Cloud. On leaving the Elysée she

* The name of the assassin was Louis Pierre Louvel; born 1783; was the son of a mercer. He served in the army, and was afterwards employed as a saddler in the stables, first of the Emperor and then of the King. He distinctly denied having any cause of private ill-will towards the Duc de Berri, but declared that from the year 1814 he had resolved to murder the Bourbons, and began with him (the Duc de Berri) only because he was the youngest. He appears to have been labouring under a complete monomania respecting the Royal Family. He underwent frequent examinations in order to discover if he had any accomplices, but he had none. He was tried, condemned, and executed on the 7th of June 1820.

bid adieu for ever to a place where she said she had been so happy.

Wednesday, 16*th*.—The theatres have all been shut since Monday, the day of the Duc de Berri's death, and all masking in the streets and public balls forbidden by the police. So strictly were these orders obeyed, that the silence of the streets was quite remarkable on these two last days of a Carnival so cruelly terminated. Even on the Wednesday night, between the Duc de Broglie's, in the Rue Bourbon, Faubourg St. Germain, to the Rue Basse du Rempart, I met or passed but three carriages of *any* description. In the evening I went to Madame de Broglie; her door was shut, but she received her *habitués*; everybody depressed, but quite different from the Ultras. The violence of the letters against Decazes makes it clear that his only possible chance of staying in office is his throwing himself into the arms of constitutionalism. I thought this evening it was so settled; there were more than usual of the party whispering together at the Duc de Broglie's; and from a quarter of an hour's conversation I had with him, I had every reason to believe this arrangement as good as settled. The Duke spoke in good spirits of the crisis in which they found themselves having passed over better than they could have expected; that the barriers of Paris had not been shut, and that no arrests had been made; that the trial of the assassin was to be conducted according to the law, and that in the meantime he was treated like other criminals; that they hoped merely to put some little necessary checks to the present enormous licence of the press, and that the other laws were to be modified. In short, I had little doubt, from what M. de Broglie said, that the Centre and the Doctrinaires had settled their matters with Decazes, and promised him their support. Nor do I now doubt it; but we heard this same evening for certain, that Decazes had resigned, and the presidency of the Conseil des Ministres

was forced on the Duc de Richelieu; the King having at last yielded to the prayers of all his family, who, by some strange deception of hatred, persist, or pretend to persist, in seeing in Decazes the accomplice of the Duc de Berri's murderer!

When his wife went, on the Thursday following the murder, to St. Cloud, to make personal enquiries after the Duchesse de Berri, as all the Court had done, no living soul spoke to her; except at last Madame Juste de Noailles, out of compassion, addressed some indifferent question to her. The room in which she was received the Princes were obliged to pass through, and both Monsieur and Madame hurried through the room, turning their faces the other way; while all their attendants exclaimed at the '*audace*' of her venturing to come under the very roof of their victim!!!

Such ideas and such language, and above all such *folly*, is really incredible anywhere, except in the mind and the mouth of an *ultra-Royalist.*

Thursday, 17*th.*—Our Ambassadress went to St. Cloud to make enquiries in person after the Duchesse de Berri, although it is, it seems, contrary to etiquette in common cases for ambassadors to go to country palaces where or when the King is not *established* there. She described the melancholy of the scene as quite remarkable. In the great gay gilded rooms of the Palace of St. Cloud, figures in the deepest mourning were gliding about, and meeting (many of them for the first time since the event), all with tears in their eyes. Madame de Gontaut established for the moment, as if cast by some strange accident, in one of the gaily embroidered salons; she was quite overcome with the past and present scene. Her infant charge sleeping in its cradle, in an inner room, opening to that inhabited by her mother, insensible to all the melancholy she inspired.

Saturday, 19*th.*—In the morning we went with George

Dawson to the Louvre, at twelve o'clock, to see the lighted chapel where the coffin of the Duc de Berri was shown; but though it had been publicly announced in the newspapers, the public were not allowed to enter, on account of the deputations from various *corps*, which arrived one after another. In the evening I went to Madame de Broglie's; many more people there than on Wednesday.

Tuesday, 22*nd*.—It was the day for carrying the body of the Duc de Berri from the Louvre to St. Denis. The procession passed by the Quays and by the Rue St. Denis. Two-thirds of the shops in Paris were shut, and all in the streets through which the procession passed.

Friday, 25*th*.—In the evening I went alone to the Duchesse d'Escars, where Seguier, first 'Président de la Cour de Cassation,' discoursed upon the subject of the assassin, Louvel, to a circle of ladies and gentlemen of the Court. From there I went to the other extreme at B. Constant—large meeting of *conspirators*. I only remained there a minute, to ascertain for certain that there would be no sitting at the Chamber to-morrow.

Saturday, 26*th*.—Agnes brought home from the embassy the news of the intended assassination of the Ministers in England, at Lord Harrowby's house.*

From the Hon. James Abercrombie to Miss Berry.

London, February 25, 1820.

Events succeed each other in such rapid succession, that to follow them is really the business of life. The day before yesterday this Thistlewood and a band of ruffians projected the diabolical plan of murdering the Cabinet Ministers at dinner at Lord Harrowby's. The Ministers had been apprised of it, and adopted the necessary precautions. The murderers were found assembled in a loft of an untenanted stable in a small street out of the Edgeware Road. The police officers behaved with admirable courage and spirit; but Birnie, the magistrate to whom the execution of this duty was confided, does not appear to have

* The well-known Cato Street conspiracy.

laid his plan with judgment. He brought his police officers into action before the soldiers arrived. They could only ascend one at a time by a ladder, and they were too few to inspire that dread and conviction of the inutility of resistance which might have been expected by an instantaneous display of force, and which might have been effected by drums and other indications of the presence of the military. One officer of the police was killed by Thistlewood, nine were made prisoners, others escaped —the whole number was from 25 to 30. Thistlewood escaped, but was taken yesterday morning in bed. It is said that when he escaped from the loft he went round by Grosvenor Square to dismiss the sentinel whom he had placed to watch the proceedings at Lord Harrowby's. The Ministers, of course, were not there. There is no indication of any extensive conspiracy—they must have relied on their persuasion that if confusion was created the people might have risen and joined them. They had a proclamation ready to be distributed. I cannot tell you what form of government they intended to have blessed us with. Thistlewood, as you probably know, is a ruined, desperate man. But it is shocking to think, that so many men of our country could have been brought to dwell calmly, and that probably for some days, if not weeks, on the contemplation of the commission of so atrocious a crime. The actors appear to be all of the lowest order. The accounts given of most of them are consistent with their belonging to that body of pillagers who probably exist in all large capitals. Two of them (shoemakers) appear to have been of regular habits in private life, and thence I conclude that they may have been the victims of that disgraceful licence of the press which has caused so much mischief. We are all very tranquil. I have no means of judging as yet of the public feeling among the middling and lower classes, but the little I have is favourable. Among the higher orders I observe that they have all been so accustomed of late years to the consideration of strange and striking events, that the sensation is less, and the indifference greater than it ought to be. They will, of course, be tried as quickly as the forms of law will admit. All these events hasten the crisis, unless it be supposed that to strengthen throughout Europe the hands of Governments be the surest way to preserve the public tranquillity. The case is difficult, and one cannot say which is the stronger party.

This, however, is a national disgrace, and I fear it will be a public calamity. I dread the effect of it in France, and any commotion there will produce its effect here. The action and reaction promises little for our repose. Ward tells me that they had a plan of Lord Harrowby's house. The possession of this plan may have been the motive for wishing to execute their purpose this week, because if they had waited till next week the confusion in the event of their success would have been greatly increased by the dissolution of Parliament.

The Duc de Richelieu, I conclude, cannot coalesce with the Modérés, or Libéraux. Must he not then connect himself with the Ultras? Can he control and constrain them? Are they so obnoxious to the nation that even a reasonable administration of public affairs by them would not be tolerated? How and when is all this to end? The King appears to be better; his Ministers have beaten him quite down, and he may justly be said to have ceased to reign. I do not know that anybody must complain of this. I write in haste.

Yours ever most truly and sincerely,

J. A.

Paris, Mars 1820.

I was at the Chambre des Députés on Wednesday the 1st of March, Thursday the 2nd, and again on Tuesday the 7th, and on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday following. The four last days (it was, in fact, five days, for the debate continued on Wednesday the 8th, but I was not present) were uninterruptedly employed on the discussion of the law of arrest, on the *mandat* of three Ministers, laid before the Chamber on the 16th of February.

M. Rivière, the *rapporteur* of the committee charged with the examination, made a long, minute, and not very interesting report of what the amendments of the committee were, which seemed all insignificant in their consequences, except the great and essential amendment of entrusting such power to the Minister *only*, till the next assembly of the deputés, as the restrictions on the journals —which the Ministers had proposed for five years—had been equally only voted for one by the House of Peers.

I am not going to enter into, or attempt any detail of, the speeches on either side, as they are very accurately given in most of the French papers; but the colour of the whole, and the temper of the three different divisions or parties of the House, I was glad to see and curious to remark.

The best speakers on the *Côté Gauche* are decidedly General Foy, Manuel,* and B. Constant. The first two speak without notes at all, and B. Constant contrives so to read his as to have the whole effect of improvising what he says.

General Foy speaks with much nobleness on general principles, and with less of disquisition, and more of the appropriate oratory of a senate, than perhaps any of them; quite free from references to the Romans and their history, to which almost all of these orators are so fond of recurring.

Manuel is a closer arguer, and more violent in his assertions and general opinions. These are, however, uttered with an imperturbable temper, which makes him get on through a thousand interruptions from the *Côté Droit.*

B. Constant speaks always in a manner to command attention—always with an abundance both of matter and of words; often with eloquence, and still oftener with that keen sarcasm and grave persiflage which marks his conversation. His taste, I think, sometimes fails. I by no means admired his citing General Lafayette by name, while present, in speaking for an amendment to the law which allowed State prisoners to see their family after the first three days of their confinement, provided the

* Jacques Antoine Manuel; born 1775. He practised as a lawyer in the provinces till 1815, when he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies. In 1817 he became an object of hatred to the ultra-royalists. In 1820 he opposed the exclusion of M. Grégoire. In 1823, having spoken freely his opinion on the war against Spain, accompanied by some comments on the reign of Ferdinand VII., he was accused of preaching regicide. They refused to listen to his explanation; the next day his expulsion was proposed and carried into effect by a body of Gardes Nationales.

persons so seeing them were willing afterwards to share that confinement. On this he brought forward the case of M. de Lafayette in the Austrian prisons, and his wife and family devoting themselves to the same punishment. All this he might have brought forward as an argument without naming anybody. The story is so well known, and the hatred to Lafayette is so great among the Ultras, that he even lost part of the force of his example by thus individualising it.

Of the *Centre à Gauche*, Courvoisier speaks with an excellent voice and manner; with much precision, few idle words, and always to the point. Reciting, too, without notes, he is always listened to.

Beugnot,* from the same side of the House, made an excellent speech too, both as to matter and argument. But it was a discourse read; and none so uttered in a popular assembly can have much effect. Thoughts and arguments take quite a different expression on paper from what they would, thrown off in the abundance of the mind from the same speaker.

On the *Côté Droit*, the best speakers—the only ones, indeed, fit to be heard—are Lainé, Villèle, and Corbière. They all three recite their speeches, but they have none of them either a commanding manner or figure, and have a virulence in their expressions towards the opposite party which is both frightful and disgusting. Lainé has the most eloquence; he sometimes begins well, but, I think, always weakens before he finishes. Villèle speaks like an *enragé*—like a man that would be at once an inquisitor and a bourreau if he could. Corbière is something in the same manner.

The virulence of the whole of this side of the House is

* Jacques Claude Comte Beugnot; born 1761; constantly employed during the Empire. At the Restoration he was appointed first to the Ministère de la Police, and afterwards to that of the Marine. He joined the King at Ghent, and filled a variety of offices during the reign of the Bourbons.

much more offensive, and gives a much more unpleasant idea of the disposition and intentions of its members than the remonstrances, invocations, and complaints of the *Côté Gauche*, who are also much more patient hearers of the tedious harangues on all sides.

Of the Ministers, Pasquier speaks well—like a gentleman—and is a quick and ready answerer. Siméon, the new Ministre de l'Intérieur,* is particularly respectable looking; spoke one day very well, and with much candour, on the law, so as to produce visibly considerable effect. But a second time, his discourse, without point or eloquence or argument, did the cause more harm than good. Roy,† the Ministre de Finance, spoke one of the days, on this law, a few words very well; invocating boldly the responsibility of the Ministers on all they had done, and on the manner in which they intended to apply the powers they were demanding. On subjects of finance he is very long and very tiresome, as perhaps all subjects of finance must be.

Monday, March 6th.—In the morning I went to the Palais Royal, to Madame de Montjoye's apartment; and from thence we went to see the rooms and the pictures of the Duc and Duchesse and Mdlle. d'Orléans. The pictures are almost all modern, some good and some middling, and in the modern French taste, which is quite different from the French taste of the last century. The grand

* Le Comte Joseph Jerome Siméon; born 1749; brought up to the study of law. He took no prominent part in government till after the Restoration. In 1815 he was made Conseiller d'État; in 1818 he refused the seals resigned by Pasquier, and which were then given to M. de Serre. In 1819 he was made Inspecteur Général des Ecoles de Droit. In 1820 Secretary of State de l'Intérieur, which office he held till 1821, when the Ministry was broken up, and he was called up to the Chamber of Peers.

† Antoine Roy; born 1765; began his profession, the law, 1785. He took no part in the revolutionary movement, or under the Empire. After the Restoration he became a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and steadily upheld the rights of the Charter. He took a most active part on questions of finance, and successfully combated the views of M. de Villèle. In 1822 he became a peer.

apartment of the Palais Royal is in the best possible taste, and magnificent, yet at the same time, apparently, a very comfortable house.

Friday, 10*th*.—At the Chamber all the morning. I wished to hear the end of this discussion of the law upon arrests by order of three Ministers.

Monday, 13*th*. — From two o'clock till nearly six o'clock I was at the Chamber. Same discussion upon personal liberty, more violent than ever. Whilst General Foy was speaking, a M. Corday, of the Centre Droit, got up and advanced from his seat, crying out to him, 'Vous êtes un insolent!'

Tuesday, 14*th*.—The Duc de Berri's funeral took place to-day at St. Denis; everybody was there, and the theatres closed in the evening. It was the first spring day. Car.* still so ill that I could not think of going to see a ceremony that otherwise would have been novel and not without interest to me.

Wednesday, 15*th*.—The last discussion of the law upon personal liberty, which passed by a majority of nineteen, without the *Côté Gauche* being able to carry a single amendment.

Wednesday, 29*th*.—At three o'clock I went with my sister to walk to the Champs Elysées. The weather was delicious, and there was a great crowd of carriages, horses, and people going to Longchamps, or looking on, which was better. None of the *beau monde* were walking, and very few, I think, in the carriages; but all the ladies with new bonnets of every shape and colour.

Sunday, *April* 2*nd*. — At church, where the sacrament was administered to a hundred persons. We were kept from eleven till three o'clock.

Friday, 7*th*.—At the usual soirée at B. Constant's, this night, Lady Char. Lindsay and myself saw, for the first time, the much-admired Madame Tallien, now

* Honourable Mrs. Scott.

turned into the Princesse de Chimay, by her marriage with Joseph de Caraman, and by progress of time turned into a large woman of five or six and forty, and with not much remains of very fine or regular features.

Friday, 14*th*.—At the Ambassador's at three o'clock, where there was a ball, or rather a meeting of children. The eldest, not more than twelve or thirteen years old, danced wonderfully well; the others jumped and ran about in the large ball-room and in the garden. At five o'clock they all dined, and were afterwards to see a magic lantern.

Wednesday, 19*th*.—We walked in the Cour du Palais, and went up into the large drawing-room, which leads to several of the courts now sitting. We met there M. Merilhon, en robe et bonnet carré. I told him our wish to see the inside of the Conciergerie if it were possible. He accompanied us to the door. At the foot of the large staircase of the Palace we entered, and remained between two gratings whilst M. Merilhon asked permission of the concierge to enter; but was told that, since Louvel is there, they let no one inside of the prison. The first grating was enough to give us a sad impression of the rest. I was not sorry to have seen and to find myself between the two doors through which the unfortunate Marie Antoinette passed when, after the King's death, she was transferred from the Temple, and through which she repassed to satisfy the fury of her persecutors upon the scaffold.

Tuesday, 25*th*.—In the morning I went to the Chamber; the Ministers' tribune being already so full, there was not room for a mouse. We waited in the corridors for more than half an hour, but afterwards found ourselves with four men standing before us, so as to render it impossible to see or hear anything for more than another half hour. After all, the debate did not recompense one for the trouble. The two sides were agreed to send M. Mandier's

petition to the President of the Council of Ministers. The only thing striking in the discussion was when they spoke distinctly of the secret influence of Monsieur, and denounced it as the cause of much evil; nor was it positively denied by the Ministers.

Thursday, May 4th.—Left Paris.

Sunday, 7th.—Arrived at Besançon. The public walk here of Chamars* is very fine. Avenues of large trees at the side of a river, crossed by a bridge into a wood, which occupies all the space between the town and the fortifications.

Monday, 8th.—At Pont Arlin I went to the office of the Custom-house, to show the order from the Directeur Général of the Customs at Paris, to receive two-thirds of the money that I had deposited at Calais for our carriage. The director received me very civilly, acknowledged the receipt of the order, which had been with him since the month of September, and gave me another order (written on that from the Director General) to receive the money at Jougné, where I was to sign the receipt, and where the carriage would really leave France. As soon as I arrived at Jougné, I sent for the director, who returned for answer that I must come to him. I went and found him with the inspector, sitting upon a bench at their door. They treated me with all 'the insolence of office,' left me standing before them, and would scarcely look at the letter I presented from the Director General to Sir C. Stuart, saying that the order had been given to reimburse me at the frontier. He said he could do nothing this evening, but to-morrow morning he would look into the business.

Tuesday, 9th.—The director sent me word before six

* The extensive promenade of Chamars, traversed by two branches of the River Doubs, is said to occupy the site, as well as retain in part the name, of the Roman Campus Martius. Besançon was the ancient Vesutio described by Cæsar.—*Murray's Handbook for France.*

o'clock in the morning that he was ready to receive me. Knowing he was obliged to pay me my money, he thought to pay me also in insolence; but I made no reply, signed a release, received 375 francs, and left the office.

Reached Lausanne. I had sent to announce our arrival to my old friend Miss Corgat.

Wednesday, 10*th*.—Our friend came to take us in her *char-à-banc* to the country-house of one of her brothers, on the shores of the lake. The garden is quite English; to my mind not so pretty as it would have been in terraces and groves of yoke elms, according to the old fashion. We walked upon Mount Benon, which, since our last visit in 1803, is much embellished. As these good people—I mean the Government of the Canton de Vaud—now administer their own affairs, they willingly spend money for the public good, and it is to be hoped they will soon think of repairing their towns and villages, which are mostly in such a state as to break the horses' legs and the carriage-wheels. The post is established now in the Pays de Vaud upon the three large roads.

It was during this short stay in Switzerland that the Miss Berrys went to see the Princess of Wales, then staying at Geneva; it was the last time they ever saw her.

Tuesday, 16*th*.—We crossed Mont Cenis, and arrived at Turin.

Letter from the Princess of Wales to Miss Berry.

Genève, ce 25 du mois de Mai 1820.

MA CHÈRE AMIE,—Je m'empresse de vous communiquer que j'ai eu des nouvelles très-satisfaisantes de Londres par M. Vassalle, qui est de retour comme hier au soir. Je pars ainsi aujourd'hui, et à Dijon Alderman Wood et Lady Anne Hamilton vont me rencontrer, et Monsieur Brougham se trouvera sur la route près de Calais. Je compte de m'établir à la campagne, et me flatte que la Maison d'Angerstein à Blackheath pourra me contenter pour le premier moment. Je suis en grande hâte; le moment que

je me trouve à Londres je vous donnerais de mes nouvelles. Ayez la charité de m'adresser vos lettres à Coutts sans enveloppe pour moi. Je ne saurai dire assez combien je serai charmée de vous retrouver en Italie, ce que j'espère beaucoup, au mois d'août. Ayez la bonté de vous souvenir quelquefois d'une sincère amie, qui ne fait que des vœux pour votre bonheur et parfait rétablissement de votre santé; c'est avec ces mêmes sentimens que je me glorifie d'être votre bien affectionnée amie,

C. R.

JOURNAL.

Tuesday, *June* 20*th*.—Left Turin.

Wednesday, 21*st*.—Reached Genoa. From the top of the Bochette, a fog coming on from the sea covered the plain; but we soon found ourselves on its shores, surrounded with all the beauty of its sides covered with villas, terraces, and vines. I can hardly express what I felt on finding myself once again in this pilgrimage of life upon these shores; it seemed as if I had never left them, and all the varied sensations that I had experienced here passed sadly through my mind.

Friday, 30*th*.—In the morning we went to the ramparts of Carignan, to visit the cemetery where our father sleeps. Though all the roses in the enclosure were over, and the grass wanted mowing, still I could not cease admiring this place as a cemetery, and to feel again the calm that it inspires. After having knelt some time side by side with my sister upon the marble which covers his mortal remains, our friend Andreas joined us there, and suggested our having the inscription put in bronze letters, the black being often effaced by the rain.

Thursday, *July* 6*th*.—Left Genoa.

Sunday, 9*th*.—Arrived at Lucca.

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry.

Baths of Lucca, August 1820.

. . . . . I have been reading after dinner, when it is too hot to write, 'Anastatius.' It is, as I had supposed, the

substance of the MS. travels in the East which he long ago gave me to read. But in this its new form so arranged! in such a pert style—such an evident copy of Lord Byron's prose, which hardly *his verses* can make one forgive. Such a tissue of ignoble crimes and villanies, described without any variety of motive, and commented on without any elevation of sentiment. Were it good as a story (in which it fails), I would not be the author of it for millions!—for altho' nobody in a fiction is answerable for the sentiments of their actors, there *are fictions* which certain minds never could *feign*.

Friday, September 1st.—At ten o'clock Agnes and I went *en portantine* to Gramola, a village upon the mountain. As the crow flies it would not take more than five minutes, but it took a good hour to reach it, mounting the steep path by which we had to ascend. It is a fair specimen of an Italian village, with very few beggars; the view is like a map of the country on which one sees all the paths and all the river-courses marked. We entered one of the best houses, belonging to an arquebusier by trade, as he told us, but who was working in metal—a sort of whitesmith. He would have been thought in any country a man of decided intelligence. My sister stayed to make a sketch from the terrace, while he took me into a small room, where there were about a hundred books, which he called for the most part *roba de prête*—that he had inherited from a priest-uncle. There was, however, a small edition of 'Goldoni,' and to my great surprise he put into my hands a volume of 'Faublas,' saying he did not know how he got it nor what it was, as he never read anything, but thought perhaps I could tell him. I took my leave much pleased with my new acquaintance, whose name was called Semione.

Miss Berry to the Countess of Hardwicke.

Baths of Lucca, Saturday, 2nd September 1820.

. . . . I have luckily secured for myself in time Galignani's paper, which comes to me directly from Paris to this

place. It contains the whole of the proceedings against the Queen in details. That of last night which I received at the same time with your letter, gives the whole account of the first day. I feel rather satisfied at its passing off as it did. But the longer it lasts, the more anxious one shall feel. . . . Of the Queen's letter there can be but *one* opinion among all that part of the population to whom (according to Dogberry's idea) it has *come by nature* to be able to read. Ministry could have wished nothing better from her had they themselves suggested such a measure. All these letters have been given at full length in Galignani's, therefore what appears in our English newspapers it is needless to send or repeat to us in letters. . . . The foreigners and Italians are all gone to fêtes, to be given at Lucca, on the marriage of the Prince with a daughter of the King of Sardinia, whenever the winds and the waves will allow her to arrive from Genoa to these shores; but if the Prince is no more in a hurry for her arrival than the winds and waves to let her come, I am sorry for her. It is above a week since the marriage and these fêtes were to have been over, and they are not yet begun. Our only concern in them (for we from the first sent our excuse) is that they may not occupy all the post horses of this *great* principality on the day and night when we mean *at last* to leave our retreat here. . . . After a few days' stay at Leghorn, we shall establish ourselves at Florence till towards the end of October, when, if Naples is *goable*, we shall remove ourselves there for the winter. I say *if*, because were we to listen to the thousand reports abroad, we should suppose the whole college of cardinals, radicals, and the people, all *carbonari* (the Italian for a Jacobin), and everything ready for a revolution. But I had a long letter from Mr. Crawford (old Fish's heir), who assures me everything is perfectly quiet there and likely so to remain. Old women have nothing to do with running into the mouth of a revolution; and however much it might entertain them, had better not be even present at one, however little dangerous; therefore I shall take special care not to budge from Florence till I am well assured all is *probably* safe, and *probably* is all one can say *anywhere* in the present state of things.

Miss Berry to Miss Joanna Baillie.

Baths of Lucca, 7th September 1820.

How often have I said to myself since at this place,—Why don't you write to Joanna? Why don't you thank her for a letter so long received? How can you allow her to suppose you indifferent to her? How can you do such injustice to your own sentiments, and deprive yourself of what always gives you so much pleasure as hearing from her?—All this you must put into my eager and angry tone, for be it known to you that I scold myself much more than ever I did anybody else—and, generally, with as little effect.

. . . . I have extremely enjoyed the perfect leisure, quiet, and tranquillity of this beautiful place, where we have spent nine weeks. Numbers of our countrypeople have been here; but as they happened to be none of them our intimate and particular acquaintance, my enjoyments have been perfectly independent of society, and I am, I believe, the only person who leaves this place perfectly satisfied with my stay here. Younger people came expecting gaiety and society, and have gone away quite discontented. This last week that we have spent quite alone has perhaps been one of the most agreeable, for the great heats being over we have been able to make morning excursions in the beautifully-wooded and peopled mountains which surround us; and these excursions being made in open chairs, carried by legs much stouter and surer-footed than one's own, are as little fatiguing to the body as they are agreeable to the mind. The peasantry of this country, their habitations, and their habits of life, the more one knows the more one likes them; they are the most industrious, hard labouring, and contented people in the world; and I am convinced that the dominions of the Duchess of Lucca will be the last place in which a revolution will take place. I wish all English people, who have a dreadful idea of the character of Italians (judging from postilions and innkeepers) would come here and study it amidst the Luccese and Tuscan peasantry. The nature of their labour, their modes of cultivation, the produce of their soil, and, above all, the nymph-like beauty of their young women, give them and their country much more an Arcadian air than anything one can conceive existing upon earth since the condemnation of man to live by

the sweat of his brow. . . . The extraordinary heat of this summer has confined us all to the house till sunset, and given me leisure to attempt making *comparative views*, altho' not of *this* country. . . . I have neither time, paper, nor opportunity to enter upon the inexhaustible subject of public affairs, either on the Continent or in our own country. I shall only say that you must not believe the hundredth part of what you read of disturbances here and there, and revolutions everywhere at hand; and that you must be convinced that we shall not be such fools as to run our noses into public confusion *anywhere*. We shall remain at Florence till the end of next month, when if everything continues quiet we shall remove to Rome. . . . It would be provoking to have come so far *again* without getting to Rome; but I will submit even to this rather than run my nose into confusion, where old women have nothing to do but to be kicked down and not picked up again. Your friend Mr. Denman is curiously engaged at present! The proceedings in England are really beyond imagination. I only pity those who are innocently engaged in being obliged to give evidence called for by the culprit herself. But I have so firm, steady, and perfect reliance on truth, that I still feel convinced all this will end as *it ought*, and without any popular commotion. . . .

Thursday, 7th.—A fine day, with light clouds. An eclipse of the sun between two and four o'clock; it was the greatest I have ever seen, and the effect upon these mountains was remarkable. The shadows were as dark as at seven o'clock—this I remarked in walking out the same evening—and the temperature became sensibly lowered at the time of the greatest obscuration, about three o'clock. I am not astonished that in the days of ignorance they regarded an eclipse with fear. The peasants were all watching it and talking of it, but did not appear to take it for more than it is.

I never thus take leave of scenes where I have passed some time, and which have become familiar to me, without extreme sadness; without a feeling of eternal separation, which throws me into the state of mind perhaps the

most natural to me, because it is a sadness which leads me to appreciate the value, rather than to disgust me with life.

Sunday, 10*th*.—Left Lucca for Leghorn.

Thursday, 14*th*.—Went to the English cemetery, a little way outside the town. It is surrounded by a large grille, and appropriately planted with cypress. The space is almost covered with marble, in every form that the good or the bad taste of relations or friends could devise, and the near neighbourhood of quarries could produce. The tomb of poor Horner in good taste, and the medallion much resembles him; the inscription good in Latin, but bad in the original English.

Sunday, 17*th*.—Arrived at Florence.

Saturday, 23*rd*.—In the morning I went with Mr. William Locke, *alle Belle Arti*, to see the exhibition of modern pictures. The portrait of Lord Burghersh's child, by Lawrence, into which he has thrust the mother's head, very like as a portrait—the effect is bad as a picture.

Monday, 25*th*.—Went out walking with Mr. Locke to Bartolini's studio, and I introduced them to each other. I spoke to him of the commissions with which the Duke of Devonshire had charged me.

Sunday, *October* 1*st*.—In the evening, Madame d'Appony, the Lockes, Prince Jablannowsky (formerly Ambassador at Naples), and some others, came to us. Madame d'Appony sang, and enchanted everyone.

Thursday, 12*th*.—In the evening the French Minister's fête for the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux. He had the Quays of the Arno illuminated on both sides, from the Pont de la Caraca to the Pont de Trinita, by posts supporting three lamps, all white, in the form of a lily; and upon the river four large boats, illuminated in the same manner, rowing about two bands of music. All this produced a charming effect; but the exterior of the fête was more brilliant than the interior. The company were chiefly English. Lord Burghersh had given a list

of 113 to be invited; but they did not make a brilliant ball. From the Court of Tuscany there were only the Grand Duke and the little Gobba; the others were ill; and the Florentine beauties would not leave their village attire and have new dresses at this season. The Florentine dancing gentlemen were not there either. Lady Burghersh and Madame de Boutourlin received the Court and ladies.

Saturday, 14*th*.—We went to the Gallery with Cicoquera, to see the cameos. We saw them all, in the most agreeable manner, in a small drawing-room belonging to the Comte Alessandre, the Director-General of the Gallery—a very gentlemanlike man, and very learned. The collection appeared to me finer in stones than in gems. Mr. P. Knight and the Duke of Devonshire have both some quite as good.

Monday, 16*th*.—In the morning we went to Bartolini's, to see the copy of the Venus for the Duke of Devonshire, and the Nymph of the Peri, of which I had seen the model there three years ago.

Friday, 20*th*.—In the morning to the Gallery, with Mr. Locke, Cicoquera, and Marie Bartolini, to see the drawings of the old masters up to Raffaelle, his included. It is not possible to pass three hours more delightfully than in seeing these remarkable drawings with two men so deeply read, and with such good taste in the fine arts.

Saturday, 21*st*.—Letters from England, bringing the news of the renewing of the Queen's trial; a letter from Lady Hardwicke, with the account of Lady Charlotte's [Lindsay] examination.

Tuesday, 24*th*.—In the evening to Madame de Boutourlin. We talked a great deal of their flight from Moscow, of the burning, the incessant rain, &c.

From Miss Berry to the Duke of Devonshire.

Florence, 22nd October 1820.

My dear Duke,—. . . . Your vase at Bartolini's is far advanced, and he swears will be ready for embarkation by the end of the year. I told him of your good intentions towards him as soon as you had received it, and he has already *in petto* the idea of a group which he destines for your order. I took Mr. Locke (who luckily happens to be here) with me when I went to Bartolini's studio to look at a copy of the Venus which he has now ready, and which is, on Mr. Locke's authority, so much better worth than mine. I venture to assure you that it is a good copy, and the marble in all the material parts spotless. He asked for it 80 louis, which we both thought by no means extravagant. In the same studio he was at work on the figure of a Nymph, with which I recollect being much pleased when he showed it to me three years ago in the model; it is not less beautiful in the marble, and we both thought it a very pleasing and original idea of simple nymph-like beauty, and regretted that it was not yours. As it is executing for my friend Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, I could not wish Bartolini to fail in his engagement with him, altho' he says he must throw himself on Mr. Morritt's generosity to add 50 louis to the original agreement for 150*l.* to pay him for the labour and expense it has cost.

From Rome, where we go the end of next week, I shall write to you again, when I have visited all the artists at work for you. But, pray, in the meantime give me a line from England, where your *public works* at present are much more wonderful than anything in Italy. One cannot call them works of the *fine* arts, for more *coarse* arts than are used by the two factions that seem at present to divide England, can hardly be imagined. Is it possible that by *such* the solid good sense of the English people can be led into serious mischief?—I cannot yet believe it. We have still hopes of Lord Guildford and Lady Char. Lindsay joining us at Rome, if your *lord*ships will contrive to put an end to this disgraceful trial, which you may well believe out of our own country is regarded in a manner not *flattering* either to *any* of the parties concerned or to the country. But on this subject I have neither time, paper, nor inclination to enter. You must have lately heard too much, and I seen too little, to talk of it.

I have heard of nothing from all the last emigrants from England but of your magnificences during last spring.

P.S.—I must not forget to tell you, as a lover and protector of the arts, that while the quality of the marble of Carrara is every day becoming worse, a mountain of the purest statuary marble has been discovered, or rather again sought out, in the Tuscan dominions, near Seraviste. A road from the mountain to this little port was begun by M. Angelo, and afterwards neglected; it is now going to be immediately completed and the quarries re-worked. I have sent over by Sir C. Gordon (Lord Aberdeen's brother) a specimen of this marble to Westmacott—a little bit, both worked and polished, which will show its extreme beauty; and Fabroni (the person sent to survey it) tells me, blocks may be had of any immensity without spot or vein. Farewell.

From Miss Berry to the Countess of Hardwicke.

Florence, Sunday, 22nd October 1820.

DEAREST FRIEND,—I cannot tell you how much I feel your kindness in sending us the earliest possible account of dear Charlotte's cruel *trial* being over. I never doubted her proving herself what she is—a very superior person, both in character and abilities. But the circumstances in which she was placed—the melancholy remembrances they must have excited—the fear of saying too much or too little—and, above all, the speaking impromptu to *Europe*, is something awful! Thank Heaven, it is over. Your letter, which arrived yesterday, brought us the first account of it; Galignani's paper gave me at the same time the first part of the evidence, and I am just now waiting in anxious expectation for a loan of the last English papers arrived here by yesterday's post to give me her cross-examination. It appears to me that the Crown lawyers have conducted their business and examinations as ill during the trial as the Ministers of the Crown did before, in allowing it ever to come to a trial—a trial which has done nothing but throw a mass of odious and disgusting details on the public, and, as far as I can guess at present, seems likely to prove nothing but how far a woman *can* go with impunity *by law*; while its effect in disgracing and lowering King, Queen, Lords, Commons, and nation, in the eyes of Europe, is more than you *can* imagine—while, as if to

provoke the opinions of Europe against us, every public opportunity is taken of expressing the most contemptuous opinions of the morals and manners of the lower order of people in other countries, who are (I say it with sorrow) infinitely more moral and regular than our own, great crimes infinitely less common, and a simplicity of habits and manners existing which have ceased entirely with us. How this horrible business will end, one's heart beats with impatience to know. Like you, I am willing to accept of degradation at a cheap rate. To die NOBLY in *this* case is impossible, and therefore it is much better not to die at all. If by throwing out the Bill and the Ministers together this violent excitation can be calmed, I shall think we get well out of one of the worst scrapes into which John Bull's *Bull-head* and gullibility was ever led. . . .

I beg you not to lend an ear to all the many and manifold lies told in all our papers, and many of the French, of the horrors and disturbances going on in this country, where all is still (north of Naples) perfectly quiet, and even there I feel convinced that nothing but the advance of the Austrian troops is at all likely to create any *present* mischief. In this advance I so little believe, from everything I can learn here, that we are going to set out for Rome on Saturday next; troops of English having preceded, and as many likely to follow us. I had hoped that these wars and rumours of wars would have prevented Rome from overflowing with English this winter, but I fear it will be rather in quality than quantity that we shall fail. However, we shall always have the houses of the Duchess of Devonshire, of Lady Westmoreland, and of Madame d'Appony, the Austrian Ambassador's wife, which will make us very independent of any other society. . . . I find I require less and less every day, although I own I still like it *good*; but I am sure I don't get more fastidious in it, as I feel I have every day less right to be so. We shall leave nobody here that we regret, except a certain excellent Madame de Boutourlin, of whom you have heard me speak, and whose numerous train and immovable husband prevents her spending the winter at Rome, as she and we had hoped. Some agreeable foreigners are following us—among others a Comte Cicoquera, who speaks much of Lord Hardwicke's politeness to him at the Duke of Gloucester's visit to Cambridge, and his regret that he

could not go to Wimpole. He is at the head of the academy at Venice, and is at once a man of the world, a man of letters, and a man of taste. His wife was a great beauty, and her dress unfortunately marks that her memory is quite fresh on a subject which may be forgotten by others. I think you must remember her at Lansdowne House one evening that we were there together. . . .

Monday, 23rd October.

I have at last succeeded in seeing the whole of Charlotte's examination. I think it does her infinite honour. The parts in which she was affected, no less than those in which she remained impassable, and answered with such admirable temper and presence of mind the cold, unfeeling questions of some of her peers, would have provoked any temper but hers.

Lady Charlotte Lindsay's own Journal, in letters addressed to Miss Berry, though begun previous to this date (October 23), and continued as late as the 10th of November, require to be read *en suite*, and seem best placed immediately after Miss Berry had heard of the conclusion of Lady Charlotte's examination.

LADY C. LINDSAY'S JOURNAL OF THE QUEEN'S TRIAL.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE OCCURRENCES IN ENGLAND FROM THE ARRIVAL OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN CAROLINE ON THE 5TH OF JUNE 1820.

Wroxton Abbey, June 9, 1820.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—The unexpected though long-threatened event of Queen Caroline's return to the British dominions has at length taken place. Her Majesty landed at Dover last Monday, June 5th, accompanied by her attendant, Lady Anne Hamilton, and escorted by her self-created adviser, Mr. Alderman Wood. She was received at Dover with every demonstration of loyalty and affection. The magnanimity of her conduct in rejecting the terms offered to her by Lord Hutchinson, and her undaunted courage in returning to England in defiance of a threatened prosecution, naturally impressed the minds of a

generous people with a conviction that such conduct could only proceed from conscious innocence, and a confiding reliance upon the justice that such innocence was secure of finding amongst them. But far different, alas! are the feelings of those who, from a more intimate knowledge of Her Majesty and of her present advisers, cannot but foresee the ruin and disgrace that she is bringing upon herself, and the probable confusion into which she is plunging this country. These apprehensions are only more strongly confirmed when we reflect upon the spite that urges her chief adversary to acts as unjust and unconstitutional as they are unwise; acts which, though disapproved of by his Ministers, they have not had sufficient firmness to resist. This injustice and weakness in the adverse party is giving her a boldness that can only be well-grounded when it rests upon the sure foundation of a clear conscience; and those who have seen and heard much of her conduct for some years past can hardly entertain a hope that she has this foundation to rest upon.

Striking the Queen's name out of the Liturgy before any process had taken place against her, was the silliest, the most unchristian, as well as the most unjust idea that ever entered into the mind of man; and this, besides giving great offence in England, was, I think, by its operation on foreign courts, the chief cause of her return, or rather, of her threatening to return; for I do not think that she *really* meant to proceed to England until after she had been joined by Alderman Wood. When Her Majesty went to Rome last winter, a few weeks after the death of the late King, she hired for her residence a palace belonging to Lucien Bonaparte, and was in treaty to take a villa in the neighbourhood of Rome for the summer months; but upon Cardinal Gonsalvi's refusing her the guard of honour that had been placed at her door when she was at Rome upon a former occasion as Princess of Wales, she expressed the greatest indignation, changed her plans, and set out upon her progress towards England, making a considerable stay at Bergami's Farm near Milan (the Villa Barona), and then afterwards at Geneva. Gonsalvi, who had been very civil to her upon all former occasions, is supposed to have been influenced in this instance by the Hanoverian Minister, Monsieur de Reden; and probably the Queen's name being struck out of the Liturgy would make her be considered at Rome, as well as in all other foreign

courts, as an excommunicated, disgraced person, and that it would be an offence to the British Government to receive her with the honours due to their Queen. Her Majesty's intention was, by advancing towards England, to alarm the English Government, and thereby to obtain instructions for her proper reception at foreign courts, and her settlement of 50,000*l.* per annum. Mr. Brougham had had several interviews with Lord Liverpool during the winter upon this subject, and Lord Liverpool had charged him with a message to the Queen, that he was to deliver *personally* to her upon the first opportunity; but this opportunity, through unforeseen and unlucky circumstances, never occurred till after Her Majesty's arrival at St. Omer's. It does not appear, however, that this message by any means contained a full acquiescence in her demands; for Mr. B—— stated that it did not very greatly differ from that sent through Lord Hutchinson. But if Mr. B—— had met her before she had been joined by Wood, and before she had received the message through Lord Hutchinson (though it might not greatly differ in substance from that sent through Mr. B——) yet the one being delivered by a friend of the King's, and the other by her own confidential adviser, might make all the difference of its being rejected with disdain, or of its forming the basis of a negotiation, that after many alterations and modifications might possibly have ended in an amicable adjustment of the points in dispute. Brougham always intended to have had this conference with the Queen. Before her arrival in England he wrote this to her himself, and charged me to write to the same effect, which I did; but the alderman was beforehand with him, and left England about the 20th of May, under the pretext of business at Paris. B——, being then aware that his real object was to join the Queen, and to urge her immediate return to England, wrote to me from Carlisle (where he was at that time engaged in an election cause), instructing me to write instantly to the Queen, as strongly as possible to warn her against giving herself up to Wood's advice. I most readily undertook to write this letter, being thoroughly convinced that Wood's object in bringing the Queen over was entirely to give himself a consequence with the *Radicals* which he could not otherwise have obtained. My letter, of course, remained unanswered, as the advice it contained was unheeded. The Queen came on

with Alderman Wood and Lady Anne Hamilton to St. Omer's, where she was met on the 3rd of June by Lord Hutchinson, and by Mr. Brougham, and James Brougham his brother.

It is to be regretted that Brougham crossed the sea in the same packet, and arrived with Lord H—— at St. Omer's. These circumstances were really accidental; the weather being extremely boisterous, no packet except the one hired by Mr. Brougham left Dover that day. He therefore could hardly avoid giving Lord Hutchinson a passage in it; but their arriving together gave an impression to the world, and probably to the Queen herself, that B—— approved of Lord H——'s message, which he most certainly did not. Indeed, no man of sense or honesty could advise his client, before any accusation was brought against her, to give up the title and privileges, &c. of Queen, and to accept of 50,000*l.* per annum. But the whole message was nonsense, for *Queen* she must be until she is divorced; nor would Parliament, I imagine, have consented to grant 50,000*l.* per annum to a person who would voluntarily have renounced the title and splendour of Queen, to sustain which, and for no other purpose, such a settlement should be granted. Honour and common sense equally forbade her accepting such an offer; but good faith should have prevented her from publishing a private message, and prudence, under all the circumstances of her case, should have induced her to remain at St. Omer's with Mr. Brougham after dismissing Lord H—— and Wood. The extreme absurdity of the terms offered made it the more probable that they could not be persisted in; and if they were, she might have come at last, attended by her attorney-general, who would have been a more creditable companion for her than the one she chose. Her Majesty, however, thought otherwise; and without apprising either B—— or Lord H——, while they were writing to each other, and disputing upon the proposal, she set off suddenly with Wood and Lady A. Hamilton, embarked instantly on board a packet at Calais, on the 4th, at night, and landed the next day at Dover. The Queen slept at Canterbury on the 5th, and arrived in London on the 6th of June, at seven o'clock in the evening, in an open landau, the alderman sitting by her side, Lady A. Hamilton backwards! She had certainly no palace to go to, but she might have gone to an hotel; instead of which, she took up her

residence at Alderman Wood's house in South Audley Street. Ever since her arrival, the house has been surrounded by immense crowds of people, huzzaing, and crying 'Long live Queen Caroline!' I have been told that they sometimes add, 'and her son, *King Austin*.'* All who go by are made to take off their hats and to join in the applause; and at night they parade the streets, breaking the windows of the houses that are not lighted up, but committing no further outrages.

When I heard that the Queen was actually landed at Dover, I yielded to the advice of my friends, and made my retreat into the country. The appearance of deserting an old friend † is so repugnant to my nature, that I confess it was not without some difficulty that I resolved upon this measure; but I am perfectly satisfied, upon reflection, that it is not only the safest, but the most honourable conduct that I could pursue under the present circumstances. After having been so many years in her family, during which time I had always been distinguished by her partiality, and supposed (though without foundation) to have been much in her confidence; having also, since my resignation, been constantly in correspondence with her, I could not, though now out of her service, have refused going to her, and, if she required it, remaining with her as much as she chose, or might think necessary for outward appearances. This, as her conduct for some time past has been notoriously disgraceful in the eyes of all Europe, would have been discreditable to my character; but even this sacrifice I would have made had I believed in the sincerity of her friendship, or in the possibility of my being of any essential use to her. I am too well aware that hers is not a character capable of real friendship. Of this I have had various proofs in her conduct to me, on occasions when both my comfort and my reputation might have been materially injured by her caprice; and by experience I know that, while appearing to consult and trust me, she would in fact be guided by the counsels of mischievous and foolish persons, as long as their counsels agreed with her own inclinations. And my remaining in London without going to her would be giving a public testimony of my

* William Austin, mentioned before, the child adopted by the Princess of Wales.

† Lady Charlotte Lindsay had retired from the Queen's service some time before.

opinion that would be repugnant to my feelings of gratitude, I cannot say for the *friendship* she has shown me, but for the pleasure that she has always appeared to take in my society, and for the many pleasant days that I have enjoyed in hers.

I trust that my correspondents and the public papers will keep me *au courant* of all that is going on in London, which I will faithfully and regularly transmit to you. My dearest friend, Farewell.—Believe me, C. LINDSAY.

Wroxton Abbey, June 18, 1820.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—The day after the Queen's arrival, Wednesday, June the 7th, a message was sent from the King to both Houses of Parliament, stating that the step that Her Majesty had taken in returning to England made it necessary that papers containing an account of Her Majesty's conduct during her residence abroad should be laid before them, and that a secret committee in each House should be appointed to examine into and to report upon their contents. A debate took place in the House of Commons, but they did not come to any decision upon the Message. The Ministers were very powerfully attacked by Tierney, Creevy, Bennet, and others of the opposition, upon the message sent to the Queen through Lord Hutchipson, and they made a very awkward defence. Canning spoke handsomely of the Queen, and declared his intention of taking no part in the proceedings against her; Brougham made a very able speech, setting forth in the strongest manner the evils that might be expected from pursuing these measures against the Queen; Wilberforce made a speech to the same purpose; and these speeches produced a great effect. The sense of the House appeared evidently to be against proceeding in any such enquiry. The House of Lords agreed to the appointment of a secret committee, but the next day (Thursday, the 8th of June), Lord Kenyon moved that the committee should not meet till the following Tuesday, in order to give time for some amicable arrangement to take place. Lord Liverpool said that he was not warranted in saying that any such arrangement was likely to take place, but he had no objection to this adjournment of the committee, which was carried. Lord Lauderdale and Lord Donoughmore opposed the delay. The committee that is named, consists entirely of ministerial men, except Lord Lans-

downe. On Friday, the 9th, Lord Castlereagh proposed in the Commons an adjournment upon the consideration of the King's message, on account of a message received by Lord Liverpool from the Queen, stating that Her Majesty was willing to listen to any propositions that did not compromise her honour. Mr. Brougham said that Her Majesty had been induced to write this, in consequence of the great desire expressed by the members of both Houses of Parliament to give every possible facility to an arrangement. On Monday, the 12th, Lord Liverpool moved for a further adjournment of the committee to Saturday, as negotiations were actually carrying on with a view to render the investigation unnecessary. He complained of a garbled letter that had appeared in the newspapers, purporting to be a letter from him to the Queen; but he added that he entirely acquitted Her Majesty's legal advisers of any suspicion of having had any hand in this fabrication. Lord Castlereagh, on the same day, spoke to the same effect in the Commons. Mr. Brougham disclaimed for himself, his colleague Mr. Denman, and for the Queen, any part in the fabrication of this letter. The adjournment was agreed to.

All parties seem so thoroughly aware of the incalculable mischief that may arise from pursuing this enquiry, that I have great hopes this matter may stop here, though both parties have gone too far to retract with honour. The King's party will always say that they had proof against the Queen, but were induced, for the repose of the country, to let it drop; and the Queen's will say that, notwithstanding all the spite and rancour evinced against her, they have never been able to bring forward any proof of criminality. They had better not have gone so far; but as I fear that the further they go, the deeper they will sink into the mire, they had better escape with their *dirty shoes* while they can. B. has written to me, and tells me that *even I* can have no idea of all the tricks and rogueries he has had to encounter; but he says that he got the sense of the House so completely with him in the first debate, and having kept it ever since, he thinks that he shall steer her safe. He also says that he hopes she has discarded Wood from her counsels. I wish this may be true, but I doubt it. Her Majesty has, however, removed from his house, and is gone to one belonging to Lady Anne Hamilton, in Portland

Street. The concourse of people that assemble round her house, and that follow her carriage when she goes out, continues to be as great as ever; but the visitors within doors are by no means so numerous. Some of her male friends—Sir H. Englefield, P. Knight, Mr. St. Leger, and Dr. Holland—have called, and some few of the opposition—Sir R. Wilson, Sir F. Burdett, Mr. Bennet, &c.; but none of the *great guns*—no Lords Grey, Lansdowne, nor Holland, which I rather wonder at. Lord and Lady Tavistock have left their names; the Queen having always been particularly kind to Lady Tavistock from the time she was a child, made her probably feel this attention indispensable; but I have not heard of any other woman of fashion who has called except Mrs. Damer, who I imagine thought this visit a respect due to the station of a Queen against whom nothing has as yet been proved. The only inconvenience that may result to her is, that no other woman of character (except Lady T.) having made this visit, it acquires greater consequence than should naturally belong to so simple an action, and she will be reckoned a decided partizan of the Queen's, when she probably only disapproves of the proceedings against her. On the 16th, Lord Liverpool moved in the Lords for a further adjournment of the meeting of the secret committee, and Lord Holland moved for a repeal of the Marriage Act, stating that as the King's marriage was concluded under the influence of this Act, it might be considered as compulsory, and be dissolved without disgrace to either of the parties. Lord Liverpool said that he should oppose the repeal through every step of the business. Lord Castlereagh, in the Commons, proposed further adjournment of the consideration of the King's message to the following Monday, but stated that no further adjournment should be proposed after this. Brougham agreed as to the propriety of not adjourning beyond Monday, unless some unforeseen accident should occur to make a further delay necessary. The Government were much alarmed last Thursday (the 15th), by an appearance of mutiny in the 1st battalion of the 3rd Regiment of Guards; it is quelled, and the mutineers are marched off to Portsmouth. The reasons given for this mutiny are the hard duty they have had during the riots last week, and their dislike of their new barracks at the King's Mews. Wednesday, the 14th, Mr. Farrell, in the Common Court, moved that an address should be presented to Her Majesty of con-

gratulation upon her return to England. This address was carried by 108 against 26. The Lord Mayor voted in the minority.

Wroxton Abbey, June 26, 1820.

Last Monday (19th of June) the Ministers in both Houses of Parliament announced that the negotiation between the Queen and the Government was at a stand, and they laid the documents of the proceedings before the two Houses. It appears by these documents, that after some preliminary correspondence between Her Majesty and Lord Liverpool, it had been agreed upon by both parties that the Queen's legal advisers, Messrs. Brougham and Denman, should confer with the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh for the purpose of settling the terms of the desired arrangement. It seems that they have had five meetings upon this business, but have hitherto failed in coming to any agreement. The Queen's advisers offer to give up the point of her residence in England, but insist upon the restoration of her name to the Liturgy, or to her having some equivalent for it, such as instructions to our ministers at foreign courts to receive her publicly as Queen of England, and to present her as such at the courts where they reside, if she should require to be so presented. I don't think in the present stage of the business that she can ask less. One can easily conceive that the foolish step of the Liturgy cannot now, without awkwardness, be retracted; but I should have thought the equivalent might have been adopted to settle this matter. Mr. Brougham declared that no blame was imputable to the Queen with respect to the failure of this negotiation, nor did he impute any blame to the other party. Lord Castlereagh moved that this subject should be debated upon on Wednesday, the 21st of June; but Mr. Wilberforce giving notice of a motion for the arrangement of the unhappy differences in the Royal Family, Lord Castlereagh consented to postpone his proposed motion. Mr. Wilberforce requested leave to defer his motion to Thursday, the 22nd, something, he said, having occurred that made an alteration necessary. On Thursday, the 22nd of June, Mr. Wilberforce brought forward his motion, which was an address to the Queen, praying Her Majesty to accede to the wishes of Parliament, and to relinquish the point of having her name restored to the

Liturgy; that the arrangement might not be impeded in order to avert a measure which, whatever might be its results, must prove '*derogatory from the dignity of the Crown, and injurious to the best interests of the country*;' that by such condescension she should in nowise be deemed to compromise her honour, but to yield in compliance to the wishes of Parliament; and this address was seconded by Mr. Wortley, and carried by 394 against 124, the Ministers voting for it, and thereby confessing that they had brought forward a measure that, *whatever may be its result, must prove derogatory from the dignity* of the Crown, and injurious to the best interests of the country. Lord A. Hamilton moved an amendment, 'That it is the opinion of Parliament that Her Majesty's name should be restored to the Liturgy.' This was seconded by Sir F. Burdett, but was negatived without a division. On Friday, the 23rd of June, Lord Grey gave notice of a motion he intended to bring forward on Monday, the 26th, in case the Ministers persisted in bringing on an investigation that they had themselves declared to be 'derogatory from the dignity of the Crown,' &c. The address was presented to the Queen on Saturday, the 24th, to which she returned an answer, very well expressed in words, but in substance I think most injudicious—for she declined complying with their request. The gentlemen that went up with the address were hissed and hooted by the populace. Wilberforce was called Dr. Cantwell, and they would possibly have more seriously insulted him if Mr. Brougham had not accompanied him back to his carriage. It is hardly possible to conceive anything more weak and inconsistent than the conduct of Ministers in voting for an address that cast such reflections upon their own measure; nor can one imagine anything more rash and unaccountable than the Queen refusing to avail herself of this loophole that would have let her out of the scrape, given her 50,000*l.* per annum, a frigate to take her where she wishes to go, and an acknowledgment from the Government here that she should be treated with the honours due to the Queen of England in foreign courts, which must have been granted had she acceded to the address. But this is what I feared. The weakness of her adversaries makes her rash; she thinks that everything that embarrasses them must be for her advantage, not recollecting that they may all fall to the ground together.

Wood (who still maintains his influence over her) is supposed to have persuaded her to reject the advice of the address, either from a conviction that her innocence will be fully established by an investigation, or from a hope that by throwing the country into confusion he may defer his own ruin. Farewell.

London, July 11, 1820.

On Monday, June the 26th, a petition was presented in the House of Lords by Lord Dacre, from the Queen, praying that she might be heard by her counsel, which was agreed to. Messrs. Brougham and Denman, her attorney and solicitor-general, addressed the Lords, urging the necessity of a delay of two months to enable Her Majesty to bring her witnesses from Italy, and protesting against the proceeding by secret committee. The meeting of the committee was further postponed to Wednesday, the 28th, and Lord Grey postponed his motion to the 27th. In the Commons, Lord Castlereagh moved an adjournment of the debate upon the King's message to the 7th of July, and gave notice of a motion upon the Queen's communication. Mr. Western proposed an amendment to adjourn the debate upon the King's message to that day *six months*. Lord Castlereagh's motion was carried. Lord Grey's motion in the Lords on Tuesday, the 27th, against the proceeding by secret committee was negatived by 102 against 47; and the secret committee began its sittings, on Wednesday, the 28th of June. Lord Lansdowne having declined sitting upon it, Lord Hardwicke was named in his place. Lord Hardwicke said that, although he disapproved of the principle, of a secret committee, and had voted against it with Lord Grey, yet as the House had decided in its favour, he thought that he ought not to refuse sitting upon it.

On Tuesday, the 4th of July, the committee made report that 'there is cause to proceed to the examination of the accusations against the Queen.' . . .

On the following day (Wednesday, the 5th of July), the Ministers brought forward a Bill of Pains and Penalties into the House of Lords, entitled 'An Act to deprive Her Majesty Queen Caroline of the Title, Prerogatives, Privileges, and Exemptions of Queen Consort of this realm, and to Dissolve the Marriage between His Majesty and the said Queen Caroline.'

So now the die is cast, and this measure is adopted, though approved of by no one!—disgraceful it must prove to both parties, whatever may be its result. I only hope it may not prove very seriously dangerous to the country. The preamble to this Bill will, I think, strike you as being singularly worded, *divorce* being made the *consequence* of *degradation*, instead of *degradation* being the *consequence* of *divorce*. This I am told is done because *divorce* might stagger the consciences of *some* of the bishops, and of *all* the saints, as a *divorce* in Doctors' Commons can only be obtained where the party suing for it can prove their own conduct to have been irreproachable, and in this case an abandonment of twenty-four years; and, taking no notice of the Queen's conduct in the appointment of Bergami, now brought forward for the first time, would make divorce a strong measure,—yet, in my opinion, it would not be comparable in absurdity to degradation without it: for, with all due respect for the power of Parliament, I cannot understand how it can deprive a Queen Consort, who derives her rank only from being married to the King, of that rank while she remains his wife; and it is certainly not very respectful to our Sovereign to vote that a person unworthy of the title of Queen is yet worthy enough to be his wife. But if, by dividing the two clauses, they think they can carry that of *degradation* where *divorce* would not go down, they may be right to attempt it—and, consequently, the Queen's friends should stand upon their going together. In one shape or other I have little doubt of this Bill passing in the House of Lords; but I think it by no means likely to pass in the Commons—and, if so, the sentiment in the country against the decision of the Peers will be violent indeed. Not only the common people, but the middle ranks, and also many of the upper class, who live retired in the country, are all warmly interested for the Queen; and the more harm the Italian witnesses depose against her—and it is likely that all the witnesses that can be brought against her will be persons of bad character and low stations, discarded servants, &c., who will probably prevaricate in their evidence; while she will bring respectable witnesses who know nothing against her, as respectable people are those before whom improprieties are not usually committed, and who don't seek to know more than comes unavoidably before their own eyes.

Whichever way it may terminate, the Queen will not be so well off as she would have been had she acceded to the address of the Commons. If the Bill passes, she loses title, income, prerogatives; and I am by no means sure that she would not be still more unhappy should she triumph and be obliged to remain in England, leading the same sort of life as her predecessor, Queen Charlotte, and surrounded by the same sort of Court. On the day that the Bill was brought in, the Queen's counsel desired to be heard in the House of Lords; they urged that as the proceedings had gone so far, and the Bill having been read the first time, that the second reading might follow as soon as possible.

. . . .

Friday, the 6th of July, Lord Castlereagh announced in the House of Commons that the coronation is put off. . . . . The Queen may at least have the satisfaction of having discomposed his Majesty's favourite pastime. The 17th of August is fixed by the Lords for the second reading of the Bill. Farewell.

Sheffield Place, August 13, 1820.

On Friday, the 14th of July, Lord Erskine moved, in the House of Lords, that the Queen should have a list given her of the names of the witnesses against her. The Lord Chancellor objected, giving as a reason that there is no precedent for the list of witnesses being given in cases of pains and penalties. The motion was lost, the majority against it being 78 to 28. On the 17th of July, Dr. Lushington (the Queen's civilian) moved, in the House of Commons, that Her Majesty should have her plate restored to her, complaining that it had been refused upon her applying for it at the Lord Chamberlain's office. Lord Castlereagh in answer, stated that this plate belonged to the Crown, and was only appropriated to the Queen's use during her residence at Kensington Palace. Dr. Lushington withdrew his motion. A motion of Mr. Favell's, in the Common Council, was carried, for petitioning both Houses of Parliament to stop the proceedings against the Queen. This petition was presented by Lord Erskine, in the House of Lords, on the 19th of July, and was, upon a motion of Lord Lauderdale's, rejected without a division. . . .

I received last Tuesday, the 1st of August, a letter from Mr. Vizard, the Queen's solicitor, informing me that I shall be

called upon to give evidence in favour of Her Majesty, in the House of Lords, as soon as her defence comes on, and requesting to see me upon this business. In answer, I appointed him to come to me here (Sheffield Place). He came, and took my deposition in writing. I represented to him that my evidence could be of little consequence, as I had been so short a time with the Queen upon the Continent, and had quitted her so long ago. He replied that they must call me, if it were only to show that I knew nothing against her. To this I had nothing to say, and therefore I must submit to this most disagreeable exhibition, which may have the disagreeable effect of delaying my journey to Italy. Thank Heaven! I do not from my own personal knowledge know anything that can criminate the Queen; and I conceive that her accusers have no right to draw from me opinions formed chiefly from what I may have heard from others. . . . My brother and Lord Glenbervie are also subpœnaed. The Queen has received and still continues to receive very numerous addresses; many of them have been presented by members of Parliament. Some of her answers at first were well written, but lately they have given strong indications of the absence of her legal advisers, who are gone into the country for the recruiting of their health—Mr. Brougham being very ill, and Denman with the jaundice. The answers now, 'a variety of wretchedness,' are, I suppose, intended to please all palates; there are seditious for the Radicals, pathetic for the sentimental, and canting for the Methodists—the productions probably of Alderman Wood, Lady P ——, and Lady A. H——. Doctor Parr has been living much with the Queen lately, and is supposed to have influenced her counsels; but these answers are, I think, too foolish to have been his composition. A letter has just appeared in the newspapers, addressed to the King, from the Queen; part of it is well written. It is very inflammatory and libellous against both Houses of Parliament—consequently, very injudicious in this stage of the business. The author is not known; some say it is Cobbett's, but I do not think that it is quite in his style; others give it to a Mr. Fellows, a Unitarian preacher. . . . Her Majesty has lately taken Brandenburgh House for her villa, and Lady Francis's house, until the Government find her some other, which I suppose they will speedily do, as Lady Francis's house is next door to Lord

Castlereagh's. A party of Italian witnesses that arrived in England some weeks since, were so ill-used by the populace at Dover that the Government had been obliged to send them to Holland, to be kept there in safety until they are wanted to give their evidence. It is disgraceful to the country that witnesses on either side should meet with such treatment, and it has produced great inconvenience; for in order to protect these witnesses, when they return here for the trial, from the resentment of the people, they are to be kept all together in a Government house in Cotton Garden, close to the House of Lords. So those who shall have been examined, and those who are about to be examined, will have every opportunity of conversing together; and it is scarcely possible that they will not talk upon the subject that must be uppermost in their thoughts. Farewell.

St. James's Place, August 29, 1820.

The proceedings against the Queen in the House of Lords commenced on the 17th of August; but I shall say nothing about them in this letter, because I mean to give you an uninterrupted *précis* of them when the counsel for the Bill shall have closed their case. I shall now only relate my own adventures, as far as they have any reference to Her Majesty.

I came to my brother's, in St. James's Place, on the 20th of this month. I am not obliged to be in London during this stage of the business, as my turn does not come till the defence; but the matter is too interesting for me not to wish to be upon the spot, and, besides my anxiety about public affairs, I felt much impatience to see our friends Gell and Craven, who arrived in England a few days ago. They are looking well, and in good spirits, but poor Gell is quite crippled by the gout. His coming from Italy at this time, and for this occasion, is as great a sacrifice to gratitude as ever man made. His crippled state would have given him a valid excuse for not coming, as he is, in fact, entirely unable to perform the functions of Chamberlain; and his interest, in a worldly point of view, may in all probability suffer from this step—for his warmth of heart, together with his imprudence, will, I doubt not, get him into scrapes before the end of this business, and passing the winter in a cold climate, or taking a long winter journey back to Italy, will be complete discomfort to him. But having continued to receive

his appointments of 200*l.* per annum since his resignation, in 1815, he thinks himself bound to do all in his power to show his gratitude to his former mistress. Craven accompanying Gell is entirely an act of friendship to him, and to serve him as a second pair of legs, for he is not under the same tie of gratitude to the Queen. I did not wish that my being in town should be generally known, and especially not to Her Majesty, for the reasons stated in a former letter; but Gell was charged by her with a message inviting me to dine at Brandenburgh House on the following Sunday, August the 27th. . . . I felt a considerable degree of doubt whether Her Majesty *really* wished to see me, or whether she invited me out of complaisance to Gell . . . and having been told that the Queen had sent a message by Dr. Lushington to Lady Elizabeth Forbes* (whose situation was exactly similar to my own), saying, that as she was subpœnaed as a witness for her, she thought it most prudent for them not to meet until after her evidence had been given, . . . I wrote very respectfully, submitting to Her Majesty whether it might not be more proper for me to defer paying my duty until after I had given my evidence. In answer to this I got a note, not from the Queen herself, but one from Dr. Lushington to her, stating that, in answer to Her Majesty's question, he gave it as his opinion that the rank and high character of Lady C. Lindsay would prevent any prejudice attaching to her evidence, from whatever intercourse Her Majesty might choose to have with her. I had now nothing for it but to comply as civilly as possible. The next day (Monday, the 28th) I was appointed to go to St. James's Square to meet the Queen on her return from the House of Lords. The square was, as usual, crowded with people, so completely that you might have walked upon their heads, and this crowd was by no means composed of the lowest rabble, but of very creditable decent-looking people; they cheered me loudly as I went into the house, which made my proud spirit feel rather indignant. Upon entering the room, I found the Queen at dinner, with Lady Anne Hamilton, Lieutenant Hownham, and Alderman Wood. She received me with the most cold civility and affected stateliness. I knelt down to kiss her hand, which she did not prevent by saluting me, as in etiquette she ought to have done to an earl's daughter;

* Daughter of the Earl of Granard.

but this was perhaps unintentional; as I had no recollection of this etiquette, she might also have forgotten it, but she might have remembered (what at this moment was strong in my mind) our former intimacy! I must confess my weakness; the recollection of past times, with a sort of undefinable sentiment that had made me both dread and wish to see her, deprived me of my presence of mind for a few moments, and nearly overcame me! Her entire composure soon restored mine, and her overstrained dignity rather disposed me to laugh. After she had presented Lieutenant Hownham to me, she said, 'I need not introduce Alderman Wood, as he is an old *friend* of yours.' During the dinner the conversation was carried on with great formality and respect on my side, and with constrained civility on hers. She told me of her meeting with you at Geneva, and of the bad account you had given her of my health. This meal was enlivened only by a little sort of *sotto voce* flirtation between the Alderman and Lady Anne upon speculations in a lead mine. We were, however, soon relieved from this uneasy state of society by the arrival of an address from the Ward of Cripplegate Without. It was brought up by at least 200 persons. We retired into a back-room to take coffee while they were arranging themselves in the great front drawing-room, which could scarcely hold them. The Alderman came to inform us when they were ready. He held a paper (the answer to the address) in his hand. The Queen asked whether this answer was a long one. He replied that it was not very short. 'Then you please read it yourself,' said she; from which I conjecture that Her Majesty seldom sees her answers till they appear in the newspapers. I was called into the room to stand by the Queen while they read the address to her, which the orator informed us was from the '*Ousoldurs* and *Hinabitants* of Cripplegate Without.' It was long, and so was the Alderman's answer, which he did not read the better for having written it. This was one in the seditious line, assuring the *Cripplegatians* that the King, Lords, and Commons have little to do with the Constitution of Great Britain!

After this Her Majesty ordered her carriage to take her back to Brandenburgh House, and I went home with my mind much relieved upon the whole by having made this visit, as I think that I shall not be required to make another; and the manner

in which I was received has entirely quieted the little qualms of tenderness and gratitude with which I was now and then troubled; still, if my visit can produce any favourable effect for her in the world, I am glad she has had it. Some of my friends blame me for going at all, but I don't feel dissatisfied with myself, and I hope you will not be dissatisfied with me. Farewell, &c.

My brother thinks that I have been quite right in going to the Queen. He attends the House of Lords every day to have his name called over, but never stays to hear the evidence, not thinking it right to do so, being himself a witness—so he will of course not vote. This, they say, is an unnecessary scruple, for as a peer he is exempted from this rule; but he is glad to get rid of the attendance and to avoid his vote.

Counsel for the Bill.	*Counsel against the Bill.*
The King's Attorney-general, Gifford;	The Queen's Attorney-general, Brougham;
The King's Solicitor-general, Copley;	The Queen's Solicitor-general, Denman;
Dr. Adams,	Dr. Lushington,
Mr. Park,	Mr. Williams,
Sir Christopher Robinson.	Mr. Tindal,
	Mr. Wilde.

The House of Lords met on Thursday, the 17th of August, 1820.

After calling over the names, the Duke of Leinster moved that the order of the day for proceeding against the Queen by a Bill of Pains and Penalties be rescinded. The House divided: for the motion, 41; against it, 260. Lord Grey said that a Bill of Pains and Penalties could only be expedient where the law could not reach the offence alleged to be committed any other way. He moved that the opinion of the judges should be taken as to whether the offence of which Her Majesty is accused be high treason. The judges were consulted, and pronounced it *not* to be high treason. The Queen's Attorney-general, Mr. Brougham, then made a most eloquent and powerful speech against the principle of the Bill. The Queen herself was in the House of Lords, attended by her lady of the bedchamber, Lady Anne Hamilton, and Keppel Craven, who officiated as chamberlain in the place of Gell. She was much cheered and applauded

by the populace as she went down and returned from the House, but there was no riot.

Friday, August 18th.—The King's Attorney and Solicitor-generals, Gifford and Copley, and the Queen's Attorney and Solicitor-generals, Brougham and Denman, spoke in the House of Lords for and against the principle of the Bill. Brougham stated, and proved by various precedents, that any person may be subjected to impeachment for acts that are not offences by law, as well as for those that are offences by law. Lord Grey said that the arguments of Her Majesty's counsel had produced so strong an impression on his mind that he wished for time to give them due consideration before he could agree to the necessity of proceeding by this Bill.

Saturday, August 19th.—Lord Grey moved that they should proceed by impeachment. The House divided: 179 against the motion, and 64 for it. Had the motion for impeachment been carried, I think the Queen would have been quite saved harmless. A majority of the peers would, I believe, vote for her degradation, provided the evidence against her would give any colour to their doing so, and many probably would vote for divorce; but I imagine few would be found to vote for *beheading* her, which must naturally be the consequence of impeachment, in case she is pronounced guilty. Lord King and Lord Calthorpe both moved against proceeding by a Bill of Pains and Penalties, but lost their motions. The Attorney-general then opened his charge. He made various mistakes in dates and little particulars respecting Her Majesty's attendants, but he brought forward some very strong circumstances.

Monday, 21st.—The Attorney-general concluded his charge this day; and Theodore Majoochi, formerly a servant of the Queen's, and I believe a cousin of Bergami's, was brought forward as a witness. Upon his entrance, the Queen fixed her eyes upon him, started up, clenched her fists, and screamed out—'What! Teodore!' and then rushed out of the House, to the astonishment of all present and of her own attendants, who followed after as fast as they could, keeping *their* madness in the background. I cannot make out the meaning of this exhibition, for it must have been done to produce stage effect, as she knew before she went down to the House of Lords that Theodore Majoochi was to be examined as a witness against her; but,

whatever was the intention, the effect was not favourable, as it gave the impression of her being much alarmed at his evidence, and I fear that on the wrong side of fifty a woman does not create much interest by being in a passion.

Tuesday, 22*nd*.—Majoochi was examined and cross-examined again to-day; people see and hear according to their politics and their wishes. The Government people declare that he was perfectly consistent in his evidence, but Gell and Craven assure me that he was evidently perjured. I think that he did not *choose* to remember me, for as I was the only lady who accompanied the Queen in her carriage from Naples to Civita Vecchia, it was extraordinary that he should forget my being there. He certainly made a greater impression upon me, for I was so much struck by his bad countenance that when talking about him with Craven and Gell, we used always to call him the *traitor*.

The House of Commons met last Monday.

Castlereagh proposed an adjournment for a month, which was agreed to.

Wednesday, 23*rd*.—Majoochi's cross-examination was finished. His answers became more and more evasive, till at last he said nothing but '*non mi ricordo*' about matters that he must necessarily have recollected. He is evidently a prejudiced if not a perjured witness.

The examination and cross-examination for the prosecution continued for many days. On the 4th of September is the following entry in this Journal:—

JOURNAL.

The Marylebone address, accompanied by Lord W. Fitzgerald, Sir G. Noel, and Mr. Whitbread, with fifteen carriages, went to Brandenburgh House to-day, and proposed at their meeting to raise a subscription of a shilling a piece to keep the Queen in England, in the event of the passing of the Bill.

On the 7th of September the Solicitor-general summed up the evidence for the Crown. Lord Lonsdale then asked whether Lord Liverpool had come to any determination about separating the two clauses of the Bill—degradation and divorce. . . . Lord Liverpool replied that he thought no such ques-

tion should be brought forward till after the defence; that he had disclaimed the idea that the object of this Bill was the personal relief of the illustrious individual; that its sole object was public justice. Lord Grey said that this Bill must be considered not only as a Bill of Pains and Penalties, but also of divorce; that if Her Majesty were to be degraded, she should also be divorced, not on account of the personal relief to the King, but because a Bill degrading a Queen who was to remain the wife of the King, would be in fact a Bill of Pains and Penalties against His Majesty. . . . Upon the whole, it appears to me that the evidence would be scanty for *divorce*, setting aside the power of recrimination. Degradation by a Bill of Pains and Penalties is an anomaly of which I cannot pretend to judge; but after the terms that were offered to the Queen, through Lord Hutchinson, this *degradation* must be inflicted upon her, not on account of her conduct upon the Continent, but because she returns to England and asks to be prayed for.

During the recess I shall go down to Sheffield Place, and not return to London until the defence, in an early part of which I suppose I shall be called upon to play my part.

On Tuesday, October 3rd, Mr. Brougham opened his case in the House of Lords by a very clever speech. His defence turned upon proving a conspiracy, and his comments upon the witnesses were in an admirable strain of irony. He did not make any attempt at recrimination, but said that he reserved the right of so doing at any future period, in case he should be pushed to that painful necessity.

Wednesday, 4th.—This day was filled up by Mr. Brougham's peroration—a most strikingly beautiful piece of eloquence, that produced much effect; and then by the beginning of Mr. Williams's speech, which was reckoned a very able one, though, of course, it appeared cold after the impassioned eloquence of Brougham. Mr. Williams has distinguished himself particularly in the cross-examination of witnesses. . . .

Thursday, 5th.—. . . . My brother was called, and it was supposed that he knew more than he would like to tell.

He was much badgered and tormented; but they did not get anything that made against the Queen from him. Then Lord Glenbervie followed, and his examination was favourable, as far as it went, to Her Majesty. Then I was called, Mr. Brougham having previously sent me a dose of lavender drops, and having desired the Court to permit me to sit down. I was first examined by Dr. Lushington, who, being one of the Queen's counsel, of course gave me no difficulty; and this examination gave me time to get accustomed to my situation, and to hearing the sound of my own voice. . . . The Solicitor-general Copley cross-questioned me, and in as harsh a manner as if he had been endeavouring to bring out the confession of a murderer at the Old Bailey. I was getting through it, however, better than I had expected, when four o'clock struck, which was the signal for an adjournment. I had to go home again, with the prospect of a further cross-examination the next morning.

Friday, 6th.—The business of this day began with my cross-examination, which was more distressing and severe still than that of yesterday. . . . I did not, however, flinch or falter. At last I was asked some questions respecting family misfortunes that had occurred in the year 1817—the deaths of my brother Francis, and of my sister, Lady Glenbervie, which happened within a fortnight of each other. These questions, asked me in such a place, and when my spirits were so much harassed, quite overwhelmed me for a moment, and I burst into tears; but these tears, together with a glass of water that was brought me, relieved me immediately; and then, in answer to a question that was asked, 'Whether the state of my spirits, in consequence of these domestic misfortunes, was the sole cause of my resigning my situation of lady of the bedchamber?' I replied, 'No; certainly, my resignation was also influenced by the degrading reports that had reached me, although I had myself never seen any improprieties in Her Majesty's conduct while I was with her in Italy.' This answer seemed to give universal satisfaction. The counsel for the prosecution could not but own that it was an honest one, while the Queen's counsel were equally pleased, because it tended to strengthen their argument of a conspiracy to drive away from the Queen all her most respectable servants, by raising reports of her ill-conduct. I heard Denman whisper to Mr. Brougham, 'that was well answered;' and Mr. B.

replied, 'Perfect! perfect!' After all this torment and fatigue, I was rewarded by a very gratifying compliment that was paid me by Lord Erskine, who, in speaking of my evidence, said, 'The fair and candid evidence of the noble witness at the bar.' These expressions produced a loud cheering, in which Lord Liverpool's voice joined; indeed, I must say that his conduct to me was remarkably gentlemanlike and good-natured during the whole of my examination. But my troubles were not yet quite come to an end, for it had appeared in my brother's examination that he had written me a letter advising my resignation, and offering to make good the income that I should lose by so doing. This letter, besides this offer, happened to contain some comical remarks, . . . which would by no means have been pleasant to hear publicly read in the House of Lords. When asked about it, I *really* could not recollect what I had done with it. The carelessness about a letter in which my interest was so much concerned appeared very extraordinary to many of their Lordships, who knew little of the brother and sister—the perfect honour of the one, and the implicit confidence of the other. I answered, that I believed I had destroyed it. . . . That if it was in existence, it would be at Lord Glenbervie's, in Argyll Street, where I left some few papers. . . . I was directed to make this search, and produce this letter, if I should find it, the next day. When I left the House of Lords I went to Argyll Street, where I did really search *honestly* among my papers; but I believe that no heir was ever more rejoiced at the discovery of the document that was to clear up all doubts of his right of inheritance than I was at not finding the object of my search. I was obliged to go again the next morning (Saturday, October 7th) to tell the Lords (what, perhaps, half of them did not believe) that I could not find this letter. . . .

The examination and cross-examination of witnesses lasted till the 23rd of October.

JOURNAL.

Wednesday, 25th.—I was in the House of Lords, concealed behind Sir J. Tyrwhitt's red curtain; and I thought what I heard of Mr. Denman's speech was very good—strong, clear, and

concise. His voice is fine, but not so flexible and pathetic as Brougham's.

Thursday, 26*th*.—Dr. Lushington spoke in the House of Lords, and his speech gave me much pain, although he complimented me very highly; but he placed my conduct in contradistinction to that of my husband's, who, he insinuated, had sold my letters to the other party.

Oct. 30*th*.—A very satisfactory explanation took place this morning in the House of Lords with respect to the unlucky business between my husband and myself. Lord Balcarras begged leave to state to Dr. Lushington that he must have entirely misunderstood the conduct of Col. Lindsay by the manner in which he alluded to it in his speech, and observed upon the improbability that the same person who, from motives of delicacy, had acquiesced in refusing the advantageous and lucrative offer of the appointment of Chamberlain to Her Majesty should have been guilty of the sordid treachery of selling his wife's letters, and that wife's letters who had possessed sufficient influence over him to persuade him in the rejection of that offer. Dr. Lushington, in answer, replied that he had entirely misunderstood the matter, and sincerely apologised for what he had said when under this error.*

On *Nov.* 2*nd*, and three following days, the second reading

* The state of Colonel Lindsay's pecuniary affairs obliged him to live apart from his wife, and he resided in a very small island near Guernsey. About four years before this trial, the Princess of Wales had been anxious to appoint him her Chamberlain, with a salary of 400*l*. per annum, upon condition that he and Lady Charlotte should reside with her in the Palace of Radstadt, where she at that time intended to live. Lady Charlotte then explained to her husband the reasons why she did not wish the proposal to be accepted. Colonel Bayley was at this time Governor of Guernsey; Colonel Lindsay lived alone, and was frequently visited by Colonel Bayley. The consequence of this intimacy was, that Colonel Lindsay very imprudently confided to him all that had passed between him and his wife on the subject of this appointment, and occasionally read him passages from her letters. Colonel Bayley was a confidential friend at Carlton House, and these communications were passed on and received there with avidity. Colonel Lindsay had no idea he was communicating with an agent of the King's until an offer was made him of any number of soldiers that he might require, to work his stone quarries, and of various other conveniences of which he was in need, upon condition that he should give up her letters. This he refused to do, and it opened his eyes at once as to the imprudence he had committed.

of the Bill was debated; the division was 123 for, and 95 against the Bill. The only chance of its not passing the third reading and going into the House of Commons seems to be the union of the divorce clause with that of degradation; and therefore it appears to me that all those who wish the Bill thrown out should insist upon not separating the two clauses, and they may be fairly borne out in this for the reasons given by Lord Grey.

Tuesday, Nov. 7th.—A protest from the Queen was presented to-day in the House of Lords by Lord Dacre.

Nov. 8th.—The divorce clause was debated and carried—129 for, 62 against; the Opposition Lords voted in the majority for the purpose of throwing out the Bill, and all the Ministers voted in the minority for the purpose of passing it.

Nov. 10th.—This day the debate took place in the House of Lords upon the third reading of the Bill, and ended by a division of 108 for it, and 99 against it—the majority in favour of passing it being 9, which was the exact number of the Ministers. Lord Liverpool then declared that he withdrew the Bill. This was objected to by some voices, but the declaration was in general received with much applause.

I was in the House of Lords all this day, and in great anxiety as to the result, not only from wishing well to the poor Queen, but also from selfish motives: for, had the Bill passed into the House of Commons, what fresh examinations and renewed torments awaited me there, to say nothing of the grievous disappointment of not spending this winter with you at Rome. The Queen was also in one of the private rooms adjoining to the House of Lords, and when she went away, after it was known that the Bill was withdrawn, an immense crowd of people followed her carriage, hanging about the wheels, huzzaing, and congratulating her with every demonstration of delight; but there was no riot or attack of any sort upon the carriages of those Lords who had voted for the Bill. I went to the Queen's room to offer her my very sincere congratulations, but she was gone. I found there Mr. Denman, who was in as high a state of excitement as myself; this sympathy united us. We embraced, and, according to the good 'John Bull' notions of friendship, he invited me to dinner; but I was engaged to dine with Mr. Damer, at Twickenham

And now, my dearest Mary, my brother has already settled that we are to set out for Italy on the 15th of this month. I cannot express with what delight I look forward to finding myself with you in the repose of the *Eternal City*, occupied with nothing more immediately interesting than the recollections of Roman patriots and Roman emperors! and to your sincerity and affection I shall apply as a safeguard against believing myself to be either an angel or a devil, which during the last five weeks has been a point rather difficult for me to determine. The manner in which I have been cried up and complimented by the opposition, for having had sufficient presence of mind in some manner to defeat the designs of the counsel for the Bill, of drawing from me opinions that I conceived they had no right to extract, might have turned a head excitable as mine, and persuaded me that I am a female Solomon; while, on the other hand, the scurrilous and abominable attack upon my evidence in the ministerial papers, and the horrible anonymous letters with which I am daily persecuted, might, to a person of my nervous constitution, have frightened me into imagining myself a creature despised and contemned by all the honest part of the community! You know exactly all that I have thought and felt, and I trust that you will acquit me of any dishonourable or mean motives in all that I have done or said. I have suffered much uneasiness, terror, and perplexity during all this business.

I must not omit to tell you that Lord Liverpool, with much gentlemanlike good nature, put a stop to the abusive attacks upon me in those papers over which he had any influence. Farewell, &c. CHARLOTTE LINDSAY.

JOURNAL.

October 30th.—Left Florence.

October 31st.—Reached Castiglione.

Wednesday, November 1st.—Arrived at Perugia.

Thursday, 2nd.—We did not arrive at Spoleto till seven in the evening. This way of travelling 'en voiturier' is most vexatious in a fine country and at this season. One arrives at some beautiful spot after it is dark, and leaves the next morning before it is light. A

clean inn at Spoleto, and the people very civil, but, as usual, having nothing for us to eat.

Friday, 3*rd*.—La Vigna.

Saturday, 4*th*.—The environs of Civita Castellana delicious. I defy a painter to conceive anything more beautiful or more picturesque than the rocks and the woody ravine through which the river runs, and over which is thrown a bridge with two rows of arches, like an aqueduct; but we saw no appearance of inhabitants. One may indeed say pretty much the same thing of the manner in which the country is peopled—or rather not peopled—as far as Monterose, also a miserable little village.

Sunday, 5*th*.—We at last entered the Eternal City, after a tedious pilgrimage of six days and a half. The Hotel de Serny, in the Piazza del Popolo, could not lodge us, but the host sent us to a house on the shady side of the Piazza d'Espagna. There we once more descended in Rome, after an absence—after a whole life!—of thirty-six years! I do not allow myself to reflect; I try not to recall even the thoughts of the past. It is useless; it is sad. It is my duty to the beneficent Being who created me, and in whom and in whose will I have boundless confidence, to occupy myself with the present—to try to enjoy it, and to recover what I can of an existence which has been to me a failure.

We went to walk in the Villa Medici, now the French Academy, and all changed from our time. The garden of former times is shut; they have made a public garden of the remains of the enclosure, which is considerable, and from which there is a splendid view of Rome.

Monday, 6*th*.—In the middle of our drive I could not resist making a détour to the Campo Vacino, and to the Orti Farneseani. The day was mild, cloudy, and in perfect harmony with the feelings inspired by the sight of the ruins of Rome—ruins of three different periods—that are still to be traced.

Tuesday, 7*th*.—Went to the Villa Borghese, the beauty of which much exceeds even my recollections of it.

Wednesday, 8*th*.—A drive to the Coliseum; without comparison, the most imposing remains of antiquity. A monk was preaching there.

Saturday, 11*th*.—We went to the Villa Pamfili, outside the gate. In going there, one passes the grandest of fountains—the Aqua Paulina. The Villa Pamfili, like that of Borghese, far exceeds what I remembered of its beauty. It is larger, more varied, and the *coup-d'œil* still finer than the Villa Borghese. The whole is perfectly well kept—waters, fountains, jets-d'eaux, grass-cut avenues, all taken the greatest possible care of, though the master never stays there.

Sunday, 12*th*.—To St. Peter's for the first time since I have been here. The unique magnificence of its *tout ensemble* and of each of its details astonishes me more than ever. In the evening we received Canova and Mr. Eastlake,* an English artist.

Monday, 13*th*.—At Canova's with Mr. Crawford; he was at his studio to receive us. His works much finer, more numerous, more striking than I even expected. Went to the Palais Quirinal, to the private apartment of the Pope—to that one furnished two years ago to receive the Emperor of Austria upon his visit to Rome. This last is very magnificent, and in good taste *à la française*, but with a *luxe* of marble that cannot be found elsewhere. The Pope's private apartment consists of three small rooms, furnished simply enough in crimson damask—one for dinner, one for sleeping, and another to work in, if work there is. We saw him get into his carriage—a carriage made to hold four persons—drawn by four black horses; a coachman and postilions in blue livery with red Brandeburgh; half a dozen horse-guards, tolerably good-looking, with black gloves and feathers. In the evening

* Now Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy.

at Madame d'Albany's. The Cardinal Gonsalvi was there, to whom I was presented by the Duchess of Devonshire.

Thursday, 16*th*.—Fine in the morning; went to the Colonna Gardens. The Palace no longer shown. The gardens pretty well kept up—delightful in detail, but the view of Rome less grand than elsewhere. A famous pine,* the finest tree of its sort ever seen, and one that is seen from all parts of Rome. From thence to see Guido's Aurora on the ceiling of a casino in the garden of the Palais Ruspiglioro. It is in the most perfect preservation, and has certainly lost nothing of the brightness of its colours during the more than thirty years since I saw it.

Saturday, 18*th*.—Went to St. Peter's to hear the music in the Capello del Choro, where eight cardinals were present. We saw their entrance in procession, very picturesque from the church. The music was fine—a double choir—and sung by the soprani of the Pope's chapel. Later, we walked in the church; it was full of people, and decorated and lighted more than usual, on account of its being the fête of the consecration of the church. The effect of the light around the canopy; the processions which were at the confessional of St. Peter's, below; the music, which was always going on, and seeming to float in the air; the groups of people in all the different parts of this enormous edifice, and the rays of a brilliant setting sun which entered the windows, made altogether such a striking effect that we could not tear ourselves away.

Monday, 20*th*.—Went with Crawford to see the Palais Doria—a spacious enclosure, with magnificent old furniture, and a large collection of very fine pictures, but so badly lighted, and many so blackened for want of care and varnish, that they failed to produce much effect. We dined at the Duchess of Devonshire's, with the two Secre-

* This pine, so famous for its size that it was known as the 'Colonna Pine,' was broken by the same tempest which destroyed Tasso's oak in 1842.

taries of the French Ambassador; M. de Lamarre, a Frenchman (military, I think); Camuccini, the painter;* a Madame Renaudin, who sings wonderfully well, &c. In the evening Madame d'Appony came, M. and Madame de Blacas, Sir Edward and Lady Berry, and several gentlemen, none English except Lord W. Russell. Madame d'Appony sang like an angel with Madame Renaudin.

Tuesday, 21*st*.—Went to the Church of the Sancti Apostoli. The tomb of Clement XIV., by Canova, placed upon the vestry door, admirable; perhaps the finest he has done. The figure of the Pope very grand. The woman leaning on the sarcophagus has all the beauty of the nude, and, at the same time, all the grace of beautiful drapery. From there to the Pantheon, the most imposing of all the ancient edifices (the Coliseum excepted). From there to the Capitol, up the grand staircase, to give a glance at the modern *Place* of Michael Angelo and the bronze equestrian statue of Marc Aurelius in the centre. Without doubt, the horse is unrivalled in spirited action. They say the body is too large, and the proportions are not those of a fine horse; but go to the Capitol and see *the effect* of these proportions and the body! In the court called *des Conservateurs* are enormous fragments of statues which must have been 30 or 40 feet high. Is it known if these statues have ever been put together? Erected in ancient times—and where?

Wednesday, 22*nd*.—To the Castel St. Angelo. Nothing—absolutely nothing—to be seen of Adrian's mausoleum; it is only used for prisons, where one is not allowed to enter. It contains at this moment, besides the garrison of the galley-slaves, between six and seven hundred. From there to Monte Aventino, and *vis-à-vis* La Ripe

* Vicenzo Camuccini, one of the most distinguished Roman painters of modern times, was born 1775. He first earned his living by copying the old masters, and afterwards painted historical pictures of prominent scenes in Roman history.

Grande. Here there are large substructions, to which they give the name of *La Caverne de Cacus* of *La Scala Gemonia*, from whence they throw the malefactors into the Tiber. All these are tales, but they are stories that no other place upon earth could create and invest with similar interest.

Thursday, 23*rd*.—In the morning, a long drive with the Craufords to the Villa Mattei, belonging now to the Prince de la Paix; charming view towards the mountains of Albano, S. Stefano Rotundo, and St. Giovanni Laterano. The Corsine Chapel a treasury of marbles. The porphyr sarcophagus of Pope Clement XIII., found in the portico of the Pantheon, one of the finest in form and finish that antiquity has left us. On returning, we passed through the Arch of Dolabella and that of Galieno. One is surrounded in this quarter by those grand ruins of aqueducts which astonish by the immensity of their size, and delight by their picturesqueness.

Friday, 24*th*.—Walked to Canova's. After having visited him in his library, he accompanied us to his studio, where he is now at work on a colossal horse for a colossal King of Naples, ordered by the Government to be erected at Naples. From thence with Mr. Crauford to the ruins of Mont Palatine. The day was one of those which so well harmonises with the view of Rome—mild and quiet—nothing to recall you to yourself, nor to the present time; nothing to distract you from the long and imposing remembrances that these places cannot fail to inspire in every thoughtful being. From there to the Thermes of Caracalla. These large masses of ruins and the space which they enclose leave all to the imagination as to their interior arrangement; there is not even an arch, nor a piece of marble, nor hardly a piece of plaster, to indicate either their decorations or their uses.

Saturday, 24*th*.—Visited Camuccini, the first painter of the Roman school in the grand genre. I like his last

picture for a church at Ravenna; it is much better than Gerard's 'Entry of Henry the Great.' Camuccini groups *à merveilles*, but the colouring of his other pictures was like burnt earth. Then, to make a picture, he makes a cartoon of lapis, of the same size as the picture itself, on which, it seems to me, he must waste all the fire of conception and expression of his ideas. In the evening went to Le Baron Roden, the Hanoverian Minister. There was music; the performers, one of the daughters of the house, Madame d'Appony, and a Madame Marconi, the most extraordinary contralto voice I ever heard. She sang formerly at the theatre, is German by birth, and is now married to a German painter settled at Rome, and only sings for her friends.

Extract of Letter from Miss Berry to Mrs. Damer.

Rome, November 1820.

. . . My last letter was from Florence, written four days before we set out for this place, whither six mules brought us in six mortal long days and a half, and deposited us safely once again in the Piazza d'Espagna, after an absence of thirty years! I had much feared that on my return to scenes and objects which had so interested and delighted my youthful mind, I should have had a melancholy assurance of the effects of advanced life on my mind, as well as body, in the lessened pleasure I received from all these objects. But, on the contrary, everything I have yet seen strikes me more forcibly than it did formerly. I receive more *undivided*, more informed pleasure from all that is grand and all that is beautiful. The scope of accessary ideas produced by all around me is enlarged, and I dwell on them in more repose of mind. In short, nothing is wanting but legs, time, and strength, to find inexhaustible amusement in this most interesting place.

From Miss Berry to Lady Elizabeth Stuart.

Rome, Saturday, 25th November 1820.

Dearest Elizabeth,—You have never been at Rome, and therefore can have no idea of the difficulty of finding time to

write there—at least in the first ardour of one's passion for all the wonders around one. I had very much feared that I should have found this ardour sadly abated from my first visit here in my early youth. On the contrary, I have found everything exceed both my expectations and my remembrance; and I have certainly a more entire and undivided enjoyment of all that is great and all that is beautiful than I had formerly. . . . . I have almost as little time for writing as yourself, and have, alas! no pretension to that promptitude of mind, ideas, and hand, which, luckily for your friends, gives you more time than anybody else would find in your day. . . . . The news of the final end of the Queen's business arrived here the day before yesterday (the 23rd), by the courier Carlo Forté. . . . . I very much rejoice that it has ended so, as I am quite convinced it is much better for the King as well as for the nation than its going down to the Commons. As for the individual herself, it is *now* that her punishment will begin. She will find herself absolved and shunned; her rights protected and her society avoided; her innocence proclaimed and her condemnation irrevocable. But what is to be done with the ministry? The world all here think it is to change directly. I don't feel so sure of that: but it is nonsense talking at this distance. . . . While I am talking of our *séjour* here, very ugly reports are afloat of the movements of the Austrians and the decisions of Troppau. They say that at all events we shall be more quiet here than anywhere else. We shall do like the rest, and hope that our insignificance will protect us. . . . . Naples seems likely to be every day more forbidden ground although several English have very lately gone there, and the dear little, quiet, exact Colchester pair are in the midst of the fray, and meaning to remain there. . . . I count much on the hopes of finding myself again at Paris, and with you, in the month of June; other places to visit, Paris to live at—the more I see, the more I think so: for those who have neither 'land nor beeves, nor the duties they entail at home. . . .'

Sunday, 26*th*.—Went to the Stanze de Raffaelle. I am sorry to say these divine compositions have suffered much since I saw them thirty years ago—I mean in the colouring and distinctness of the outline. They are altogether

much blackened, and the effect of the white almost lost. The 'School of Athens' has suffered the most, and the 'Dispute on the Sacrament' and the 'Incendio di Borgo' the least. I was never before so much struck with the elegance, the grandeur, the *recherche* of the whole decoration of these four stanze, ending in a magnificent hall. The design of the surbases all different; the beauty, variety, and admirable execution of the small pictures, imitating bas-relievos, of a deep goldish colour, introduced into them; every part of the coves of the ceiling, and the groins of the arches, so richly ornamented with the best-chosen patterns of what are now called the *fresques* of *Raphael*. The wooden carving of the doors and window-shutters all admirably executed, and of elegant designs. One can hardly conceive even now anything more elegantly magnificent than this apartment, in its first splendour. The arms of Rovere (an oak torn up Quercus Robin for Rovere), Julius II., is often displayed in the stanze, and the name of Leo X: on the doors and windows of the open colonnade, where are the now almost effaced pilasters. The late or present Pope closed the arches with glass windows, but the mischief was done; the steed was stolen. Were it not for the engravings, one could hardly make out the designs, and never guess at their beauty. The ceiling of the corridor, called the Bible of Raffaelle, appears quite fresh, but has certainly been retouched, recoloured, and cruelly hardened and altered. The architecture of these corridors, making three stories round the three sides of a court, is of Raphael, and very gracefully simple. What a mind was Raphael's! What a combination of intellect, learning, arrangement, and powers of imagination in the whole history of sacred and profane knowledge, told in the stanze, to say nothing of the exquisite beauty and grace of his forms and his powers of combining them! Then in the corridors—what a playful imagination! How he has combined and varied all the

beautiful vagaries of the ancients, the models of which he had seen in the then newly-opened baths, and rooms belonging to them, since crumbled to the dust or reburied. The grand Sala, where is the battle of Maxentius at the Ponte Molle, is not Raphael, nor is the plan of the decoration of the chamber, which, although very magnificent, is loaded and confused, in comparison to the four preceding rooms, which appear to me models of grace and beautiful decoration, as much as of unrivalled painting.

Monday, 27*th*.—Went to the Villa Albani. This is the last of these magnificent country-houses built and furnished by the Princes of the Church, just without the gates of Rome; it is more modern, and in better preservation than any of the others. The present possessor, a Cardinal Albani, the nephew or grand-nephew of he who built and finished it about sixty or seventy years ago, is at the head of the police of Rome, and never comes here but for a promenade, and even that rarely. The collection of ancient statues, termes, busts, basso-relievos, and ancient columns, is quite astonishing; and not only all over the house, but dispersed in every part of the gardens. The gardens are large and very beautiful—a parterre between the house and a circular building, with a corridor ornamented in the same manner, and called a *coffee-house*; terraces from which are views of the Alban Mountains and the Campagna; with a foreground of cypresses, evergreen oaks, &c., within the precincts of the villa. I could have stayed basking in a winter sun illuminating this exquisite view till that sun had left both me and it.

Tuesday, 28*th*.—To the Thermes of Titus. The more I see of these enormous remains of Thermes, the less I understand. These baths, which formerly could only be entered on hands and knees near the top of the range of arches, have been so cleared by the French as to pass through various large and small apartments and long passages, most of them with considerable remains of painting

in what are now called arabesques; the passages coarsely, with little ornament; some of the rooms with a great deal, and with some gilding introduced into the ceilings still visible. The Laocoon was found in a large niche of one of these rooms which had visibly been lined with marble, as were the surbases of many other rooms, bits of which remain. Although everything has been carried away from these inexplicable ruins in modern as well as ancient times, heaps of fragments of statues, columns, friezes, &c., bits of terra-cotta admirably worked, and pieces of painted wall, are collected together under the arches on first entering.

Friday, December 1st.—Went to the Villa Madama, thus called from Madame d'Autriche, daughter of Charles V., to whom it belonged; it is said to be built upon the designs of Raffaelle, and finished upon those of Julés Romano, who painted an arcade in arabesque, in the middle of which still remains the Medicis arms.

Monday, 4th.—Went with the Craufords, Mr. Eastlake, and Sotheby, to the Palais Borghese. Its magnificence is wonderful. Lord and Lady Colchester arrived from Naples, bringing the news that all the English had left there.

Saturday, 9th.—At the Villa Pamfili for the second time. I had made the *custode* promise that she would show me the contents of sundry little boxes and coffers having belonged to a certain famous Donna Olympia,* the wife of the Pope's brother, and generally supposed still more *nearly* connected with Innocent X., the Pamfili Pope, who reigned from 1644 to 1655, and to have disposed of all offices and places of profit during those ten years.

The boxes are deposited in a round room near the top of the villa, fitted up by the said Donna Olympia for a music-room, or cabinet of rarities. There are old glass cases all round it; one contained works in ivory, another

* It was presented by Innocent X. to the profligate Olympia Maidalchini, the wife of his brother, Prince Pamfili, in 1650, and was arranged from the designs of Antinori and Algardi.—*Murray's Handbook.*

in coral and amber, a third in bucchero; &c. &c. In the lower shelves of these cases are deposited little coffers of various sizes, having belonged to the same lady, stuffed in there at her death, in 16—, and left there with their contents ever since. Two, the size of common bandboxes, are full of bundles of empty purses (not so received), of tens and twenties tied together, and made of all sorts of material except netting; little bags drawn together with two strings, such as one often sees used for chessmen, but much smaller; dozens of women's single pockets, all of quilted silk of various colours and sizes; and some gloves. Of this last article there is a large coffer completely filled, of all sorts and colours except white, or long gloves; the tops of many of the short ones trimmed with narrow ribbon in knots, &c. &c. In another Japan box is a sort of Turkish or eastern dress, with large sleeves of crimson satin trimmed with gold, which has the appearance of having been much worn; and some coarse and coarsely-embroidered sort of shirts with great sleeves to wear under it, probably a Carnival dress. Another coffer contains a number of artificial flowers, faded, tumbled, and all squeezed together, but not having been badly made in their day—chiefly of feathers. In the same coffer are a number of little pasteboard boxes, containing each six small wash balls, in cotton, still much perfumed. Another box is quite full of very thin brown and some whitish leather, stamped in all sorts of patterns and for all sorts of purposes; some appeared for handkerchiefs or for head-dresses; some for covers of tables or for aprons; some were made into purses, lined, and several *glasses bocales* were covered with a sort of network of the same material. The civil *custode* allowed me to take a little bit of the pierced leather, like a border of lace, three of the wash balls, and two bits of the artificial flowers. After this examination I rejoined my companions on the terrace; remained in admiration of the exquisite beauty of a

clear sun setting on one of the most beautiful panoramic views.

Sunday, 17*th*.—Before ten o'clock in the morning to the Quirinal Chapel, where the Pope and fifteen cardinals were to assemble. The Cardinal Tech officiated. These ceremonies have outlived their age, and consequently lost much of their effect.

Friday, 22*nd*.—Went to see the scava of Sir G. Talbot. But little to see as yet; he has found a marble staircase which led to the hippodrome; there are three or four steps beginning to appear. In the evening I went, at eight o'clock, to Pauline's (Princess Borghese); she occupies a fine apartment in the Palais Borghese, well heated. A pretty person, no longer young; but still preserves her looks, giving herself as much the airs of a princess as she can venture to do—rising a very little when anyone enters, &c. Several Roman ladies there, and about twenty gentlemen. We had music; I was at her side on the sofa; we talked a great deal of all those of her admirers who were my friends.

Saturday, 23*rd*.—I heard in the morning of the arrival at the Hôtel de Paris of Lord Guildford and Lady Charlotte Lindsay.

Monday, 25*th*.—Went to the Capella Quirinale, where the Pope was to hear mass, instead of at St. Peter's. It was an ordinary mass, except that everyone, cardinals, Pope, &c., were all *en gala*—that is to say, the Pope in white and the cardinals in scarlet, and very magnificent; few foreigners at the chapel. In returning home, between twelve and one o'clock, Harrot met us on the stairs to tell us that the house had been on fire. We found the mistress of the house and several persons in our room, where everything was in confusion. The fire was in one of the chimneys upstairs, and had burnt our ceiling; they said it was out, but the smell was still so strong that I doubted it. After dinner the smoke still continued. I sent in

haste for the hostess, and showed her that her house was still burning, and some bricklayers were sent for. It was ten o'clock in the evening before I had again possession of my room.

Wednesday, 27*th*.—Went to the Church d'Ara-Cœli, to see the 'Præcipio.' Large and very bad, without perspective, and without any beauty whatever. We walked to the Scala Santa, which was covered with people going up on their knees.

Sunday, 31*st*.—Gell dined at our house. In the evening we had about twenty people with us: the Duchess of Devonshire, the Ambassadress of France, Lady Westmoreland, Lord Kinnaird, &c. They stayed till nearly two o'clock in the new year; thus finishing for me the year 1820.

1821.

Rome, Wednesday, January 3rd.—Went to Canova's studio, where we found him working at his enormous horse; had some most agreeable conversation with him upon his art, upon the character of heads of women, their variety, &c. &c.

Friday, 5th.—After dinner, at eight o'clock, went with the Marquis Massimo to the Princess of Denmark to be presented: very few people there. The Princess charming—very handsome, and with very good manners. We stayed there longer than usual, because there were so few people, and she does not dismiss her visitors. The Prince very civil, and sufficiently disposed to talk; he has rather a heavy look, though handsome for a prince. The Princess would be handsome were she only a peasant.

Saturday, 6th.—At eight o'clock this evening to the Princess Volconsky, where there were about thirty people assembled to draw Twelfth Night characters. The lot fell very well upon Mr. Leibzelstern as king, and Madame Oginska as queen. There was a throne raised, and prettily arranged in a room, where also a theatre was erected. After the choice of king and queen, Madame Volconsky recited marvellously well 'Le Songe d'Athalie.' It was not possible to recite Racine better, nor with more expression than she did; she gave us also the 'Déclaration de Phèdre' quite equal to the other. It made the hours pass very agreeably.

Sunday, 7th.—What odd people these Russians some-

times are! Here is a Princess Volconsky reciting most admirably the very difficult scenes of the 'Songe d'Athalie' and the 'Déclaration de Phèdre,' to a company of about thirty persons, under all the disadvantages of a small theatre in a small room, and very ill supported, or rather not at all supported, by those acting with her—having not the least degree of shyness about the exhibition of her talent, nor of affected modesty or of *amour propre* about the praises she received, and the admiration she excited, but seeming quite as much at ease and quite as much amused herself as any of the company. Her account, too, of the means by which she acquired this talent would not sound less odd to English ears. Her father, Prince Belozelsky, was passionately fond of the French theatre, and her governess had been the intimate of the Clairon, the Dumesnil, and all the great actors of that day. Thus educated, she was married very young to Prince Volconsky, a man whose character seems something like his voice—rough, untuned, and half polished. They seem on the best footing possible, and he boasts to everybody of the talents, cleverness, and charms of his wife, although he was in England and France about a year and a half, while she was in Italy, at Odessa, &c. &c. After seeing him in London, I met him this summer at Geneva. He came to Italy in search of his wife, but having not the least idea in what part of the country he was to find her. At last they meet here. They live very much at home, surrounded by artists of all sorts, particularly musical ones. For music she is an enthusiast; an excellent musician, singing with much and varied expression. She takes entirely the charge of the education of her son, a boy of eight years old, to whom she dedicates much time. She speaks well on most subjects, with good sense, frankness, and an absence of all affectation; but with the sort of self-satisfied pride and *délibéré* which mark the character and manners of the Russians

of this day, and which has thrown quite into the background the sulky silent pride of the English.

Tuesday, 9*th*.—In the morning went to the Church of Sta. Maria della Pacé—a circular entrance—inside a Greek Cross. The space above the arch of the first altar an exquisite fresco of Raphael's—the four sibyls predicting the different circumstances of the birth of our Saviour. Raphael seems to have had a particular faculty of availing himself of the shape of a space which would have embarrassed any other painter. Here the figures are set out as regularly as in a dessert, and yet, from their variety, grace, and beauty, give no idea of the formality of the old school. In the evening went to the Princess Volconsky. The opera of 'Tancredi' was very well acted; costumes perfect; and she herself had quite the air of a noble cavalier. The accessories wonderfully well arranged, and altogether it made a very pretty little spectacle, and a very agreeable evening.

Monday, 15*th*.—In the morning at the Villa *Papa Guilio*—Vignola's. The corridor beautifully painted in alcoves of treillage, with boys playing in circular apertures. The whole villa in a state of lamentable ruin. The wooden ceilings of the rooms within falling down, while the paintings on the upper part of the walls still remain sufficiently fresh and perfect to show what they have been. In one room on the ground-floor the ceiling is complete. It is inhabited only by cowherds and their cattle. In the evening went to a ball at Torlonia, given in the fine large palace in the Piazza di Venezia. Grand in every way, in its construction, its furniture, and the number of beautiful things, antique and modern, which it contains. It was lighted like day, and produced an effect of such real magnificence as is only to be seen in Rome—poor ruined Rome, but which still reigns supreme in many things.

This part of Rome, which still keeps its ancient name

of *Velatrum*, ought to be a mass of public edifices or temples. Opposite this church is the temple called Vesta, and at two steps from this is another, and still whole, now the church of the Armenians.

Tuesday, 23*rd*.—Returning from our morning excursion, I met Mr. Hutchinson in the neighbourhood of the Theatre di Marcello (in the Piazza Montenaro), one of the most crowded and ill-built quarters of Rome. He had been in search of some considerable remains of antiquity mentioned to him by an antiquary here, but of which I find few people know the existence. He went back to show it to me. We mounted up and down some vile staircases, and through the kitchens and backyards of two different meanly-built houses, and found above thirty or forty feet of a large stone entablature, apparently of the Tuscan order, supported by four or five large columns at unequal distances, the whole of stone, and so *enclavé* in the houses that are built upon and around and about them, that it is impossible to guess either at the purpose of the building, or the extent of the remains. One can only suppose that, from its simplicity, it must be very ancient; more columns and more cornices show themselves in descending the staircase of this said house, and another separate column of the same order in a neighbouring house, but so confused and built up that it is difficult even to follow up the search. The Cittadina, in whose charcoal cellar the principal remains are, said they called it *De Carcere di S. Niçolo*, but added a 'Chi sa?' of perfect doubt.

Tuesday, 30*th*.—In the morning at the Villa Paulina. Princess Pauline had given me an order to see it. It was formerly the Villa Serana Colonna. Since she bought it, she has completely changed it within and without. The inside is in the French style, *à merveille*. One sees by the apartment on the first floor, how well those of an Italian villa are made to combine every advantage, if the owners had only enough to keep them up.

Wednesday, 31*st.*—We took a long walk with the Marquis Massimo through the large vineyard situated upon the *Agger*—that is to say, fort or citadel of *Servius Tullus*—and then into another large vineyard belonging to his brother, where, in the deep digging of twenty-two palms, they found the Discobulus now at the Palais Massimo, a Hercules, and four beautiful fluted columns twenty feet high, of African marble, of which we saw two more on the spot where they were found.

Thursday, *February* 1*st.*—In the morning at Gibson's, to see Lord Colchester's bust. Afterwards we all three went to the Capuchin souterrain in the Place Barbarimi, where they deposit their bones in a thousand different designs with the skeletons of capuchins in their dress, placed in niches in the five or six chambers. It is a curiosity to see once.

Sunday, 4*th.*—We have passed our whole mornings in these villas for this last three weeks of brilliant fine weather. We have not only visited repeatedly

The Villas *Pamfili*, *Borghese*, *Albano*, *Medici*, *Orte Farnesiani*,

but the Villas *Ludovisci*.

Out of Porta del Popolo,	*Papa Giulio* and *Poniatowsky*.
The Villa of .	*Raffaelle*,
The Villa *ci-devant* .	*Negroni*, now *Massimo*.
Out of Porta Pia, .	*Patrizi*.
On the Janiculum, .	*Corsini* and *Lanti*.
On the Palatine, .	*Spada*.
On Monte Mario, .	*Millini* and *Madonna*.
Of the Princess Borghese,	*Paulina*.

A neglected Villa, . . . *Casali.*
A ditto, out of Porta San Pancrazio, *Corsini*;
from whence an exquisite view of the Villa *Pamfili*, *Altieri*,
belonging to the Prince of Peace, *Mattei*,
Out of Porta Salara, . . *San Leverino.*
On the Aventine, . The *Priorata di Malta.*

The villas of Rome (independent of their local advantages, and their luxury of marble and of water) may certainly be considered as a race apart of country-houses, all combining nearly the same advantages, more or less magnificent, upon a larger or smaller scale, but all uniting every enjoyment of a beautiful country in a fine climate, and the means of every luxury they can afford. The house is always small in comparison of their town palaces, and therefore called a *Casino.* These casinos are generally entered by an open loggia, which ushers you by a large door into a hall or saloon, opposite to which is another large door, either opening into a corridor behind or into another saloon, having an opposite door of equal size, so that a thorough air can be made in the lower part of the house. From this loggia in front, or the corridor behind, rises the staircase, an unornamented feature of these casinos, leading to a large sala above, with two large windows furnished with balconies to give air and coolness, according to the position of the sun. To this upper part of the house the various sitting-rooms open; or if the sitting-rooms are on the ground-floor, which is often the case, these are, or may be, used as bedchambers. At the top of the second story rises almost invariably a sort of square building, much higher than the rest, and furnished with many windows, to give the most distant prospect of which the place is capable, and the beauty and interest of these distant views at Rome, with the magnificent foreground they all have, exceed those of any other spot of the earth. But it is still more without than within that the villas of

Rome are super-eminently beautiful; for as nearly all are infested in the summer with the demon of malaria, they never receive more than an occasional visit of a few hours from their proprietors, and therefore their furniture, marbles and such-like excepted, is all old, often tattered, and very insufficient to the purposes of continuous habitation. A degree of neglect is sometimes observable out of doors, but this perhaps may be attributed to want of *tidiness* in all the people of this country. These villas open on the back to a garden parterre, ornamented with flowers and fountains of every possible variety of form and contrivance adapted to the circumstances of the ground. They are descended to by steps, and are ornamented with statues, and bordered on two sides with walls covered with the brilliant evergreen of orange and lemon-trees, divided by stands of stone (sometimes of inverted Corinthian capitals), for large earthen pots filled with the same beautiful plants. From the flower-garden, other steps and other balustrades, decorated by other fountains, generally lead into the lower parts of the garden; on each side of the house are avenues of high evergreens, ilex, box, arbutus, laurestinas, &c. &c., cut into green walls perfectly impervious to the sun, opening to some fountain or statue in the vista, and leading again to open spaces, again ornamented with statues and fountains, and furnished with stone seats for the indulgence of that leisure '*which in trim gardens takes his pleasure.*' Besides this provision of shade in distant walks, there is nearer the house a *bosco*, which is *always* of evergreen (oak), and generally cut in walks bordered by trimmed hedges, forming at all times and in all seasons a retreat entirely impervious either to sun or to wind. To these villas frequently belong a considerable number of acres laid out in farm—that is to say, vines and kitchen garden, or sometimes beautiful grass fields, as at the Villas Pamfili and Borghese. These are also surrounded by broad ever-

green alleys. Another feature of all the flower-gardens in the great villas is an aviary upon a large scale—a regular façade of building covered entirely with wire-work, and ornamented within with fresco painting, fountains, and sculpture, besides the shrubs, &c., necessary for the birds. All those I have yet seen are untenanted. I have not mentioned any of the *gioca d'aqua*, the organs played by water, &c. &c., which in many still exist unimpaired, because I have noticed only their *enjoyable* perfection and admirable arrangement to their climate and situation. In many there is a summer apartment, a story below the front entrance, opening upon a flower-garden, generally decorated with interior as well as exterior fountains. In the great villas, such as the Pamfili, Borghese, Ludovisci, Albano, &c. &c., there are always casinos in the grounds, sometimes called a *coffee-house*, richly ornamented with painting or sculpture, placed in the most advantageous sites for a distant view.

Tuesday, 7*th*.—In the night an estafette arrived here, announcing to the Austrians that their army had passed the Po, and were on their march to Naples in three columns —so there is no more hope for the poor Neapolitans!

Wednesday, 8*th*.—I met Madame Hitsoff in the morning at the Duchess of Devonshire's. She (Madame H.) and her two daughters set out at four o'clock to-morrow morning for Florence. M. de Fiquelmont, the Minister there, who is to marry her youngest daughter, has a command in the army, and is to accompany it on its passage through Florence, and is, besides, named Minister to Naples when they have punished, or conquered, or resettled it, or whatever their infamous ingression means to do.

Friday, 9*th*.*—The first proclamation of the Pope

* This diary of Feb. 9th, 12th, 13th, 25th, 26th, 28th, March 1st, 3rd, and 6th, are written in a supplementary book, apparently a few days later than

was pasted on the walls announcing his neutrality, the necessary passage of the Austrians, the assurance that they were not to enter Rome, and requiring his subjects not to treat them as enemies; in short, *three blue beans in a blue bladder!* except that it was impossible not to perceive on which side the bladder leant, although frightened on both sides. The situation of Rome now became critical: had the Neapolitans possessed a disposable force, after such a proclamation, they might have been well excused for advancing on Rome and taking possession of it, as an *avant post* against the Austrians, now decidedly marching in arms against them, preceded by the wretched letter of their forsworn King from Laybach, and by the intolerable language and terms offered by the allied sovereigns. But even supposing (as it has turned out) that the Neapolitan leaders either found it impracticable or imprudent to leave their own territory as a regular *corps*

the events recorded. In the month of July 1820, Ferdinand had, in consequence of the disturbances in his kingdom, acceded to the adoption of the Spanish Constitution, which both he and his son, whom he had appointed Vicar-General, swore to maintain. At the end of October, the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the Prince Royal of Prussia met at Troppau to deliberate on the measures proper to be pursued towards the revolutionary government of Naples. The result was an invitation from these three Sovereigns to Ferdinand to meet them at Laybach. The invitation was accepted, and on the 28th of December, having sailed in an English ship to Leghorn, he reached Laybach to receive the orders of the Holy Alliance. A State paper was issued that declared the resolution of the monarchs not to recognise governments which had been produced by open rebellion, and that they could not, therefore, enter into negotiations except with the King (of Naples) alone. France neither avowed nor denied these principles; England, in a circular dated January 13, 1821, and laid before Parliament, declared her dissent from the principles which had been adopted at Troppau and at Laybach. On the 9th of February, the representatives of Austria, Russia, and Prussia were desired to communicate to the Prince Regent, at Naples, that an Austrian army would occupy the Neapolitan territory unless the order of things established since the 6th of the preceding July were immediately abolished, and that even if a spontaneous submission took place, the army would still penetrate into the kingdom to maintain the new system which was now to be established. At the same time Ferdinand addressed a letter to his son to assure him the will of the Sovereigns was irrevocable, and that they desired to promote the prosperity of the Neapolitans.—*Ann. Reg.*

d'armée, nothing could have prevented a predatory expedition of some irregular troops, joined to the troops of banditti that infest the roads and people the mountains; they might have entered Rome, taken what they could find in the treasury, and carried back with them to the mountains some of the richest of the nobles and bankers, to be ransomed. Or, supposing banditti only to have united themselves for such an expedition, they might have released the galley slaves in the Castel St. Angelo (if, as has been suspected, the Pope's troops would not make a great stand), and pillaged the town for several hours, retiring to their mountains with their newly-acquired allies (who would certainly have *all* declared themselves to a man *Carbonari*) before any regular defence could have been made. I confess I was one of those who thought such an expedition the most likely, without, however, feeling much frightened at the idea, or allowing myself at all to dwell on the consequences. The lodgings of the Piazza de Spagna were not those they would seek for money; nor strangers nor old women those they would carry away as hostages—while every day that they did *not* come, made their coming *at all* less feasible.

Monday, 12*th*.—Evening at the great ball and supper at Madame d'Appony's, for the Emperor of Austria's fête. It was a bad moment to choose for such a fête, when his armies are expected here, and that his conduct towards Naples has excited a general feeling of detestation for his cabinet and the politics which direct it. We went there at nine o'clock, when there were not a dozen ladies, but all the cardinals and Monsignore were assembled in the last room of the apartment, the only one where there was a fire. All the others were cold enough to kill one before the crowd came to warm them. Many of our English, in their virtuous indignation at the conduct of Austria, proposed not *countenancing* the celebration of

the Emperor's birthday by his *own* ambassador in his *own* house! However, they all, I believe, thought better of it, or were laughed out of this piece of most useless and unnecessary manifestation of political sentiment, and went to the ball, which was a very handsome fête, in the newly-fitted-up apartment of the Palazzo di Venezia, with a most excellent supper, served in I know not how many rooms to the ladies seated, and in a long corridor to all the men standing at an endless buffet, but without any show of *plate*, even at the table of the Prince and Princess of Denmark, for (nota bene) M. Appony's plate has never yet been unpacked in Rome, and that Cardinal Gonsalvi's—i.e. the Pope's—has been packed all this winter, is certain, for at the dinners given at the Quirinal (remarkably handsome in every other respect), not a morsel of plate has appeared, which was never the case before.

Tuesday, 13*th*.—A report was said to have been made to Government, by the Pope's Governor of Albano, that the Neapolitans were advancing on Villetri. This was believed, and so completely frightened them that it was resolved immediately to remove the Pope to Civita Vecchia, the only measure which the extreme weakness of the Government allowed them to be capable of! Canova and his brother came to us early in the evening, saying that the Pope was either going or gone, that everybody was talking of it in the streets, and that all was bustle at the Quirinal. I was not well, and not thinking of going out; but my sister, Lady Charlotte, and Mr. Tighe were going to the Opera, and determined on their way to go round by Mount Cavallo and see what was doing. They found between eight and nine a number of people loitering about the place, eight or ten Roman town carriages in waiting, and among the rest Marquis Massimo's, the Postmaster-General; the gates of the cortile of the palace were shut. The Pope's travelling carriages were already loaded within the court, when, either

from receiving assurance that the Governor of Albano's was a false report, or from the Pope's unwillingness at such an hour, and under such circumstances, to fly and absent himself, the base and ridiculous project was laid aside, and another measure of security adopted, which was almost as foolish and was as soon reversed. All the hackney-men's horses in Rome were demanded by order of Government, and between one and two o'clock in the morning, about thirty carriages, either artillery fourgons or cannon, passed through the Piazza de Spagna, going from the Castel St. Angelo to the Quirinal. From there they returned to whence they came in the course of the night, and the next morning nothing more was seen or said of this *worse* than *ridiculous* project. But it settled one's opinion for ever of the Cardinal Secretary of State, of his politics, his views, and his understanding. For two or three days after this, the Austrians were said to be advancing. The first columns of 8,000 men had left Florence on the 12th, and were daily expected under the walls of Rome.

Saturday, 17*th*.—There appeared another placard of the Government to announce that in four different towns in the Papal dominions, symptoms of a revolutionary spirit had appeared. The people had been invited to ask for the Spanish Constitution, and to support their demand by arms, for which four camps were proposed to be made at *Ancona*, *Macciata*, *Spoleto*, and *Trosinoni*. I went that morning with Lord Colchester to the Duchess of Devonshire, where we found the Abbé Molioni, the English secretary to Gonsalvi. He declared that the appeals made to the people at all these places had been quite without effect, and had excited no disturbance; that the papers even were not publicly affichéd, but put about secretly from hand to hand. Why, then, publish them at Rome? But Appony told me the day after that they were public proclamations which he had seen, and had

been in his hands. I found that the sober and thinking people in Rome believed them to be *très peu de chose*, or at least accompanied by very little manifestation of moving, and that they were only remarked and published by the Government here as an excuse for the immediate arrival of the Austrians, and their passing through and perhaps leaving a body at Rome. But Appony at the same time assured me that they would not immediately advance on Rome, nor probably pass nearer than ten or twelve miles. Rome, he said, was now *à l'abri d'un attente quelconque des Néapolitains*, as the Austrians *could* be here if *necessary* in ten or twelve hours. The danger, indeed, of a predatory expedition of the Neapolitans had become less and less every day. And in spite of the every day's report of the arrival of the Austrians for the next day at the Porta del Popolo, in spite of half a dozen waggons full of sacks of bread having been sent to them from this place on the 18th and 19th, and in spite of quartermasters inspecting the ground on this side the Ponte Molle, they are not here yet.

From Miss Berry to Lady Elizabeth Stuart.

Rome, Wednesday, Feb. 21, 1821.

DEAREST ELIZABETH,— . . . I assure you the *pleasures* of Rome allow one almost as little time for writing as your *duties* at Paris. When I talk of pleasures, you will understand that they consist in the interest inspired by everything around one, and the inexhaustible variety of things one has to see and to think of, for everything at Rome leads to such a long train of remembrances that one lives almost as much in the past as the *present*. How long we may be able to do so, Heaven knows! and the present, *presents* no very agreeable aspect to we travellers. I cannot, however, yet persuade myself to be afraid, or to suppose any great or very serious inconveniences will happen to us. But we are certainly living (politically speaking) *au jour la journée*. They are at this moment filling

waggons in the Piazza de Spagna, before our windows, with bags of bread for the Austrians, who were last night within thirty miles of Rome. A difference of opinion seems to exist whether they will immediately advance and pass under, or perhaps through the walls of Rome, or whether they will remain some days where they are—a strong military position. I see the Apponys every two or three days, but *you* know how little is to be learnt from Ministers. Liebzelstern goes to-day, whither I know not; Stakelberg has been here for this fortnight; the Austrian and Prussian Ministers at Naples arrived yesterday. The French Chargé d'Affaires, Fontenay, is not come yet, and one wonders if he *is* to come. Lord Castlereagh's circular we think a *chef d'œuvre* in *its* way in *his* way. We won't affront your cleverness by saying what way that is.

In the midst of all these wars and rumours of wars, preparations are making for the Carnival, which *naturally* begins on Saturday next, and lasting but ten days here, is generally particularly gay—how it will be this year time will show. Everything hitherto has been perfectly quiet among the people here, and well it is so, for Government there is positively *none*, or worse than none. The single dependence is on the individual respect and sanctity attached still by the bulk of this people to the person of the Pope, whose age and feebleness is in fact his strength and protection.

Feb. 22.

We are still in the same uncertainty to-day about Austrians and Neapolitans; but I begin to think they are mutually shy of coming to blows, although for very different reasons.

Farewell! Heaven bless you!

From Miss Berry to the Earl of Hardwicke.

Rome, Feb. 23, 1821.

. . . . I persuade myself that you would rather have a trifling trumpery letter from Rome than none at all, and that at all events you will be pleased to hear how well the climate agrees with me, and how much I am interested and amused here. Indeed all my former recollections of this place, however lively

and agreeable as being those of early youth, are far surpassed by the more entire and undivided interest now inspired by the whole scene around me.

March 18.

Since writing the above, the last days of a Carnival have intervened, and the first arrival of an Austrian army and (to myself individually) a feverish cold which has effectually prevented my resuming my letter .... Do you remember the last days of the Carnival at Rome? What a complete ancient saturnalia it is! How entirely all ranks and ages enter into its follies! Indeed the common people now, much more than those of a higher order. In the midst of all this, the first division of Austrian troops arrived at the gates of Rome, on their way to Naples, and we all went out to the Ponte Molle to see them bivouac, the infantry on one side of the river, and the cavalry on the other, without their *seeming* to excite anything but curiosity in their numerous spectators, among whom were several open carriages filled with grotesque masks from the Corso, uniting in a remarkable and striking manner, the most serious business of man with one of his idlest amusements. These troops, whom we saw march round the walls of Rome the next morning (for they had agreed not to enter the city), have been followed by several other bodies of men, all taking the same direction, and we have been waiting with impatience here for the first accounts of their meeting the Neapolitans on their own frontiers. These accounts have come, and on every hand mark their retreat from passes which it was believed easy to defend. In short, something more is necessary than to *talk* about freedom, and to *wish* to be free, to become so; and I much fear *that something* the poor Neapolitans *have not.* You may well imagine what sentiments their situation and the conduct of their enemies inspire to all the English; as travellers their wishes are certainly very disinterested, for were the Austrians worsted, or likely to be so, nobody, I think, could answer for the peace of the north of Italy a single day, altho' all at present remains perfectly quiet there ...

Thursday, March 15.

The Neapolitans have met the Austrians in narrow passes which they *ought* to have defended; but, alas! they have proved

they can only *talk* liberty, but are otherwise unfit for it. Their troops have not stood a moment, and their cause is considered as desperate, and the war (for the present) almost over . . . .

Saturday, 24*th*.—First day of the Carnival; the length of the Corso with all the windows carpeted; gay and picturesque as possible; few brilliant carriages; not one of the foreign ministers.

Sunday, 25*th*.—The Austrians are not advanced beyond Monte Rosi, thirty miles from Rome. The feeling of all Italy is against their lawless design on Naples. The match it is likely to put to the train long laid of liberal sentiments, and the necessity of a representative government all over Italy, must make them pause, not so much perhaps in their designs, as in their method and their means of putting them into execution. They wait the successive arrival of an overwhelming force; they are, in spite of themselves, surprised at the undaunted resolution of the Neapolitans. England has declared her non-adhesion to the Allied Powers, and her positive disapprobation of their principles. But I am not going to make comments on any part of the business, but merely to record dates and facts passing under my eyes.

Tuesday, 27*th*.—In the evening to the Princess Volconsky's, who gave the opera 'Des Horaces,' she herself taking the part of the Curiace wonderfully well, in singing, expression, and grace. Madame Renaudin, as Sabine, good for the music, but not for the acting. Heard from Cardinal Gonsalvi that the Austrians were to be at the Ponte Molle the next day about one or two o'clock.

Wednesday, 28*th*.—I went about three, and called on Madame d'Appony. Here I found General Statterheim, the commander-in-chief of the column coming this way, in conversation with Comte Appony in the inner room. When they came out I had the opportunity of making

enquiries of the General after George Staremberg, and then at what hour the troops were likely to arrive. He said he thought the cavalry might arrive by six o'clock, and the infantry an hour or two later, which seemed to preclude idlers seeing anything of them that day.

I returned home with this intelligence to my sister, and we drove to the Ponte Molle to see at least what preparations were making. More than a dozen carriages were already assembled there, and perhaps twice as many people more on foot. On the ground, on the right side of the road beyond the Ponte Molle, one saw already some grey coats, and here and there little heaps of billets of wood, and several stakes driven into the ground in a large flat meadow, bounded towards the Tiber by a road and a mound of earth, and on the other by a country road under one of the little monticules of the Campagna.

In less than half an hour the Austrian infantry began to make their appearance on the great road which winds round the monticule. Three regiments passed by us, and entered the great meadow by the road near the river; other two or three regiments, after passing down the little hill, entered the same meadow on the other side, by the road at the foot of the hill. All near enough for us to see them minutely. They had marched from Nessi—thirty miles—that day, but did not look much fatigued, and had absolutely no stragglers. The first regiment that passed was of shorter men, and less well dressed, we thought, than the others, which were all in a very good military *tenue*, perfectly well shod, and looking healthy and weather-beaten. Their officers were marching at the head of their companies, many of them very handsome, an epithet which could not in general be bestowed on their men.

Statterheim, with his aide-de-camp—a young Prince Lobcovitz, with a remarkably blooming, agreeable coun-

tenance; Prince Schwartzenberg (the eldest son of the General lately dead), and belonging to the Regiment of Hussars; Appony, on horseback; Leucotsky, and several other officers, came round Madame Appony's carriage, which was already on the road before we got there.

The infantry entering in long lines by two opposite sides, and spreading themselves all over the great meadow, was extremely picturesque. Our attention was now directed to the arrival of the cavalry, coming by another road leading round the side of another little hill on the opposite side of the great road; and the General-in-Chief, Appony, &c. &c., rode away to meet them. But our English scouts, Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Tighe, on horseback, brought us word it would be some time yet before they arrived. We were advised to go down into the meadow, where the fires of the bivouacs were already smoking, the arms already piled, and the men already stretched on the ground in sort of regular streets, en attendant their supper, the preparations for which were only unpacking from the baugh horses' backs.

To me it was a new and very interesting sight. A large body of men—most of them that *had* been engaged, and all that were going to be engaged, on actual and severe service—taking (perhaps) their last night's repose, for to-morrow will bring them very near the Neapolitan frontiers. The poor women, of whom we had seen about six or eight belonging to each regiment, were in the outskirts of the meadow, collecting sticks and boiling kettles; beside which a fire was made and cross sticks placed for the mess, at the head of each line of piled muskets and reposing men. Luckily, the weather was dry and not cold; it was cloudy, without a ray of sun. I have now a clear idea of what rain and bad weather must be to an army on a long march and biouvacking in this way every night.

There were no persons from Rome selling anything on

the ground—no hucksters, as would have been the case either in France or England. The soldiers were quietly reposing with true German phlegm—talking little, and applying to their pipes for comfort and entertainment. When we left the meadow and returned to the great road, the cavalry was still not in sight; and as the light was failing, we began to fear we should be obliged to return before they arrived. But at last the état-major of the General, which had gone to meet them, returned, and placed themselves at the entrance into the great road, and a regiment of Hussars (blue) shortly after appeared. They were, for the most part, good-looking young men, mounted on small and some baddish-looking horses, all as much, and I think not more, out of condition than any horses would be on a long journey, and at picquet every night. Their music, which was excellent, sounded as they entered the road and passed the General. They traversed the Ponte Molle, and took up their quarters in the large meadows on the right side of the bridge, entering by a gate from the high road. They were immediately followed by a much more numerous regiment of heavy horse, in white, with helmets, well mounted on strong, although not often handsome horses; and very stout, service-like men, six field pieces (six-pounders), with their necessary fourgons, followed each regiment, and a considerable number of baugh horses, and officers' horses, led, &c. All these followed the Hussars to the same ground.

By this time the number of spectators was infinitely increased. Several open carriages of the Corso (for we were en plein Carnival), filled with grotesque masks, had prolonged their drive hither, to the great amusement of the Austrian cavalry, as they passed them. To a thinking spectator the scene was remarkable and striking. One of the idlest amusements of man thus brought in immediate contrast with his most serious occupations! We

followed towards Rome at the tail of the last of the cavalry, and were not at home before six o'clock.

Thursday, March 1st.—We were determined to see the departure of this body of troops as well as their arrival, and went this morning at nine o'clock, accompanied by Lord Colchester, in our open carriage, to the Porta Pia, by which they must necessarily pass, and which offered an open space just without the gate to place the carriage and to look up a long stretch of the road under walls by which they were to pass. They began to make their appearance within half an hour after the time we got there; the cavalry first, Hussars and heavy horse, and then the infantry, of which there were certainly 1,000 or 1,500 men more than we had seen before. They had arrived, I conclude, later in the evening. The baggage waggons and waggons with bread, and the baugh horses, were infinitely increased, and formed now a very long train; for here we saw them near their departure, and consequently all together, which never is the case at an arrival. The artillery horses, and those employed in the fourgons and baggage waggons, are remarkably good, and seemed in admirable order and spirits.

The poor women belonging to the cavalry were mostly mounted on troop horses, riding like men, little embarrassed by their petticoats, which showed good stout boots and long spurs. Two of these poor souls had infants in their arms! The infantry women were on foot by the side of the regiments to which they belonged, except two or three whom I felt happy to espy in the baggage waggons. These baggage waggons are by no means what ours are in England on a march—common carts or waggons loaded with women and children—but covered fourgons, which seem much better calculated to convey baggage than persons. The whole, without counting the baugh horses (for we left the place as they began to pass), took about an hour and a quarter to defile. The commander

of the division, Statterheim, accompanied by Appony, &c. &c., rode with the troops on their road. At the Porte San Lorenzo they separated, and one division, with the cavalry, took the road to Tivoli, the other to Albano.

Friday, 2nd.—At two o'clock we went to the Ponte Molle, where they were expecting another detachment of Austrians. We met there a great crowd on the same errand. They all talked of their arrival, but no one knew *when*. We took a short walk as far as the villa on the side of the road where the colonel and some officers had slept the night before. The two peasants who performed the duties of chambermaids related to us, but without complaint or ill-humour, the harm that the troops had done in the neighbourhood during the night they passed there, in burning the vine sticks and taking the bread they found in the houses of the neighbouring peasants.

Sunday, 4th.—The arrival of more Austrians was continually announced as to happen every day. In the suspension of masking on Sunday, and of the horse race, all the Corso had turned out to the Ponte Molle. We were there sooner than the crowd, and found a detachment of the Austrian commissariat (belonging, I conclude, to the division, a part of which we have already seen pass) bivouacked on each side of the road. The poles of the long canvas-covered carts made a sort of manger for the four or five horses belonging to them, their hay, or rather straw, being thrown to them on the side of it. They were good-looking horses, and the majority of a chesnut colour. The men were stretched on straw on the ground immediately before or between their carts; they had arrived the evening before.

Monday, 5th.—Went to Madame d'Appony, to see the Reprisa dei Cavalli. Here they spread across the street two cloths at ten feet distant one from the other, to stop

the horses; there are also twelve men, masked, in a red cap, who, with howlings and frightful noises, try to catch them, and are often knocked down by them; the crowd and the excitement that the race produces was something to see, and by far the most interesting moment of these uninteresting races.

Tuesday, 6*th*.—At half-past four o'clock we went to the Duchess of Devonshire's balcony to see what was passing in the Corso. The scene was really curious and amusing. Groups of peasants, masked, were dancing in the Place to the sound of the tambourine played by other masks. The street was blocked up as soon as the horses had all run, and the day was already closing in sufficiently to light the little wax candles, called here *moccaletti*, that everyone holds in his hand lighted, and tries to put out that of his neighbours. It is not only the pedestrians, but the people in carriages hold them, and everyone at the windows all along the Corso. This makes an effect at once brilliant and extraordinary. Canova said that before the arrival of the French at Rome, and all that followed, there were three times more morcali than they have ever seen since, and that it really was a sight to see at that time.

Thursday, 15*th*.—In the morning we went to St. Onofrio, where grows an oak, said to be Tasso's *—a fine tree, in a divine situation, with one of the finest views in Rome.

Friday, 16*th*.—I walked with Sotheby to Dies to sit, and to Canova, then to several artists, where we only found the Prussian bronzist, who I did not think remarkable, and Boschi, another who has a hundred times more merit.

Sunday, 25*th*.—Before ten o'clock in the morning to the Chiesa de Santa Maria sopra Minerva, to see the

* Blown down in a storm in the autumn of 1842.

fonction of the dotation to so many poor girls, one part of whom received a dowry of 25 scudi to marry, and the others to enter the convents. The Pope was there. It was a touching ceremony; so many young girls dressed all in white, from head to foot, the lower part of the face concealed in such a way that the eyes and nose only could be seen; the most part very handsome, in procession two and two, holding a small lighted torch, entering the choir and prostrating themselves four and four at the foot of the Pope's throne. The Pope blessed them whilst they made the sign of the Cross, and then they disappeared by a side door of the choir. All this is not a bad representation of a procession in a pagan temple of antiquity, though the illusion is spoilt as much as it can be by the Swiss guards with their halberds and their harlequin dress, by the hats of the Pope's noble guard, and by a crowd of English and of loungers who blocked up the space.

Friday, 30*th*.—At eight o'clock in the evening went to the Ancient Music, of which a society here has given three subscription concerts at the Palais Caffarelli. The Palace is placed almost upon the Tarpeian rock at the capitol, and, consequently, not of easy access for carriages. The music consisted of a chorus by Palestrina (music of 1546) and other masters rather later; it was sung by the choir of the Pope's Chapel in the greatest perfection, but it was all in chorus—no airs sung solo, no variety, no melody to my ignorant ears; so that it afforded me but little pleasure, though I was glad to have heard the most ancient music of this musical country, where music, like so many other things, was first revived. The audience was not large, and consisted of more Germans and other foreigners than of English. It was over by half-past nine o'clock.

Miss Berry to Mrs. Damer.

Rome, Tuesday, April 3, 1821.

. . . A letter from Anne Turner to Agnes yesterday, of the 16th March, mentions your being perfectly well, and impatient to hear from Rome. This has immediately put the pen into my hand, altho' long ere you receive this you will have heard that the Neapolitans, honest folks, are not likely to disturb the peace by fighting anywhere, and that the passage of the Austrians has only served to procure us a succession of some of the most picturesque scenes of bivouacs and marches possible. In the north of Italy, too, where a storm seemed to have arisen which *might* have been inconvenient to quiet travellers, things seem to be suddenly tranquillised, although I by no means trust to this sunbeam of peace or to the noisy rejoicings of the Neapolitans at the entry of the Austrians into their city, where, instead of hard blows, carbonari, and patriots, they found nothing but illuminations, Polcinellos, and gaudy uniforms, who all faced about and entered Naples with the Austrians! The King (old nosey, who you remember) is still at Florence; when the people about him press him to return to Naples, he replies,

'Jo se Napolitano, anch' io ho paura.'

In the meantime, Nature, who, thank Heaven, depends neither on *Ultras* or *Liberals*, is already arrayed in all the charms of an Italian spring. . . . Leaving Rome must always be a *crepe cuore*; the longer one stays—the more one sees of it, the more it interests and attaches.

I have got a charming little *savant*, who reads with me two or three times a week. He is profoundly learned in the history and antiquities of his country, and I have been excessively amused in reading Martial, Livy, Suetonius, &c. &c. with him on the spot on which they were written, and comparing the descriptions with the actual state of the scenes described. To leave all this, and with as little hope of returning to it as at my age one must have, would be cruel, had I not something to do which occupied me all summer, and which I can finish in Florence. *Here* all one's ideas take a totally other turn, and I have never looked twice at what I have written, and have been thinking of no families but the *Julian* and *Flavian*, no monarchs but the *Cæsars*, and no amusements but the *games*

and the *amphitheatres*. When once I have torn myself away from Rome, I shall return to Louis XIV. and Charles II. as to something quite new to me.

In the meantime, Canova has got me a piece of marble for you, which shall be expedited at the same time with some trifles of our own which must be sent by sea.

Wednesday, April 4th.—In the morning to a breakfast in Lady Westmoreland's garden at the Villa Niollis. There was a sort of peasants' game, called the *Gioco della Sicilia*, in the garden for the amusement of the company. Peasants mounted on donkeys, as little amusing as possible; but the garden is delightful, the party pleasant.

Thursday, 19th.—Went to St. Peter, where the illumination of the suspended cross appeared to me more beautiful than ever, though the assembly in the church is quite another thing to what it was formerly in point of picturesque effect. No processions of confraternities nor of penitents; no great ladies followed by their three or four lacqueys! It was a mass of black coats and women in bonnets, which made a crowd, but without any effect.

Friday, 20th.—In the morning to our service, which, with a sermon and the sacrament, administered to more than one hundred persons, lasted till nearly three o'clock. We went to St. Peter's, where the Pope was worshipping that brilliant cross. The open space left around him, the light thrown upon the crowd and upon the splendid edifice in which it is placed, is one of the finest things in the way of ceremonies that can be imagined.

Sunday, 22nd.—Went with Lady Colchester to see the benediction again, which was still grander than on Thursday; this time 3,000 Austrians were placed there, and helped well to fill the grand colonnade, which on the first occasion was too empty. There were to-day, besides the troops, 15,000 persons at least, and still the whole Place could have held double the number. In the even-

ing we went to see the illumination of St. Peter's, unique in the world! The crowd of carriages was enormous in the Place; and as they arrived from three or four different roads, the disorder was great when it was time to leave the colonnade and find our places to see the Girandola. I was taken by our Abbé Molioni to a house to see the change of illumination, which realises one's idea of the decorations of a diamond palace in a fairy story. From thence we went to the house opposite the Bridge of St. Angelo, taken and decorated for the occasion by the Cardinal Gonsalvi for those he invited. The situation was excellent, and there were not too many people. The King of Naples was there, and the Duchesse de Floridia, his wife; the old Prince de Saxe and his two daughters, one of whom is going to marry the Grand Duke of Tuscany; Prince Henry of Prussia and the Prince of Bavaria, and all the corps diplomatique, not only belonging here, but all those coming from Laybach, and accompanying back the King to Naples. This King, ugly when I saw him thirty years ago as a young man, now resembles, as an Englishman said, 'a bad representation of a river god at Astley's, with a quantity of white *sedgy* hair hanging all about his face.' His wife is still good-looking, and must have been handsome for a Neapolitan, and with very good manners.

Tivoli, Saturday, May 5th.—I took a lonely walk outside the gates of the town (Tivoli), as far as *vis-à-vis* to the very pretty Temple of Vesta, which pleases me beyond expression by its situation, and by the beauty of its proportions; then *en caritelle* to the Villa d'Este—the cypress and the plantains there are of an enormous size; the former the largest trees of the sort I know. It belongs to the Duke of Modena, the representative, through his mother, of the d'Este family. He contents himself with not letting the palace fall down, and with not destroying the gardens otherwise than by the progress of

time. This palace, crowning the garden with terrace upon terrace, gives more the idea of the Palace of Alcine than anything else I have seen, and would have made one imagine that Tasso really thought of this in writing that description in his 'Gerusalemme.' had it not been constructed thirty years after his death by his protector, the Cardinal Hypolite d'Esté. Agnes and Lady Char. and Sotheby sketched, and I walked alone through these green groves and upon the fine terraces, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.' Still weak from recent illness, I could not help remarking that, notwithstanding a sort of enjoyment, I had a stronger feeling of my own decay than of that which I saw around me. On our return we drove past the wooden bridge outside the gates as far as a canvas arch, just raised on the road and illuminated for the eve of a grand fête to-morrow in honour of the entry of a Madonna called *del Quintiliola*, which always passes three months here, and the rest of the year in her church, three miles off.

Sunday, 6*th*.—It rained a great deal in the night; so much all the morning that we could not walk, and awaited the entrance of the poor Madonna della Quintiliola, so called from her church, situated upon the site of the villa, as they believe, of Quintilius Varo (friend of Virgil and Horace). The rain began to increase before she had passed the arch erected in her honour, and was so hard that the *sparro*—that is to say, a discharge of a thousand small mortars placed upon the borders of the river—could not take place, and she was obliged to take shelter in the small church at the foot of the wooden bridge which crosses the Anio. About one o'clock the weather cleared up a little, and we went *en caritelle* as far as we could go upon the road to the Cascatelles, as they call Horace's house; then to the Madonna's usual abode, this villa of Quintilius Varo's, where many fine pieces of sculpture have been formerly found.

Monday, 7*th*.—Though the weather did not appear settled, still the Madonna began to think of crossing the bridge, and went to her home at the cathedral. This cathedral is built upon the remains of a Temple of Hercules, one of the most celebrated of ancient Latium, and we have seen the Virgin of Christianity approaching towards the temple of this pagan demigod with a suite and with ceremonies that I am persuaded would not have been displeasing to his ancient worshippers. We left Tivoli before the *sparro*. Everybody was out, and everyone walking to guide and accompany the Madonna to her summer domicile at the Duomo.

Rome, *Wednesday*, 9*th*.—Went with Lord and Lady Colchester, Miss Fanshawe, Tighe, and Bassé the painter, to the Vatican, to see the statues by torchlight. I had always preserved the remembrance of the pleasure this sight had formerly given me. There is nothing so fine, so admirable, so unique, as these fine forms seen under a new aspect, and in a manner that there seems every reason to suppose many of them were intended to be seen. I have never wished to go in a large party, as all my compatriots do, and so we invited only those whom we knew could really enjoy it. We were at the Vatican from nine o'clock till midnight, but it seemed like an hour.

Sunday, 13*th*.—The guns of the Castle of St. Angelo reminded us that the King of Naples was to leave Rome to-day. We went to the gate of St. Giovanni to see him pass, but he was already gone, and we only met the Garde Bourgeoise and a detachment of a regiment of the line and six pieces of artillery, returning from escorting him outside the walls of Rome.

Friday, 18*th*.—Made several farewell visits, and then to St. Peter's, to take leave of that magnificent edifice, which affected me more than all the others. There was scarcely anyone there; the rays of the sun poured in a

flood of light through the windows of the choir it was just what I should have most wished for a last effect to carry away as a beautiful remembrance. We went in to see the sacristy built by Pius VI. It consists of four tolerably large rooms for the different orders of ecclesiastics who either belong to the church or who frequent it. At length I gave the last look to the most magnificent temple that the hands of man have ever raised to his Creator.

Saturday, 19*th*.—Left Rome.

Wednesday, 23*rd*.—Arrived at Florence.

Friday, 25*th*.—Lady Charlotte left us for Bologna, where her brother meets her. She parted from us after having passed more than six months together, with feelings in which we most thoroughly sympathised.

Thursday, 31*st*.—At seven o'clock in the morning we went with M. de Boutourlin and all his family to the Cascines, where every year, on Ascension Day, the neighbouring peasants, all the bourgeoisie, great and small, and all the people from Florence, meet at break of day to eat, drink, and walk. All the avenues of the wood are filled with vendors of *Salame de Jultalo*, wine, cheese, &c. &c.; everywhere—upon the grass, in the fields, and in the groves,—are groups of people sitting upon the ground, eating or resting themselves. They afterwards go into the town for mass, and then return to the Cascines, where, in the evening, between five and six o'clock, still more people assemble than in the morning, more eaters and drinkers, and more people to administer to their wants. The Court was there in the morning, in three carriages, and after going the round of all the drives, returned to the Palazzino to watch the people under the windows. The Court is received everywhere with much respect and even good-will, and deserves it well from the people, for the simple and almost republican character which it adopts on these occasions. No guards, no pompous attendants—simple

carriages with six horses, preceded by a single piqueur, forms all the retinue.

Thursday, June 7th. — Dined at the Lockes with Bartolini, at whose house we had been to see the Duke of Devonshire's vase, and two of the young Campbells, Emma and Julia,* grouped as dancers; they are now modelled in terra cotta. The *pose* of the figures is really charming, and the drapery simple and flowing, without affectation.

Saturday, 9th.—Left Florence.

Friday, 10th.—Arrived at Bologna. We visited the Academy, where all those *chefs d'œuvre* which formerly adorned their churches are to be seen since their return from Paris—Guido's 'Pietà' perhaps the finest; Samson, with two Philistines fallen at his feet, another *chef d'œuvre* of Guido; in fact, it is here that Guido shines. His pictures here have not only perfection of form, of composition, but a strength of colouring that they rarely have elsewhere. Andrea Corsini, by him, is another *chef d'œuvre* as a portrait of a single figure.

Tuesday, 12th.—Slept at Mantua. We breakfasted at San Benedetto, an open village with arcades under the houses, *à la mode du pays.* It must have been formerly merely the appendage to an enormous church and convent of Benedictines. The convent, with all its rich possessions in land, was confiscated by Napoleon, and has never been restored. The great church now only serves for the parish priest to do the duty of the village; the cloister and convent is occupied as a military prison. In the town I saw neither fine streets nor fine houses, and I left Mantua regretting that I had been there only to be convinced that Virgil's country was so little worthy of its muse.

Monday, 18th.—Arrived at Turin.

* Afterwards Mrs. William Russell and Mrs. Langford Brooke.

Tuesday, 19*th*.—M. de la Tour du Pin (the French Ambassador) told me, walking in the garden of his villa, where we dined to-day, that on the night of the abdication of the King, Victor Emmanuel, 13th of March, he and all the corps diplomatique had been summoned to the Palace at midnight, where everything was in confusion and litter with all the packages making for the departure of the King the next morning.* When from this meeting he was dismissed, and before he left the Palace, he desired an audience of the Prince of Carignano; it was then between one and two in the morning of the 14th. The Prince instantly admitted him; he was standing bolt upright, with the most immovable countenance. M. de la Tour du Pin told him that, hearing on all sides of the Spanish Constitution, now that the power of granting or denying was in the hands of the Prince, he thought it right to beg him to consider how perfectly averse France must be to such a Constitution, which she could not indifferently see established on the confines, however averse she was to any interference in the affairs of her neighbours. The Prince replied with the same immovable countenance, 'Je ne ferai rien indigne de mes ancêtres. Je saurai mourir dans l'occasion.' The Ambassador replied, 'Qu'il ne s'agissait pas de mourir, mais de vivre et de régner,' for which reason it behoved him to exert all his influence to avoid such a fatal measure as adopting the Spanish Constitution. The Prince replied again in exactly the same words and the same want of all accompanying sentiment, in such a moment of crise! M. de la Tour du Pin said the impression left on his

* The King, Victor Emmanuel, refused to grant the 'Spanish Constitution' which was called for by his subjects, and on the 13th of March abdicated his throne. At five o'clock the following morning he retired with his family and retinue to Nice, leaving the Prince Carignano, his nephew, entrusted with authority as Regent. Though the Prince de Carignano was appointed Regent, the Crown devolved on the brother of the King, Charles Felix, Duke of Genoa.

mind by this interview entirely destroyed any hope from the conduct or character of the Prince.

Saturday, 23*rd*.—The Comte de Revèl, le Lieutenant du Royaume, told me to-day, at dinner, that although he would willingly have given a part of his blood and that of his children to have avoided the interference of the Austrians, that he had the intimate conviction that it was perfectly *necessary*, and that he was *sure* they should get rid of them as soon as they were no longer necessary! When I looked doubtful of this, as they are now in complete possession of the whole of Italy, he said he only answered for Piedmont! It is really difficult to believe that a man of common sense and *more* than *common* honesty, can be thus bewildered; and yet Revel is both one and the other! He said he did not like the Austrians, but that France had thought proper to follow the policy of England, of which he spoke with indignation: 'Qu'il ne donnera pas un sou pour des amis, qui vous verront le pistolet à la gorge sans vous aider!' I ventured to say that in a constitutional government of the nature of which France now partook, neither the Sovereign nor his Ministers could follow their inclinations when decidedly against the wishes or prejudices (whichever they might be called) of the people, and that this was the case in both countries in the present instance. This seemed a new reason to him for avoiding a resemblance to such Governments; and he added, 'Que si ce mouvement révolutionnaire avait passé dans la Savoie, que la France l'aurait tout de suite partagé,' which I am persuaded is no more true than all the rest. But to hear many persons talk here, one would suppose oneself in the thirteenth century, and that 'tout à côté de beaucoup d'autres,' speaking, acting, and thinking with the most rational and well-considered liberality.

Poor people! never was the enlightened part of a nation in such a cruel situation, or more to be pitied.

Deprived of all hope or trust in the Prince to whom they had looked forward for future ameliorations becoming the age; abandoned by their old King, to whom their mutual sufferings had attached them; turned over to a man whom they have been in the habit of considering as an idiot, likely to have been set aside when it came naturally to his turn to reign, and whom they can only consider as a *griffe* in the hands of the Austrians, while all the thirteenth-century people tell you with gravity that, being now called to reign, God has bestowed that especial grace on him which has made him quite another man from what everybody supposed the Duc de Genoa to be! His manifestoes are of the thirteenth century in sentiments, and the creature himself seems disposed to think (if he thinks at all) that implacability is steadiness, and that persecution will make converts to sentiments already exploded without its unfailing aid. Revel gravely tells one that, if this King had been on the throne, the revolution would never have taken place! and the sons and daughters of the late Comte de Maistre, the worthy heirs of his sentiments, are firmly convinced that, by the especial grace of God, this idiot Duc de Genoa is going to become a great king, and to reign by the only maxims worthy of the throne, and happy for the people!

Wednesday, 27*th.*—Left Turin. Slept on the Mount Cenis.

Wednesday, *July* 4*th.*—At Sens, went to see the Cathedral, which contains the tomb of the Dauphin and Dauphiness, * father and mother of the present King, by Coustou. During the Revolution, a mayor, either out of love for the King or for sculpture, had it taken away in pieces and concealed. It deserved to be preserved, as it is well executed, though the design is French.

Thursday, 5*th.*—Arrived at Paris.

Friday, 6*th.*—We went with the Ambassadress to the

* The son of Louis XV. and Marie Josephe de Saxe.

Garde Meuble, to see the Crown of the King of France, prepared for a coronation which perhaps will never take place. The Crown is of great elegance as well as richness; it is entirely composed of diamonds and sapphires, without other mixture of stones, the enormous diamond called 'the Regent' forming the top of the cross which surmounts it, and of which one does not see the workmanship. In this same Garde Meuble there is every imaginable sort of furniture, to be taken to the Palaces, furnished, or to be furnished, whenever it is required.

Possagno: Luglio 8, 1821.

GENTILISSIMA SIGNORA MARIETTA,—Perch' Ella non creda che io sia dimentico, e posto abbia in obblio la memoria e la gratitudine delle sue cortesi e amabili gentilezze, Le scrivo queste due righe anchè da quì, dove sono arrivato in questi giorni. Beato me se potessi fra queste colline e queste amenissime situazioni indicare alla sorella Agnese qualche bel punto per essere da lei disegnato. Quantunque il tempo sia così cattivo che non permitta un sol giorno di puro sole senza molt' acqua. Ho ritrovato i lavori del tempio molto bene avanzati, con mia piena soddisfazione; e spero che le mie cure avranno un felice successo. Se avrò la sorte di essere riscontrato di questa mia lettera, La prego dirigermi la sua risposta a Roma, dove io sarò di ritorno fra non molti giorni Anchè di Roma io Le diressi una letterina a Parigi, ed è questa la seconda. Dico ciò per farla sempre più certa della mia sincera amicizia, e della sollecitudine che ho di tenermi vicino alla sua mente, e al suo cuore, se pure vi può essere luogo *in esso* per me.

Il cattivo abate, mio fratello, manda a Lei e alla sorella i suoi rispetti ———, come pur faccio io stesso per ambedue. Ella mi continui il suo gentil animo, e mi creda sempre ripieno della più ben sentita stima e attaccamento.

Il suo att^to^ serv^re^

CANOVA.*

* Possagno: July 8, 1821.

That you may not think that I am forgetful, and could have lost the recollection and the grateful sense of your courteous and amiable kindness, I

Friday, August 17*th.*—Left Paris.

Tuesday, 21*st.*—Arrived in London, at Mr. Montagu's, Portman Square.

Friday, 24*th.*—We went at ten o'clock to Newgate with Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who had procured three tickets from Mrs. Fry, to see the female side of the prison. It is an interesting, satisfactory, and, above all, affecting sight. I have neither time nor strength just now to detail it. We were above three hours there.

London, Thursday, September 13*th.*—In the morning went with G. Dawson, Andreas, and Lady Charlotte, to the New Bethlehem, in St. George's Fields. Dawson had a letter to one of the surgeons. No hospital deserves so well to be visited, not only for its perfect cleanliness and general arrangements, but for the good and gentle manner with which everyone is there treated. This new system of gentleness and liberty has so changed the nature of the malady with nearly all the poor inmates, that there is scarcely one who is now obliged to be tied down, and those who have been chained up for years in the old Bedlam are here free and tranquil.

Tuesday, 18*th.*—Left London for the North.

write two lines from this place also, where I arrived a few days ago. How happy should I be if, amongst these hills and these most lovely views, I could point out to Miss Agnes some beautiful spot for her to draw, though the weather is so bad that we never have a day of sunshine without a quantity of rain. I found the works at the church getting on well and to my complete satisfaction, and I hope that my trouble will be rewarded by success. If I am to have the good fortune of having this letter answered, I must beg you to direct your reply to Rome, where I shall be back not many days hence. From Rome I also directed a letter to you in Paris—so this is the second. I tell you this to make you more and more certain of my sincere friendship, and of my anxiety to keep myself close to your memory and to your heart, if, indeed, there can be room in it for me. The wicked Abbé, my brother, sends his most respectful compliments to you and to your sister, in which I also join myself. Pray continue to feel kindly towards me, and believe me to be ever filled with the most hearty esteem and attachment.

Yours, &c.,

CANOVA.

Thursday, 20*th*.—We slept at the Duke of Devonshire Inn at Derby, and found ourselves only twenty-seven miles from Chatsworth. It rained without ceasing, so we lost all the beauties of the road from Derby to Matlock, which goes through a charming country; we also lost all the beauties of Matlock, and we arrived at Chatsworth without being able to see its magnificence before we were at the door. This door is now surrounded with all the preparations and scaffolding for the new wing that the Duke has begun to build. The Duke came out immediately to receive us, and he took us through all sorts of lumber to the library, the only room in which he can now receive anyone. James Abercrombie joined us there. There are few people who would have been so agreeable to meet here as him, or indeed to meet anywhere, as I know but few better minds than his.

Friday, 21*st*.—Walked with the Duke upon the fine terrace at the east of the house. He ordered all the waters to play, which even to Roman eyes are well worth seeing; they greatly adorn the large style of garden which suits a palace like this, and ought in fine weather to have a very good effect amongst the large trees with which they are flanked. From there by a path through the English garden across a fine wood to a grotto the last Duchess had begun; her son, the present Duke, has finished it, and is adding another of stalactite, all brilliant with the pieces of metal found in his mines in this county. Went to Ashford, a small village five miles off, where the Duke enjoys living in a small house, where he has arranged in a very simple style a sitting-room and a bed-room. The situation of this small house is charming, with a clear and rapid river running across the meadow in front, and crossed by a stone bridge, with its banks well covered with very fine trees. The Duke intends passing here three or four days at a time, while Chatsworth is full of all sorts of workmen; besides, Chatsworth

too much resembles a palace not to excuse its master this taste of wishing to find himself sometimes in a cottage.

Saturday, 22*nd.*—Agnes and I in an open carriage to Haddon, an ancient house of the Duke of Rutland. It is unfurnished, and only protected from the ravages of time. It has never been magnificent. The castles of our noblemen in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were no great things, and are for the most part remarkable for that absence of ornament which is usual in all the buildings of the North. At dinner, amongst others, we had Mr. and Mrs. Arkwright, one of the sons of the very large manufacturer of that name. She was the daughter of Stephen Kemble, very large figure, with a handsome face.*

Sunday, 23*rd.*—Left Chatsworth early.

Wednesday, 26*th.*—Arrived at the hotel on the Regent's Bridge at Edinburgh. All this part of the town is new since our last visit to Scotland.

Friday, 28*th.*—Arrived at Raith.

Tuesday, *October* 23*rd.*—Went on a visit to Sir John and Lady Oswald. Sir John had given me a collection of his grandfather's letters to Ministers and several distinguished persons of his day, since the years 1742 and 1767. There were many more of the latter than the former, which is a pity, as he appears to have written and thought so well, and was in correspondence with all the clever men of his country whilst he was in Parliament, and occupying himself very much with public affairs. The reading of these letters, which make two large MS. books, occupied me very agreeably all the morning.

Rome: Ottobre 20, 1821.

Sono stato più di due mesi alla patria, e per dir meglio, ai colli del mio patrio villaggio, Possagno, ove stassi erigendo la

* Mrs. Arkwright was well known for her great talent in music, both in singing and in composition.

mia chiesa! Quante volte col fratello si fece memoria di loro due, e quante volte abbiamo espresso il desiderio di averle ospiti amiche in quel nostro campestre ma pittoresco e ameno soggiorno! Inutili voti! e lusinghe che forse non vedranno giammai il lieto giorno di essere soddisfatte! Che almeno da loro non perdasi la memoria di noi, e di me specialmente, che ritengo impresse nel cuore le cortesi maniere, e le obliganti espressioni del gentile suo animo verso di me tanto benigno e amorevole. Sarò felice d'avere talvolta le sue nuove, e la sicurezza che non sono lontano dalla sua ricordanza.

Mio fratello divide con me i miei sentimenti, e mi dice di ricordare all' una e all' altra i suoi distinti rispetti, ai quali unisco pure i miei, che sono animati dalla più affettuosa stima e attaccamento verso l' amabili sorelle, che lasciato mi hanno uno si vivo desiderio di lor compagnia!

Il suo obb^so^ servitore,

A. Canova.*

Friday, November 23rd.—Left Raith, and arrived at Edinburgh.

Tuesday, 27th.—Left Scotland.

Wednesday, December 5th.—Arrived at Capesthorn, the seat of Mr. Davenport.

Tuesday, 11th.—We went *en calèche* by appointment

* Rome: October 20, 1821.

I have been more than two months in my own country, or rather amongst the hills of my native village, Passagno, where I am building my church. How many times have my brother and I thought of you both there! and how many times have we expressed the wish that we might have you as our guests and friends in that rural but picturesque and agreeable abode! Useless wishes and flattering hopes, which perhaps will never be fulfilled! But at least may you never lose your remembrance of us, and especially of me, who retain in my heart the impression of your gentle manners, your obliging expressions, your kind and affectionate bearing towards me.

I shall be happy if I may sometimes have news of you, and the assurance that I am not banished from your memory. My brother unites with me in these sentiments, and bids me present to you both his respectful compliments, to which I join my own, animated by the most affectionate esteem and attachment for the amiable sisters who have left with me so lively a desire to enjoy their society.

Your obedient, &c.,

A. Canova.

to Alderley, Sir John Stanley's; they showed us the grounds of their house and the kitchen-garden; then we went, with three or four of their daughters and themselves, in a landau and four horses, besides our carriage, to three miles from there to Alderley Edge, where there is a fine view of a large extent of country well cultivated and inhabited, and bounded by the Derbyshire hills. In the course of our drive we came to a very old and very fine forest of oak trees and beech—grand trees, such as there only are in England. Here we got out and continued walking as far as the rectory of Edward Stanley,* brother to Sir John — one of the prettiest, most picturesque, and well-arranged parsonages I have ever seen, and where everything shows not only a taste for the arts, but general good taste. Mr. Stanley and his pleasing and spirituelle wife † accompanied us for the rest of the walk.

Miss Berry finished the month of December, after short visits at Capesthorn and Trentham, at Guy's Cliff.

Monday, 31*st*.—We all wished one another a happy new year before going to bed, and so finished for me the year 1821, began at Rome.

* Afterwards Bishop of Norwich.
† Daughter of the Rev. Oswald Leicester.

1822.

JOURNAL.

Guy's Cliff, Tuesday, January 1*st.*—Mrs. Siddons and her daughter arrived.

Wednesday, 2*nd.*—Mrs. Siddons read 'Othello,' the two parts of Iago and Othello quite *à merveille.*

Thursday, 3*rd.*—Left Guy's Cliff.

After a short visit to Wimpole and a residence in London from the 17th to the 25th March, the Miss Berrys quitted England for the Continent, and at the end of March arrived at Brussels.

Monday, April 8*th.*—In the morning went to visit Madame de Staremberg at the Hôtel d'Aremberg. It is one of the finest noblemen's houses I ever saw in any country; an immense court on one side, and on the other a garden of several acres, with large trees, and all that in the middle of the town. Within is a beautiful gallery, where the Duke has placed an enormous collection of the finest porcelain of Japan, which he has collected.

Tuesday, 9*th.*—It was still cold and uncertain weather. We started in a covered calèche to go to Waterloo. The road at half a mile from Brussels traverses for about two miles the forest of Soignies. The little village of Waterloo is nearly surrounded by it, and it springs up again between Waterloo and the very small village of Mont St. Jean. At Mont St. Jean we left the carriage, and, accompanied by a peasant of the inn, walked to the field

rendered for ever memorable by what may be called the greatest battle known in either ancient or modern history, if its consequences, the manner in which it was contested, and the equality of the means, moral and physical, that were brought into conflict, are all taken into consideration. All trace of the havoc occasioned by such a rencontre is obliterated. It is a large open country, the ground very uneven, and is undulating now with young corn. The Haye Sainte, that isolated farm where the struggle was so fierce, and which was taken and retaken three times, is all repaired; there is only to be seen two or three bullet-holes in a barn door. The tomb of Gordon* and that of the Hanoverian officers, though nothing remarkable in themselves, are well placed on each side of the high road, upon the height where Wellington was standing, and very near the place where the brave Gordon fell at his side. We walked upon the high road as far as La Belle Alliance, a miserable little beer-house, which had borne for forty years a name that seemed made on purpose for it at this time, when, after the retreat of the French, Wellington, advancing upon the field which had cost him so much, met Blucher arriving across the country in advance of his Prussians, who were then defiling out of a wood near a farm about three-quarters of a mile from the 'Belle Alliance.' We stopped at the church of Waterloo. It is a little rotonde, of which the walls are covered with honourable inscriptions to the memory of the brave men who fell in the great battle. There are afflicted parents to their children; sisters to their brothers; regiments to their gallant brothers in arms, with the names of all the officers, and the number of the soldiers that they lost, &c. In the time of paganism this temple would have been consecrated to the god Mars; in no other place upon the earth could they have offered their vows so favourably. It hailed and rained without ceasing

* The Hon. Alexander Gordon, brother to the late Earl of Aberdeen.

till our return to Brussels, at a quarter past six in the evening. The road is badly paved, with large ruts on each side, and one continually meets enormous coal waggons coming from Charleroi to Brussels, Ghent, &c., often drawn by seven of the strong large horses of this country.

Thursday, 11*th*.—After dinner went to the great theatre. The 'Marriage of Figaro,' turned into a comic opera by Mozart, with delicious music; but I do not like music which from time to time mars the wit of Beaumarchais. The really comic effect of the last scene is entirely spoiled by the music; all the actors entering the pavilion on the two sides of the stage, singing their intentions with an accompaniment charming in itself, but which entirely destroys the illusion of the scene.

Saturday, 13*th*.—Left Brussels.

Monday, 15*th*.—Arrived in Paris.

Sunday, *May* 12*th*. — Dined at the Ambassador's. Talleyrand was there, and very amusing upon the manners and ways of living of the old ladies of the 'Ancienne Cour,' of which he says there is no trace left, and 'que c'était une chose qui manquait pour l'entretien des manières et de la langage.'

Wednesday, 22*nd*.—Went to the private view of the exhibition of modern pictures. With the exception of some small 'Tableaux de genre,' and some views of 'Interiors,' there were none worth taking the trouble to see. The portraits all like tea-boards.

The following extract of a letter appears to have been addressed to a friend in answer to an expressed disinclination to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper:—

Extract of a Letter addressed to a Friend.

Marseilles, Good Friday, 5th April 1822.

I am seriously sorry to find you have so misunderstood me on a serious subject. You seem to forget that *that* doctrine is

founded upon the most implicit confidence in the decrees of an all-merciful Creator—a profound, intimate, and unshakable conviction of the spirituality of our nature, together with a determination and a power 'de prendre l'incomprehensible comme tel.' If such confidence and such power exist not in your mind, I regret it for your sake. But, even then, why should you feel 'an awkwardness' at doing '*this in remembrance of me?*' In remembrance of the purest and most beautiful system of morality ever taught to mankind—even considering the history of the Teacher in what is called the least orthodox light, which *I* do not enter into, because my faith would remain unshaken and my confidence unimpaired, even if I were capable of detecting the mistakes men may have made upon the subject. If *their* opinions weigh with you so much, I cannot conceive what prevents your receiving it and every other dogma of our religion with the implicit orthodoxy you envy. Still more do I regret to hear you say, that since your affections are increased in this world, you feel a stronger desire to be religious in the narrowest sense of the word, that *you* may be assured such affections will not end here—'But here upon the shoal of time.' And are you really so unhappy as to want a conviction of the immortality of such sentiments? To coldly ask how those that believe in it arrive at such conclusion? To calculate what unassisted reason and what Scripture say to you on the subject? These are truths that must be *felt*, and can only be *proved* by *feeling*. Of all errors on these serious subjects, the only one with which I never could sympathise or forgive, because it annihilates every social affection of the heart, and leads inevitably to the coldest selfishness, is Materialism. All other errors are venial, and degrade not our nature. If the immortality of the soul and its affections *is an error*, so let it remain for ever to me; I *would* not be undeceived—I would not believe it otherwise—my proud soul starts from the idea of being so degraded in the scale of existence.

Paris, Wednesday, June 5th.—To the Français; a new piece, 'Regulus,' by Arnault, the son.* Talma excellent; the piece without interest, with some fine lines, and a per-

* Lucien Emile, son of Antoine Vincent Arnault.

petual flourish of Rome, and its patriotism and liberty, that Rome understood nearly as well as those who were listening to it here. A full pit, a great deal of noise, and many allusions. Talma came and announced the author, and soon after the father was dragged out by a well-arranged chance from a box in the balcony; he was made to come forward to receive the noisy applause of the pit.

Sunday, 16*th*.—Went to Tivoli with the two Williams, Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Ward, and the Duc de Dalberg. Ward gave me his arm; he is ill in body and mind, and I think much more the first than the second; he, on the contrary, thinks it more the mind. He is in a pitiable state, and I know well how to pity him!

Wednesday, 26*th*.—In the evening with Lady Pollington at Neuilly, to be presented to the Duchesse d'Orléans. Nothing could be less awkward nor less embarrassing for a Court; she stands in a circle with Mdlle. d'Orléans, both frequently changing places, and in time speaking to everyone. We were there early, at half-past eight o'clock, and left before ten. There were there nearly fifty people in all. The Duke was standing about, and conversed chiefly with men.

Thursday, *July* 4*th*.—We started *en calèche* for Andilly; found Madame de Duras alone; she read to us the first part of her 'Edward.' We took a short walk outside, as far as the terrace where J. J. Rousseau rested himself in going from the Hermitage of Montmorency to Eau Bonne.

Saturday, 8*th*.—At Madame de Duras, to hear the end of 'Edward.' It is touching, and very well written, but perhaps a little less natural, and a little more stilted, than the first part.

Wednesday, 10*th*.—Dined at Neuilly with the Duc d'Orléans. Lady Pollington accompanied us. A dinner of thirty covers. The silver service was magnificent—quite

new, consequently not in such good taste as the old. The épergne and decorations all in ormolu; vases, &c., ornamented with flowers — superb, but in too many small pieces and small figures; the dessert service, silver gilt and glass. The large baskets were very handsome, and of exquisite workmanship. The dining-room, a gallery well ventilated, and very pleasant. On returning to the drawing-room, we found all the children there (except the two little ones), to the number of six—three sons and three daughters; one cannot see a finer family, nor one which appears better brought up, nor more at their ease with their parents. The Duc de Chartres tall for his age, and with the prettiest face, but looks perhaps less robust than the others. The younger boys that we saw were the Duc de Nemours and the Prince de Joinville. The little Princesses, Mdlles. de Montpensier, de Valois, and de Beaujolois, all good figures, fair and pretty faces. There were two governesses and a tutor with them in the drawing-room, *gens comme il faut*, but appearing on the same footing as a governess in an English family. It was very fine weather; and as the drawing-room opened into the garden, everyone went out, and the Duc d'Orléans proposed a walk. We accompanied him, with Fagel, another gentleman, Lady Pollington, Lady Barbara, and Mr. Ponsonby. We passed by the little bridges to the small islands on the Seine, and I have not seen in France a garden and grounds so well planned, so well laid out, nor so well kept up, as at Neuilly. It would be a very charming villa in any country: and though built as a pavilion, which makes it very pretty outside; in the interior it contains rooms so high and large as to look like a palace. On our return to the drawing-room we found it full of people arriving for the evening; we stayed another half-hour, and then accompanied Madame de Montjoye to another room, where she showed us some books of drawings by M. Atelin.

Friday, 19*th*.—In the morning with the Davenports and Comte de Buol to the 'Diorama,' a new sort of panorama, in which they have found the means of producing the effects of light upon a landscape representing a Swiss valley, with a lake. There was another scene, which shows the interior of Canterbury Cathedral, where the illusion is also perfect.

'*Friday*, 27*th*.—In the evening we went with Mrs. and Miss Davenport to St. Cloud, to visit Madame de Gontaut. We found Madame de Gontaut occupied in drying the tears of one of her little Princes, under the trees near her apartment at the château. Her daughter, Madame de Bourbon Bussy, received us; and her mother, with her precious children, soon joined us. The little Princes are much better-looking than I expected. Mademoiselle is certainly a very pretty little girl of three years old, and Monseigneur (as he is always called, and at every minute) a big boy, very fresh and lively for his age of twenty-two months. They remained playing upon the balcony steps, where we were all seated, with Madame de Bourbon's two children; then went to supper in an adjoining room, and then came in to say 'Good-night' (in their night-gowns) to Madame de Gontaut. She was very civil to us.

Tuesday, August 13*th*.—We had got permission from the Duc de Castres, the Governor, to dine in the little park at Meudon.* We passed by Bellevue;† there we got out. Having found the door open of the centre pavilion, I entered and went through the grand apartment looking on the terrace. What a scene of desolation and past magnificence! The large dining-room and its ante-room are ornamented with pilasters of the richest stuccoes, and in the best possible taste. The fine white marble chim-

* The Château of Meudon was built by the second Dauphine, father of Louis XV. It was fitted up for Marie Louise by Napoleon in 1812.

† Bellevue was built in a few months, to please Madame Pompadour, but pulled to pieces during the Revolution.

ney-pieces, chased with fine gilded bronzes, still remain, and all round the empty space are large looking-glasses, windows with large squares, shutters, &c. &c., all bronze, gilded. The view from these windows, which look upon the terrace, and the terrace, extending along the façade of the pavilion, is very fine, and far surpassing Meudon. In the apartments looking upon the court, and those in the Corps du Logis, which forms the two sides of the court, several families are lodged. It was the part, I suppose, the least spoiled by the barbarians of the Revolution; but all that surrounds this beautiful pleasure-house is in a deplorably ruinous condition.

Saturday, 24*th*.—Left Paris.

Wednesday, 28*th*.—Arrived at Lausanne.

Thursday, 29*th*.—After breakfast I saw Miss Cergat; then called on Mr. and Mrs. Kemble, who have a very pretty house here, upon the road to Vevay. The affectionate manner in which Kemble received me gave me real pleasure.

Thursday, *September* 5*th*.—It was a day of fasting, which is always fixed once a year by the ministers; but though a Calvinist fast, it was kept (after the preaching) very like a *Catholic feast*: everybody dressed in their best, and walking about; all the shops shut in the morning, everyone appearing to amuse himself very well. We dined at Kemble's. It was a lovely evening. The view from his garden was really grand: the eye penetrates on one side into the Valais, and on the other the view extends as far as Mount Saleve.

Friday, 6*th*.—We arrived at Martigny in time to allow of our walking with a guide the length of the valley, through which, four years ago, rushed down a torrent of water, stones, sand, &c. &c., devastating Martigny, and causing the death of forty persons in this little bourg. By a strange chance, in the year 1818, when returning from Italy, viâ the Simplon, we slept at

Martigny. We left it the 16th of June, at five o'clock in the morning; that same day, before five o'clock in the evening, the water was already in the town, having rushed nine leagues from the height from whence it came in three-quarters of an hour. In the bourg of Martigny the havoc is repaired; only the marks upon the walls of many of the houses are still to be seen, where the water came from the height of fifteen feet. But it was a mile from hence, in ascending the valley to what is called *The Bourg*, that one begins to see the great devastation. All the houses constructed in wood, all the sheds, &c., were thrown down; and one sees on all sides where some building was destroyed or something newly constructed. The banks of the torrent (which is always running) are covered with large masses of stone, sand, and earth, which have raised the surface of the valley. Half a mile higher, where the valley turns at the foot of the mountain behind which came the great bursting, its most terrible effects are to be seen. Formerly a village and a factory of articles in iron stood there; there are now no remains of a village nor of a manufactory, nor of anything but masses of sand, gravel, and enormous blocks of stone, between which the torrent winds, reduced to its usual size.

Sunday, 8*th*.—Crossed the Simplon.

Sunday, 15*th*.—Five miles before reaching Parma, we passed the Taro, an immense bed of a river, at present without a drop of water in it, but formerly always troublesome, and often dangerous after rain, from the inequalities of the ground and large loose stones, but which is now passed over by an excellent commodious flat bridge of no less than twenty arches, finished and opened only this year under the auspices of Marie Louise.

Arrived at Parma. The magnificent palace of the Farnese, never finished, has not been inhabited by the later Dukes of Parma nor by Marie Louise. The palace

contains an *Academia*, where the fine pictures robbed by the French from the churches are now collected together; a very fine library, well kept up, to which Marie Louise has added some valuable acquisitions.* The magnificent theatre of the Farnese,† built all in wood, threatens not to last a long time: the Government wish and intend to maintain it, or keep it at least in its natural state; but the large and well-spent sums expended, and still expending, upon the bridges of the Taro and the Trebbia, must eat up all the disposable revenue of a more considerable State than that of Parma. In a large room at the top of this same Palace of the Farnese is kept and shown the toilet, in silver gilt, of Marie Louise, *Empress*; and the cradle, of the same material, of the King of Rome. If I were Duchess of Parma, I should keep, but not expose to common view, these remains of a grandeur which I could not regard otherwise than as the abasement of my own family.

> The high-born maid, in bridal garments shown,
> Led up the last sad pomp that marked the world o'erthrown.

But Marie Louise apparently is not sorry to recall to those who see her in her little duchy that she has been 'of the world's large rule possessed.' The toilet, with its numerous pieces—the toilet chair and the cradle—are all that the united art of Th—— and Adiot (and their names are put everywhere) could do in their designs to please an ostentatious man. Display there is, but taste is wanting. The details are exquisite, but there is nothing fine or graceful in the general forms.

* Marie Louise is said to have added 30,000 volumes.

† 'It is said to be the first theatre in which *boxes*, as we build them, were introduced. The whole is of wood; and though some effort has been made to keep it in repair, it is in a most dilapidated state, and seems rapidly verging to complete ruin. The light shines through the rafters above, and the decayed boards are giving way below.' Such is the account given in 'Murray's Handbook' upwards of thirty years later.

[After spending a month in Florence, the Miss Berrys reached Rome on the 16th of October.]

JOURNAL.

Sunday, October 20th.—Went at three o'clock to Monte Testaccio to see the Saturnalia of Modern Rome in the month of October. They eat and drink every day at all sorts of cabarets, which are open and inhabited only in this month. Thursdays and Sundays there is always a crowd and dancing there. These dances are worth seeing, though the dancers are often dirty, and rarely pretty; they have a grace in the management of their apron or of their handkerchief, which they hold out displayed like a piece of drapery, which is quite remarkable, and which strongly reminds one of the ancient bas-relievos. The music, which is a sort of guitar or lute, with a fife, is monotonous, but lively and *dansant*, and keeping time with great exactness. Our party were pell-mell amongst the spectators in a circle where they were dancing; they were very civil to us, wished to place us where we could see well, and the women took us by the hand and wished perforce to make us dance also, from which I with difficulty escaped, though pleading my age in excuse. All went well, and with a sort of mad gaiety, till jealousy intruded. One of the women had danced too long with one man, or would not dance with another; they began to menace one another; then some soldiers of the guard interfered, the dance finished, and the circle dispersed earlier than darkness would have made it necessary.

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry to the Duchess of Devonshire, on the death of Canova.

Rome: Monday, 21st October 1822.

. . . I cannot tell you the effect this event has had among the artists here. *They* feel it as the loss of their common parent,

while we deplore the accomplished mind, the grateful, attached, unalterable friend, the incomparable artist, the honour of his age and his country. The loss is ours, and ours alone. For him no purer spirit ever entered the presence of its Creator, with his faculties and talents yet unimpaired, full of his fame, and just to his virtues. I am sure, while thus indulging in the expressions of my feeling of friendly sympathy with yours, you know what reason I had to be vain of his early, his continued, his unshaken attachment to me;* and of what great pleasure I had proposed to myself at Rome in seeing him as usual every day, and my vanity anticipated the pleasure he would express at finding me here again. I will add no more, except a feeling of gratitude for having known and having been loved by such a mind as his.† . . .

Extract of Letter from Miss Berry to Mrs. Damer.

Rome: 24th October 1822.

. . . The first thing one must talk of in a letter from Rome is the death of Canova. The news of this event, which took place at Venice, arrived here on Sunday last. You can hardly imagine the effect it has produced. The poor lament him as their liberal benefactor; the artists, universally, as their kindest patron and protector; the Roman public in general, as the honour of their age and country; and all enlightened minds who knew him well, as one of the purest spirits that ever adorned human nature. . . . In returning to Rome, I counted on seeing him (as two years ago) some part of every day, and on the pleasure that I knew my return would give him. He was taken ill at Possagno, his native place, in the

* Canova had been one of Miss Berry's early and devoted admirers, and she repaid his warm affection by the highest appreciation of his genius, and by the kindest feelings which friendship could inspire.

† Canova's disposition was naturally highly benevolent; all his pensions and gains were devoted to useful and charitable purposes, such as the foundation of the Roman Academy of Archæology, in pensions for the support of young pupils in the arts, to the procuring of books for the Academy of St. Luca, aiding the funds of the Academy de Lincei, in annual premiums to young artists, in the support of decayed artists and their orphans and destitute families. Rome, in 1811, felt more particularly the worth of Canova, when deprived of its sovereign, deserted by foreigners, empty, and impoverished.—*Works of Canova, Biog. Mem. by Ct. Cicognara.*

Venetian State, when he was building the magnificent church which he was to adorn with his own sculptures.

Sir William Gell's Account of the Eruption of Vesuvius.

23rd October 1822.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It is more than fifty years since Vesuvius has been so active as it is at present, and was all day yesterday. It is really so frightful that there is no going to see it by way of a party of pleasure, and I fear, on the contrary, a great deal of mischief has been done both to vineyards and houses. About eight o'clock last night the apex of the cone seemed to burst, and the whole mountain was so enveloped in black smoke, that those who were on the spot saw but little more than those at a distance. Yesterday, about 2 P.M., a magnificent column of smoke, stones, and fire, suddenly sprung up from the crater, and proceeded with such velocity, and to such a height, that to those who were looking on it appeared to be approaching to overwhelm them. When it reached an enormous elevation, about 20,000 feet, the whole turned into the most beautiful silver clouds, and, after continuing to spread for about an hour, filled the whole atmosphere, and quite put an end to the sun, which has appeared no more except as a *sky-blue* spot in the dark clouds of to-day. The lava had made great progress down the side of the cone the night before last, and even before that time, but its passage was not first attended by the usual noise, and had excited so little attention that I had not heard of it till I drove out in the evening; but I observed during my drive that it had advanced considerably. After the violent effort of yesterday it seemed again more quiet; but when I went in the evening to Posilippo, I found that the tranquillity on the Naples side was occasioned by the bursting out of another vent on the side of Pompeii, where a very bright and tremendous stream—of which we have as yet no certain accounts, as probably the road is destroyed—might be discovered, though on the opposite side, by the smoke and flaming fringe which showed the black outline of the mountains in that direction. In the meantime the lava did not cease to flow on our side; and about eight in the evening of the 21st, the most terrible groaning, hissing, and cannonading, announced that the eruption was at its height. The jets of red-hot stones were incessant, but I was not

enabled, from the top of the house where I stood, to form any estimate of their height, as I could not see the base of the mountain; I should imagine from 400 to 500 feet. Sometimes the descending shower was met by a new jet, which forced it on all sides into the shape of a cauliflower. The smoke in the meantime was so strongly illuminated, that it really resembled those paintings which I had hitherto taken for exaggerated representations. There seemed an activity, a sound, and a hurley-burley, even at the distance of six miles, that announced nothing less than the end of the world. I do not wish to witness anything more frightful. The people of the city, as usual, had recourse to processions and prayers, in which I hope they have succeeded, as I think now (4 o'clock, 23rd) the roaring is very much decreased. The mischief threatened Portici at first, but suddenly the streams united and took a turn to the unfortunate Torre del Greco, as usual. Nevertheless, the palace at Portici is dismantled, and everything removed that can be; and I heard that the lava has reached the sea, so that the road is impassable; but this is not true.

October 24.

My doctor went up the mountain yesterday, and says that when the smoke is dissipated the whole of the peak will be found to have disappeared; that he saw it fly into the air with a terrible explosion, and fall again in part into the crater, and partly in a shower of pumice, which fell upon him like hail. I do not find the cutting of the road by lava to be true; but that one of the Actons, going to Castella More, thought it not safe to venture on the road beyond a certain point, and took a boat for surety.

Twelve o'clock, 24th.

The whole world is covered with a thick coat of smoke, between copper-coloured and purple. The lava has not cut off the road, but the police stop all carriages at Torre del Greco, because one was obliged to be cut out of the sand yesterday a little farther on. At Torre del Greco the people are in very great alarm, though the lava is yet at some distance, and not above a foot deep where nearest, but they have time sufficient to avoid that. Their great dread is a deluge of black mineral-looking sand, which lies six inches deep in the streets, and of which they neither know the quantity

that may follow nor the suddenness with which it may overtake them. The road is rendered impassable beyond Torre del Greco, merely by the depth of this sand. It rains a sort of black sand into all our balconies and terraces even at this distance. The poor trees, up which the vines have been growing all the summer, utter shrieks like 140,000 penny trumpets, while the lava embraces their trunks and expels the air out of all their pores at once with heat and compression. The main stream presents a front of from 15 to 20 feet high in some places; but houses do resist it, and turn the course on each side, till the opposition raises the flood, and it curls into the windows and overwhelms everything. They say the most singular explosions are occasioned by the lava falling suddenly into the holes, 12 feet deep, which have been cut for planting vines. The noise caused by the expulsion of the air, and its opposition when suddenly exposed by the heat to the mass of lava, is tremendous. In the meantime, though the world looks like a snowy evening in London in December, and seems coming to an end, the people here are going a-dining, visiting, marrying and giving in marriage, just as if there was no danger, and the devil was not at the gates. It is, nevertheless, very alarming, and I shall keep my letter open to the last minute to give you all the intelligence I can.

One o'clock.

The gloom increases, and comes nearer. One of our people going to Somma on horseback is come back, having gone till it was so dark he could go on no further. My servant is just come in like a miller, covered with white ashes. Indeed, it rains white sand or ashes rather fast at this moment.

Four o'clock.

A rain of white and red powder continues all day; but the sun has contrived to pierce through it a little.

Friday, 25th.

The mountain, though emitting a smoke which quite puts out the sun, and makes it a dark December day in London at Naples, has ceased to alarm us with ashes or roaring, a circumstance which gives me great pleasure; and as the philosophers have now had enough of it, let us hope it will cease entirely. We do not hear of any lives lost, or any except solitary habitations destroyed. We have reports that much mischief is done at Bosco Riale, near Pompeii. I hope it will not be

long before I see you in the Holy City. One motive for not immediately setting out is that I am undergoing a cure for the gout, which my German doctor swears will set me up and make me walk, and which I shall believe only when I feel myself tripping along from the Quirinal to the Piazzo de Spagna. I have been two months in pain, and the brute, when the natural fit was over, gave me another just as bad—all for my good, as he says.

Please to tell Lady Charlotte I have had a letter from Stuart Wortley, who says he will do anything he can, but thinks the Ministry alone can assist in my pension, which you will say is 'a likely story, thank ye.' I hope Miss Agnes will find somebody who speaks English remarkably well this year at Rome; that I shall meet her in high health, and ready to commence our ancient feuds on my arrival. All this time I can but just put my feet on the ground, and cannot walk without two sticks.

M. has had another infant, which her daughter-in-law owns to. I should think, however, being much recovered, she will return shortly to protect you and her ancient reign. It is quite surprising into what a state of comparative insignificance the brightest star of the Holy City sinks in this society, where San Carlo does duty for assemblies and evening parties.

Tuesday, Dec. 31*st.*—In the morning we went with Mr. Protheroe and Mr. Petre to the church of Gesu, to hear a fine Te Deum. The church was all dressed with extraordinary magnificence; full of people; the music very fine, but too short. Exit 1822.

1823.

JOURNAL.

Rome, Thursday, Jan. 9th.—In the morning with Mr. Eastlake to the Ghetto, the Jews' quarter, where they are still shut up every evening within large guarded gates. The quarter consists of three or four crooked and narrow streets. It is the dirtiest and most disgusting place one can see even in this town, which is not the capital for cleanliness! The Ghetto is in the lowest part of Rome, quite near to the river, without having the advantage of being upon its banks, yet has always been healthy, and never subject to the fever when the rest of the town was suffering from it.

Wednesday, Feb. 5th.—In the evening at Madame d'Appony's, to celebrate her birthday. It was to be what was called a 'surprise' to her. There was a lottery, to which all who were invited had contributed more than fifteen days before. We assembled in one of the drawing-rooms soon after eight o'clock; then passed into another room, where there was a sort of theatre arranged, upon which we found Barbari dressed à la Turque. After a speech from Barbari, who alluded to the fine things he had picked up in all countries, came a dialogue between two gentlemen of the French mission and the two friends of the Esterhazys, all dressed à la Turque (the costume made the two Esterhazys look the prettiest boys one could see)—one of the Frenchmen acting the Cadi, the others I know not what, nor what they were talking of in their speech; but at last they drew aside two curtains, and two

kinds of shops were displayed, with the presents to be given spread out. There was every sort of thing: a carpet, a gauze shawl embroidered in gold, a pie—a real cold pie; there were 'objets' in marble and in ormolu, some small clocks, paper weights, &c. Then followed some couplets addressed to 'Thérèse,' and sung by the Princess Zenaide, with the offering of three presents to her—a bracelet, a muff, and a little picture by Granet. Then other couplets, addressed to Zenaide; and others, again, by Artaud to the Duchess of Devonshire; and then came the general distribution of presents, which was made with the greatest impartiality. The Comte de Brunswick drew out from a silver vase a number; and from another vase the Comte d'Appony drew the name of the person who ought to receive the lot attached to such number. Mine was a very pretty small model of the tomb of the Scipios, in rosso-antico. This distribution lasted some time, as there were more than eighty prizes. Many of the company left immediately afterwards for the bal masqué at the Princess Gabrielli's.

Monday, 10*th*.—Lady Char. and I went masked as the Bourgeoisie mask; I as a *Malta*—that means, with a man's shirt over the gown, tied with ribbons, a wax mask, a handkerchief upon the head, and another put across the shoulder, &c. We were accompanied—Lady C. by Lord William Russell * (the uncle), en Pierrot; and I by Mr. Protheroe, in a grotesque old man's mask, with a white beard. We took our places upon the 'Scaline di Ruspoli,' which is the grand meeting-place of the best masks in these last days of the Carnival. Neither Mr. Protheroe nor I were recognised by anyone amongst the English who came to speak to us; but it is impossible to disguise Lady Char.

Wednesday, 19*th*.—Went, with Granet as my cavalier,

* Brother to the Duke of Bedford, and who was murdered in the year 1840 by his own valet, Courvoisier.

to the Piazza Navona. It was the market-day. There is everything new to sell there for the poor, from the gridiron and the *pot-à-feu* to the broccoli to boil in it; clothes of all sorts, booksellers, dealers in curiosities and in pictures. It was amongst these that we had to do; but we found nothing, absolutely nothing, that was worth the trouble of looking at a second time. I bought some books for a crown—'Les Mémoires de Montgon,' in good condition, and 'Paulus Orossius,' of 1498.

Monday, March 10th.—Went out in the evening to see the illuminations in honour of the twelve new cardinals appointed yesterday. All their houses, and the Roman princes' houses, were lighted with wax torch-lights at the window and pots of fire before the gates, and the same at the Ambassadors' houses and Government offices. Private houses were badly lighted with paper-lanterns outside the windows. Nothing can be less brilliant than the illuminations of Rome, always excepting the grand, the inimitable one of St. Peter's.

Thursday, 13th.—At nine o'clock I went to the Quirinal with Lady Char. and Mr. Petre, to see the Consistory for the reception of the twelve new cardinals. It was in the large room of the Quirinal. The crowd was enormous, and the seats for the ladies so little raised that one could see little or nothing of what was passing around the Pope's throne. The old cardinals went to fetch the new ones, who were each introduced between two old ones, and thus brought in from the great door of the room to the Pope's feet. Then one of the assistants addressed a short speech to them, not a word of which was heard where I was; then each cardinal knelt at the Pope's feet, who placed, or rather hung, a red hat upon his head for an instant, addressing some words to him; then he kissed the Pope's foot, and received from him the accolade, which he immediately gave and received back again from all his new brethren, the old cardinals. This

ceremony was not so long as one might expect. As soon as the hat was on the head, and the accolades given, the Pope retired into his own apartments; the throne upon which he had been seated was carried away, and all the cardinals, old and new, with everyone else, entered the chapel singing the 'Te Deum.' At half-past two o'clock to St. Peter's, to see the new cardinals arrive to worship the ashes of St. Peter and St. Paul. The crowd, soon after our arrival, even in St. Peter's, was enormous. The cortège did not arrive till past four o'clock. The cortège of carriages and gala liveries in the grand locale of the 'Place' in front of St. Peter's, made a very fine effect. The large door in the middle was opened, and the cardinals entered, preceded by halberdiers, of which there were not half enough to keep off the crowd.

Sunday, 16*th*.*—Thirty-nine years have passed since I was here on the anniversary of this day, when I had reached my twenty-first year. What regrets I felt then at having been born a woman, and deprived of the life and position which, as a man, I might have had in this world! But I am calm and resigned now. I will say no more about it.

Tuesday, 25*th*.—Met Mr. Miles in the morning, and took him with us to the Scava, which is outside the gate of St. Sebastiano, upon the estate of the Duchesse de Chablais, where they have just found three statues, one of which, a Bacchus, is of great beauty and in perfect preservation. The two others are a Bacchante, very inferior; and another Bacchus, smaller and much less well-preserved than the other. They have also found several pieces of marble. The place where they are making this Scava is known to have been the site of an ancient villa. At the end of the fourth century, when paganism was proscribed by the Emperor Theodosius, these statues were probably taken from their altars and concealed in

* Miss Berry's birthday.

the cellar of the house; which may account for their perfect preservation. Thorwaldsen said that 'this Bacchus is a statue of the third order.' When we see it on its feet, other good judges say we shall esteem it more highly.

Saturday, 29th. — Lady Charlotte and Agnes were sketching from the window of the Casino Ruspigliosi, whilst I looked for the last time at one of the finest, or certainly the most charming picture in Rome — the 'Aurora' of Guido. The preservation is perfect; and its forms unite the truth of Raphael and the colouring of Titian with the taste and divine spirit of the painter himself.

Sunday, 30th.—In the morning in an open carriage to the Place du Quirinal, where the benediction was given by the Pope. The irregularity of the place, of its building, and of its surface, gives a peculiar air to the scene. The garde of nobles with their white plumes, and the Swiss with their cuirasses, coming out of the gates of the Palais du Quirinal, had a very picturesque effect: it was the representation of one of those palaces of which one reads the description in a tale of the Middle Ages. The crowd enormous, both of carriages and of people on foot. We were opposite the balcony where the Pope appeared, surrounded by as many cardinals as the space would hold. The moment of benediction here, as at St. Peter's, is the only part of this ceremony which fails in effect. The animal man is too small to fill the place which is assigned to him in so vast a multitude.

Saturday, April 5th.—Left Rome. From Villetri took an escort of three dragoons. On the whole of the road there are new-built corps-de-gardes. Passed Treponte, a wretched single station de poste, where the last Pope had intended to build a church and a town at the beginning of his new road. The church is built, but never finished within; and no house but the poste, a wretched inn.

Sunday, 6th. — The road over the Pontine Marshes

perfect, with much cattle feeding on each side in many parts, and in others great tangles of wood, with large willows and other swamp trees. Near Treponte, pass over two Roman bridges, with their ancient inscriptions. Approach to Terracina beautiful. Walked round the old port of Anxur, of which the outward row of arches are all fallen in, but remaining where they fell; and in the inner wall, or quay, the perforated stones at equal distances for fastening the cables of ships. The thickness of substructions to the sea prodigious.

Monday, 7th.—Within two miles of Mola one comes in sight of the sea and the beautiful promontory of Gaeta. Many ruins of tombs and ancient walls, and substructions by the road-side. Inn at the Roman end of the town. By the orange garden of the inn, and from thence by broken terraces, one can go quite down to the sea, through all the remains of Cicero's Formian villa. The whole view from every part most beautiful and picturesque, and the ruins themselves covered with every species of vegetation. At the post of the Gangliano, and near the banks of the river, are the ruins of Minturni—an amphitheatre, of which one arch alone marks the size, height, and entablature of the arches. It is called a gate of the town, but is evidently an arch of the amphitheatre. A theatre very perfect, and various other remains of a large town, scattered over the whole plain. The bridge of boats over the Gangliano very good.

Tuesday, 8th.—The road from Ste. Agata to Capua through a richly-cultivated country bounded by mountains. Entered Naples by Murat's new road, which leaves the old entrance at a 'Place' for the exercise of troops, called by the pedantry of the French the 'Campo Marzo.' The new entrance a fine wide road, winding down to the sea, and giving a magnificent view of the great capital. On entering from this side to the Chiaja, it cannot be less than two miles, the whole one continued

bustle of intense population. No gates. Passports examined at a little dirty bureau. No trouble with doganas.

Thursday, 10*th*.—Went to the Museum, to see all the utensils and burnt materials that were found at Pompeii and Herculaneum. All are in an astonishing state of preservation. We went to Portici, to the Museum of Ancient Paintings taken from the walls of the two buried cities. They interested me very much, and I left them with the conviction that the ancients were not less proficient in painting than in sculpture, since they thus decorated the walls of two towns of the second order.

Tuesday, 15*th*.—We set out, a large party, in two carriages, for Pompeii. The drive of fourteen miles is very disagreeable, notwithstanding the view of the Bay and the mountains around; but the road passes through an enormous faubourg; then comes Portici and Resina; then Torre del Greco, then Torre del'Annunciata; all long streets. The cinders and lava of the eruption last October have scarcely yet been swept to each side of the streets, but are left on the road. Outside Pompeii it is half-way up the horses' legs.

Friday, 18*th*.—We set out for Pæstum at five o'clock in the morning. Lady Charlotte, Agnes and I, and Mr. Dodson, in a caritella and four horses, and Lord Sheffield upon the box; Mr. Protheroe in his English carriage. We arrived at Salerno, after passing far enough from Vesuvius to be clear of the ashes, which from Portici to Nocera still cover everything on the Bay of Salerno. The town borders the sea, ascends upon the side of a mountain, which is crowned by the most picturesque of castles. At two o'clock we set out for Eboli. The country here less inhabited, but well cultivated. The route to Eboli is good, the situation picturesque; in the interior it is a dirty little town, with a large nobleman's palace (the Prince d'Angheri).

Saturday, 19*th*.—We were all in the carriage soon after

six o'clock, with little hope of tolerable weather; the mountains were obscured by clouds, and a little rain began to fall before we left Eboli. So soon as we were within the town, which one enters by a gate, still very visible in a large depth of wall, we ran to the temples; two are so near together, that one only has to 'cross the street' (as one may say) to pass from one to the other. They are indeed truly grand and imposing; but, unfortunately, all effect derived from their position and the surrounding scenery was lost to us by the weather, which completely veiled the distance. From the temples I went to the walls of the town, which border the river (the Salso), now all choked up with reeds, but formerly brought the vessels quite close to the town itself. The structure of the walls is grand, with square towers at certain distances, three or four of which still remain. The temples, the walls, and whatever vestiges of the scattered buildings of the town are to be seen, are all constructed of the same porous stone which is found in the environs; it is a petrifaction of reeds and canes, of which the tubes are still to be seen in the columns. I shall say no more of the temples, their forms, &c., are so well known. The country as far as Pæstum is quite different from what I expected, for it is well cultivated, and there appear to be great works for drainage. There is also a road recently made, which would be very good were it not for the flood which occurred this winter, and which has injured it, and swept away much of the materials for mending it. The King has a hunting-box in a fine large wood between Eboli and Pæstum, and the post for horses is established from Naples to Eboli. There is no village at Pæstum; there are half-a-dozen miserable cabins scattered within the enclosure of the ancient town, and a barn where travellers' horses are housed. As the rain continued, we were perplexed where to find a place in which we could eat our refreshment; but the best-looking

house was fortunately under repair, and we persuaded the carpenter at work to give us shelter there in one of the dilapidated rooms. After having passed nearly three hours at Pæstum, we again took road to Salerno, twenty-nine miles off.

Sunday, 20*th*.—It rained a great deal in the night, but the weather was fine enough this morning to display all the beauties of the situation of Salerno. We started early, that we might have time to stop where we pleased on our way. We halted a short time at Vietri; afterwards stopped at Trinita delle Cava. In a well-wooded ravine stands a little town surrounded by ruined walls, and, placed against the rock, a fine large church of Benedictines. The inside is curious, because in two different places the natural rock enters the church, and in one part makes a sort of grotto in which are placed three tombs very much ornamented with *pietra dura* of the three founders or benefactors of the church. The establishment is very large; women cannot enter. Returned to Naples through the long ill-built faubourg between Portici and Naples, swarming with people, carts, donkeys, and carriages of all sorts, all going full gallop, and screaming one louder than another.

Thursday, 24*th*.—To the King's Palace. The staircase is striking from its size, and almost as dirty as a staircase at an inn. The apartments magnificent, without an idea of good taste. A Court theatre in the apartment equally dirty. The two large pictures of Cammucini, the 'Death of Cæsar' and the 'Death of Virginia,' are the best ornaments of this palace.

Sunday, 27*th*.—Took a walk in a green avenue of Capo da Monti, which led us to a farm, called in this country *una Massena*, where male and female peasants, in their Sunday clothes (it was a pity they were not cleaner), were amusing themselves at the door. Three young girls at our request began dancing the Tarentella, and their

grandmother—an old woman, but quite fresh, with all her fine teeth still in her mouth—played upon the tambourine, animating them from time to time in singing, or rather screaming, the air which she was playing. I never saw a scene more Arcadian. We were surrounded by vines, verdure, and corn, and the performers had nothing of that dirty squalid wretchedness one sees at Naples. Amongst the spectators of the dance were two of the most beautiful women I ever remember seeing, though one was near her confinement, and the other had an infant in her arms, which prevented them from dancing. The men do not dance here, or very rarely.

Monday, 28*th*.—We left Naples and took the road to Caserta. Everyone knows the magnificent staircase of the enormous palace of Caserta. What struck me most was the skill of the architect (Vanutelli), who has so well contrived to give air and light to such an enormous square mass of building. The chapel superb. The theatre in miniature what old San Carlo was.

Thursday, *May* 1*st*.—Arrived at Albano between six and seven o'clock on a most lovely evening. I went into the small room prepared for me, and from a little balcony I saw the sun setting upon the Campagna of Rome. The interest, the sadness, the solemnity with which it inspired me, seemed to warn me it was for the last time. The last time! That thought always overcoming, and now, associated with the wonderful and unique scene spread before my eyes, produced an impression I can never forget!

Friday, 2*nd*.—Arrived at Rome.

Saturday, 3*rd*.—We saw at the Villa Medici the exhibition of the Academy in Sculpture and Paintings. The pictures detestable; all in the grand style, and positive caricatures.

Sunday, 18*th*.—Paid farewell visits, and later to St. Peter's. It was Whit-Sunday, and there was an enormous crowd; we went up into the small gallery. It was from

the orchestra I heard that delicious sacred music that I so much enjoy, which always elevates and calms the soul, and which I prefer to all the operas in the world. It is true that the music in the Pope's Chapel is always chosen from the finest compositions of the best masters. I heard this music for the *last time*, and as I came out I felt very sad. I found time to give one parting glance, *quite alone*, to the genius of Canova; I crossed that magnificent pavement for the *last time*, and, on leaving it, I gave one last sad look to the most imposing, the grandest edifice that has ever been constructed by the hands of man. When one has said adieu to St. Peter's, one has said adieu to Rome. I felt as if I had already left it, and I wished it were so.

Monday, 19*th*.—Left Rome.

Tuesday, 20*th*.—Arrived at Terni. The weather was delicious and the walk charming; everything seemed in our favour, and I had reckoned much upon the interest I should feel in revisiting those spots that I had viewed before in 1785, when C. H. and poor Edward Conway met us there. All the pleasure that I had promised myself in these recollections, now far distant enough to be no longer distressing, was lost by feeling so ill that I was occupied, in spite of myself, with my own sufferings. I went everywhere, but enjoyed nothing.

Saturday, 24*th*.—Arrived at Florence.

Thursday, 29*th*.—The Fête Dieu. We were invited to a house to see the procession. Before nine o'clock a large part of the procession had already passed, but we saw the best of it—the religious orders and the court. There are not a great many monks at Florence, and the court consists only of the princes—that is, of the Grand Duke and his son—who were walking. The princesses saw it from the windows of the Palazzo Vecchio. The crowd in the streets and at the windows was not very great; but the weather was fine, and the adorning all the

windows gives a picturesque air to this town of the Cinque Cento which was striking.

Monday, June 9th.—Left Florence at half-past five o'clock, with the voiturier and his mules. We stopped to see one of the villas of the Medici:* it has still much of that simplicity which belonged to them. Nothing is so fine as all the country from Florence here: it is almost a continuation of pretty villages, well built, well kept up, and of great cleanliness, swarming with inhabitants, industrious and well clothed, and in the midst of a country which is really a garden by its culture and its productions. Tuscany is certainly now the most flourishing, the quietest, and the least discontented country in Europe. Its very great and uninterrupted prosperity since the peace, and since the return of its Grand Duke, has imposed silence upon the frondeurs. He is really loved, persecutes no one for their political opinions, and gives plenty of work to a great many people.

Thursday, 12th.—We were in the carriage to-day at five o'clock. I had heard it raining fast since two o'clock in the morning. It still rained when we started, and we had to ford the bed of the Magra. The rain which had fallen, and was still falling, had swelled the stream, but the peasants said we could pass, and the Comte de Sommariva's carriage had gone through half an hour before. We did really pass the first ford very well, with the help of a horse to our three mules; but the calèche, though guided by a peasant, had not exactly followed our track. The wheel came against a large stone; the mules pulled in vain, and fell down in the water one after another. We were not clear of the river ourselves when Giuseppe, our coachman, flew to the assistance of his comrade. They at last moved the large stone by the help of our peasant guides. Fortunately, the beasts could not move the wheel, or inevitably the caléche would have

* Built by Lorenzo; afterwards decorated by Leo X.

been overturned; and we ended by all coming out safe and sound. But for a long time I do not remember having been so frightened. The thoughts of fording that river made me nervous beforehand, and I watched the moment when one horse after the other fell into the full force of the current, when their guide was thrown over into the water, and when the carriage could not move, with poor Harrot sitting inside! There was no possibility of her getting out. She conducted herself with a calmness and courage that I could not have had in her place. One crosses that horrid river five times before reaching Borghetto; but the other fords were wider, and less water.

Friday, 13*th*.—Arrived at Genoa.

Saturday, 14*th*.—Walked to the Aqua Solæ to see the improvements they are making. In less than a year they will have at Genoa a fine spacious promenade for carriages as well as walkers, with a fountain in the middle, stone benches upon the road for resting, and all this with the enjoyment of the most beautiful scenery. We passed through the Place St. Dominique. It begins to be cleared of the rubbish of the church, now entirely destroyed. The space will make a fine large Place.

Wednesday, 18*th*.—We went *en portantine* to the Cemetery at the Bastions.

Saturday, 21*st*.—Left Genoa.

Sunday, 22*nd*.—Arrived at Turin.

Tuesday, 24*th*.—To the Theatre Carignano, to see La Marcioni, the most renowned actress now in Italy, in 'La Mirra' of Alfieri. This play convinced me of the talent of the Marcioni, and of the great mistake which Alfieri made in thinking that his 'Mirra' was his *chef d'œuvre*. It is really a bad tragedy, without speaking of the subject, which is not one to put upon the stage.

Saturday, 28*th*.—Saw the Marcioni in comedy. It was impossible to act comedy with more grace, simplicity, and ingenuousness than she did. Her countenance is not

striking—she wants eyebrows, which are necessary for great expression—but she has a graceful figure, and her acting has the tone of good company. After the two pieces were over, she came into our box, when I tried to express to her how much I admired her talent. She has very good manners off the stage.

Sunday, 29th.—The first fine summer's day since we have been here. Went with Madame de Masin to the King's Garden, opened on Sundays and fêtes. One of the large walks was filled with people, but rather of the second class than of the great people. Madame de Masin said the King did not go there sometimes for four or five years together. It is a very fine garden of *Le Nôtre's*, with a grand view of the Alps at the end of the walks.

[On the 1st July Miss Berry left Turin, and, passing Mont Cenis, reached Geneva July 4th.]

JOURNAL.

Sunday, July 6th.—Went to Coppet. We found the Duc and Duchesse de Broglie, and Auguste de Staël and Miss Randall. They all received us in the kindest manner possible. We went up from the library (Auguste's apartment) to the drawing-room, that of Madame de Broglie. There is a portrait of her mother in this room. She and I fell into conversation in a corner which very much affected us both. We promised to spend the evening at Madame Grubstoff's, and found there Sismondi and his English wife,* her sister, and Capo d'Istria and his brother, a very handsome man. He—Capo d'Istria—is here in order to pass the summer in a place of no present importance on the map of Europe, and where opinions are free. He is a man of very quiet manners, and his conversation

* Sismondi, the historian, originally of an Italian family, but afterwards settled at Geneva: married Miss Allen, sister of Lady Mackintosh: died 1842.

is very pleasing and interesting. Sismondi spoke of Italy as the country to which he boasted belonging, entirely in the spirit of party, and boldly asserted facts that it was difficult to believe; as, for example, during his stay at Piscia, in Tuscany, the native country of his family, that there was at least one assassination every week, making at least fifty-two a year. And that occurring only four or five years ago, and in Tuscany!

Monday, 7*th*.—Left Geneva.

Friday, 11*th*.—Reached Paris.

Friday, 18*th*.—Went in the evening to the play. Mdlle. Mars in the 'Tartuffe,' and in 'Valerie.' The latter not good in itself, but in which she plays a blind woman in a manner to make one cry, and to quite enchant all who have taste enough and mind to appreciate her inimitable talent.

Tuesday, 22*nd*.—Dined with Lord Guildford at four o'clock. Only Pozzo de Borgo and Brownlow North there. The former, to our great advantage, never ceased talking. We drew him out upon the campaign of 1814. It is not possible to narrate with more cleverness and feeling, interspersed with more philosophic reflections, than he does.

Wednesday, 23*rd*.—At Neuilly in the evening. We were received at once, and very graciously. A great many people there, notwithstanding the season and a wet evening. Talleyrand (as usual), le General Foy, Staremberg, Girardin, &c. &c. Mdlle. [d'Orléans] spoke to me in the most flattering manner; said she was sure if she knew me better we should suit each other wonderfully; that though she had seen very little of me, she thought she did me justice, &c. &c. But alas! all this availeth me not while I feel my failing *physique* attacking every day my powers of mind, and reducing me below a common healthy bustling old woman.

Thursday, 24*th*.—We drove as far as Auteuil, to see Madame la Princesse de Henin and Lally. We found

them both at home—he unable to move from the sofa, and very much changed in the face; and she seated by his side, thin and wasted away in a remarkable manner. They are neither of them long for this world, but they are going together; in the meantime, there were two gentlemen and two ladies of their intimate acquaintance there, to make what little society they are now capable of enjoying.

Friday, 25*th*.—We set out for Andilly, to dine with Madame de Duras. We only found there Madame de Rauzan and her children. Madame de Duras read to us 'Le Moine de St. Bernard,' a third novel or tale that she has written in our absence. Another is ready for us, about which I am still more curious. This one is well written, though the descriptions are too much amplified, very well imagined, but perhaps a little exaggerated in the manner in which her hero takes his misfortune.

Wednesday, 30*th*.—Saw Mdlle. Mars in the 'Misantrope' and 'Les Fausses Confidences.' She appeared to me more perfect than ever.

Wednesday, *August* 6*th*.—We dined at Neuilly with about thirty people. They were chiefly from the 'Côté Gauche.' Talleyrand sat between the two princesses; then M. Mounier and I; and then the General Dupont (he of the capitulation of Bayleu), a man of very agreeable conversation, with a quiet clever countenance, but ignorant of England, politically speaking, to a surprising degree.

Thursday, 7*th*.—In the morning, at half-past twelve, at Madame de Duras, to hear the reading of 'Olivier, ou le Secret.' It is in letters, very well written. We only got through the third of the novel; it is very interesting.

Sunday, 10*th*.—At home in the evening with Miss Knight, Hare, la Princesse Zeneide, Mrs. Rawdon, and Miss Williamson. La Zeneide began reading to us a novel of her writing, in which there was much imagination; but the MS. was so confused that she could not even continue it herself.

Wednesday, 13*th*.—In the evening we went to Neuilly to take leave. Less company than usual. Mdlle. is always most kind to me.

Monday, 18*th*.—In the evening went to the Princesse Zeneide to meet Mdlle. Mars. There was only her sister-in-law, her daughter, and a Madame Rosamofski (the French one), M. Sostene de la Rochefoucault, the Duc de Rauzan, Fontenay, another gentleman, and ourselves. Mdlle. Mars arrived very late. In society she is as natural and as intelligent as upon the stage, talking with much cleverness and very willingly about her art, about Talma, and about a new piece in which she is to appear with him. In short, she is in the drawing-room as much as possible what she is on the stage—the same charming tone of voice, the same *finesse*, the same simplicity. I was very glad to have seen her, and also very glad to find her what she is. Her dress was very simple, her hair without ornament—a plain muslin gown, with gold beads round her neck. We left her at Princesse Zeneide's near midnight.

Tuesday, 19*th*.—Left Paris.

Thursday, 21*st*.—Arrived at Dessins, at Calais, where we found the Duke of Wellington had arrived an hour before from England, on his way to Brussels, to make his journey of inspection of the fortresses.

Friday, 22*nd*.—Arrived in North Audley Street.

Monday, 25*th*.—In the evening I went with Harry Tancred and A. Turner to the Haymarket Theatre; the piece, 'Sweethearts and Wives.' Liston perfect in that and in another piece. The tone of the theatre struck me as a little vulgar and coarse.

Wednesday, 27*th*.—Went to Petersham. Car.* received us as she always does; she lodges us well, and it is impossible to be more comfortable.

* Hon. Mrs. Scott. She was the author of some very popular novels.

Thursday, 28*th*.—Loitered in the garden with Car., and read the MS. which she gave me.

Monday, *September* 1*st*.—I continued working in the morning at Car.'s MS.

Monday, 15*th*.—Went to Little Strawberry Hill, where Washington and Captain Scott met us, by appointment, to mark the trees that must be cut down. This pretty little place looked prettier than ever.

Thursday, 18*th*.—Went with Ann Turner to see the house in Park Lane. It was so charming, so perfect in every way for us, that, before leaving it, we were at least agreed upon one point—this house or Paris! It would be impossible to look at any other after this.

Sunday, 21*st*.—Agnes went at ten o'clock with the Turners to hear the famous Scotch preacher in Hatton Garden (Irving). Later in the day, it was proposed to me to go and hear the same preacher. I was very glad to accept the offer. The service did not begin till half-past six o'clock. Notwithstanding bad weather, long before that time the chapel was as full as possible: it was a farewell to his congregation. He is going for some months to Scotland. He only spoke of himself—of all he had done, and of all the miracles he had worked. His eloquence, even when his subject admitted of it, seemed to me *commonplace*; but one must not judge upon once hearing, nor upon a discourse for an occasion. We were not home till nearly half-past ten o'clock.

Wednesday, *October* 8*th*.—Went to Wimpole.

Monday, 20*th*.—Drove to Cambridge with Lord Hardwicke. Went to see the rooms of the youngest York, at St. John's; then to the Hall at Trinity College. The portraits of Sir Isaac Newton, Barrow, and Bacon, which are in the place of honour, are very bad as pictures; but that of Sir I. Newton looks as if it must have been like him. Then to Sidney Sussex, to see the Hall, which has been newly painted and done up. Christ's College is the

prettiest, in all respects, that I know at Cambridge. They are building an apartment for the pensioners, who superabound in all the colleges. They are building everywhere—at Trinity a new court, and at Bennet's, and at Christ's. The garden of the Fellows of this college is charming. Went to Downing College, where all means of enclosure is impossible, as there are neither walls nor gates. The *corps de logis* and Grecian buildings appear out of place here, and make a much less good effect than even those of that sort of spurious Gothic, which suits the place wonderfully well. From there we went outside the town to the treadmill, which I was curious to see. It is established in the county prison, built some years ago, in the modern taste of prisons, upon an elevation at the end of the town, where are the remains of the old Castle of Cambridge. The treadmill appears to me an excellent punishment: the labour is tedious and fatiguing, without being beyond the strength of anyone, or likely to produce undue exhaustion; and it is very well calculated to serve as a warning to those who dislike labour, not to put themselves in the way of being so employed. They can make twenty go up the wheel at once, in two divisions; we only saw four at a time in each division. They are upon the wheel fifty minutes, and then have ten minutes to rest. They work them ten hours a day, with two in all allowed for eating. The mill grinds corn; and the millers are the only people to complain, because *here* they give back all the corn sent to be ground.

Monday, 27*th*.—Left Wimpole for Buckingham.

Tuesday, 28*th*.—Saw Stowe on our way to Wroxton. The grounds of Stowe, and the entrance, with a lodge, reach to Buckingham (a poor little provincial town); it is three miles from there to the house. The house has the appearance of a modern palace outside; within there are not many pictures, and but few very good. The show bed-room very magnificent, without taste: the

furniture belonged to the first Lord Temple, and is therefore fifty or sixty years old; the rest more modern. The dining-room is immense; the library, two large rooms, which they use as a drawing-room. There are 70 best beds (*lits de maître*), and 130 in all. From the house we walked into the gardens, but did not make the entire round of the pleasure-grounds, which is five miles. We went to the Temple of Friendship, passing by the British Worthies. The busts are in stone: they are placed in a sort of semicircle, and are not worth much; but the inscriptions, which I already knew, are excellent. Stowe is a grand country palace, for it is more than the country-house of a great nobleman, and everything indicates its being so, on whatever side it is approached for three miles round. I am very glad to have seen it, and very glad not to possess it. We arrived at Wroxton before three o'clock. Here we found everything prepared for the reception of Lady Charlotte and her friends; good fires in all the rooms, including the large Gothic hall. I am not surprised that Lady Charlotte is so fond of Wroxton: it is one of those places that has a sort of individuality which is always attaching. I never saw a house where the master was not, and had not been for a year, so perfectly well kept up. Lady Charlotte was delighted to see we agreed in her taste for Wroxton. The library is a delightful room; it is very large, and curious in works relating to the history of England, and in pamphlets, of which there is a grand collection, began by a Lord North at the commencement of the last century.

Wednesday, 29*th*.—Went to Guy's Cliff.

Wednesday, *November* 5*th*.—In the evening, Greathead read a portion of Irving's 'Discourses:' very bombastic and high-flown; strong in words and weak in argument.

Friday, 7*th*.—Ball at Warwick Castle this evening. The fine towers of the castle were all lighted outside, and a large tar-barrel above the two towers made a fine effect,

though the fog much spoiled the brilliancy. The castle was full; the Duke of Wellington amongst the guests.

Tuesday, 11*th*.—Went with Lady Charlotte and my sister to Leamington. Greathead took us everywhere, and showed us everything that has been done since we were there two years ago. The village is double the size, and will soon be a large bourg, where a great many strangers will probably come to reside.

On the 12th of November the Miss Berrys left Guy's Cliff for Cheltenham and other visits.

JOURNAL.

Friday, December 5*th*.—To Alderley.

Sunday, 7*th*.—Sir John Stanley took Lady Charlotte and us to the kitchen-garden, by far the prettiest I know, including tufts of trees, terraces, and a quantity of flowers. At half-past two we went to church at Alderley, where there is an organ, and the service sung by the children as at a cathedral. A pew is constructed in the gallery for the family at the Park. In short, a little country church, quite differently arranged to any I have ever seen, and apparently to the satisfaction of the parishioners, for the congregation was very large. Mr. Stanley (the rector) preached remarkably well to my mind.

Wednesday, 17*th*.—To Guy's Cliff.

Friday, 19*th*.—Lady Charlotte, Agnes, and I went to Mr. Greathead's room, to hear a translation he has made from the German of the life of Heyne, the celebrated savant. Nothing can be more touching than the tale he narrates, for he writes his own history: the poverty, the absolute destitution, not only of his early youth but of the greater portion of his life, without any misconduct or fault whatever on his part but being born the son of a weaver, very poor and very ill-paid.

Saturday, 20*th*.—Left Guy's Cliff.

1824.

JOURNAL.

Thursday, January 1st.—Thank God, I got up this first day of the new year quite well.

Monday, 12th.—Left Wimpole and returned to North Audley Street.

Wednesday, February 18th.—Went to Lady Davy's. She had had a dinner of *beaux esprits.* I saw there Sir J. Mackintosh, Jeffrey, and Cranston; I was introduced to the last.

Friday, 20th.—Our furniture moved to-day to Park Lane.

Monday, 23rd.—Left North Audley Street *for ever*, after a residence of more than thirty years, to go to Petersham; fortunately, I was too much occupied to think much of this adieu, and indeed I leave it without regret.

Friday, 27th.—Went to our new home, No. 8 in Park Lane. We are delighted with the house; though, as it snowed all the morning and rained the rest of the day, the beauty of the situation was lost.

Wednesday, March 24th.—I occupied myself in arranging Lord Orford's letters, which I have done in chronological order in four portfolios. Robert and Mrs. Ferguson came in the evening; they were pleased with our house.

From Lord Dudley to Miss Berry.

Naples: May 10, 1824.

My dear Miss Berry,—You are by all means to be encouraged in so salutary a practice as that of writing to me,—so I

answer your letter immediately. I am very glad you are as well pleased with your new house as you expected to be: 'tho' I say so that ought not to say so,' it is the best situation in London. Arlington Street and St. James's Place are more convenient; but for air and prospect they are not to be compared to it. I am afraid your rooms are not very comfortably disposed. It is by far the oldest house in that neighbourhood, and was planned long before comfort was invented. I speak, however, from guess and hearsay, for I never was over the threshold. However, I shall not be long in England without becoming better acquainted with it than any of its possessors for the last three generations. It is very lucky for me that you have such a fancy for the air of Hyde Park: for I regard it as a real advantage and comfort to have such neighbours.—I have been here about three weeks, looking upon the Bay from the windows of a very agreeable apartment—the upper floor of the Abp. of Tarentum's house. It was once occupied by Lady Hamilton, who I suppose knew how to choose. You probably know it. The weather is now delightful; but it has only just begun to be good. We had such a March and April as were never heard of before in Italy—quite Londonish. However, we are sure that by a certain time it must grow fine here, whether it will or no. In England they have a right to leave out the summer altogether once in three years. Naples is very beautiful; but it don't gain upon one like Rome. At Rome we had, on the whole, a pleasant winter; tho' we very much felt the want of some agreeable person, who, like yourself, understands society, and will be at the pains of bringing it together. I mean society, in contradistinction not only to solitude, but to a *coterie*. I suppose the poor Duchess did keep an agreeable house; but this last season she was at the beginning of it distressed by the illness and death of Gonsalvi, and afterwards she grew ill herself. An opportunity of meeting the natives was what I least regretted in the loss of her house. I knew the Romans enough to be quite sure that they are not worth knowing. They are a dull, sulky, ill-bred, ignorant, inhospitable people—from high to low, the worst race in Europe with which I have any acquaintance. Something of this must be ascribed to the government, which is worse than ever. You must go back a century or two to find a Pope so bad—so childishly and ludicrously bad—in

administration, and at the same time so determined an enemy to everything that is wise, honest, and liberal, as Leo XII. Luckily, the portion of wisdom and honesty which is necessary to make human society stick together, is very small; but small as it is, it does not seem to exist in the councils of his Holiness, and the Ecclesiastical State is on the point of being abandoned to the robbers, the Jesuits, the devil, and old Torlonia. Here we go on a little better, thanks to the Austrian occupation, which is quite a blessing. The little good that is done proceeds from the foreign soldiers. Their discipline is admirable, and they conduct themselves towards the natives with perfect forbearance and propriety. They are finishing the Strada Nuova; they are making a far more important road to Reggio. If the country is at the mercy of a foreign army and a vindictive court, it has to thank the wretched people that made the last revolution. Till that absurd, ill-conducted attempt, the government was going on very tolerably.—There is not much society here at present, at least so far as the English are concerned; but one has plenty of acquaintances to live with. I have bought a huge library, and am busy making arrangements, with the aid of Francis Hare, for packing it up and sending it to England. When that business is accomplished, I shall begin my journey towards the Alps.—*Apropos* of books, I have not many in Park Lane, but if they can be of any use to you, they are always at your disposal. Only speak to the house-steward, Linton by name, and he will show you the rooms where they are, and you may take out any you like. But I very much question whether I have anything of which you are not already possessed.—I saw your little friend, Santi, at Rome, but I had no opportunity to cultivate his acquaintance. Hare learnt Hebrew of him, and was much struck by the variety of his knowledge and the excellence of his understanding. He is evidently a man of merit, and therefore quite thrown away upon such a place. —Gell is at Rome. He is crippled by the gout; but in other respects well, and very cheerful.

I shall look for you still in Park Lane when I return. The summer there is very agreeable. The SW. winds there prevail, and it is quite like being in the country.

Believe me, ever sincerely yours,

D.

Thursday, May 20th.—Drawing-room for the King's birthday. All the streets around St. James's were filled with carriages. We two, Lady Charlotte, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, and the three Scotts went together to the Exhibition at Somerset House; our carriages were obliged to go up beyond Cavendish Square, to be able to pass. A very bad exhibition, to my mind. I am sorry to see how much the French surpass us in painting.

Monday, 24th.—I was from five o'clock till half-past ten in the House of Lords. It was a motion of Lord Lansdowne's upon the Irish Catholics.

Friday, 28th.—At half past ten o'clock I went with the Prince and Princess Lowenstein, their son, and my sister, to Mr. Canning's, the Secretary of State, who received for the first time the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands! They arrived in the midst of a numerous assembly of all the best society, and all *en grande toilette* for a large assembly given at Northumberland House. Mr. Canning entered, giving his hand to a large black woman more than six feet high, and broad in proportion, muffled up in a striped gauze dress with short sleeves, leaving uncovered enormous black arms, half covered again with white gloves; an enormous gauze turban upon her head; black hair, not curled, but very short; a small bag in her hand, and I do not know what upon her neck, where there was no gauze. It was with difficulty that the Minister and his company could preserve a proper gravity for the occasion. The Queen was followed by a lady in waiting as tall as herself, and with a gayer and more intelligent countenance. Then came the King, accompanied by three of his subjects, all dressed like him in European costume; and a fourth, whose office I did not know, but he wore over his ordinary coat a scarlet and yellow feather cloak, and a helmet covered with the same material on his head. The King was shorter than his four courtiers, but they all looked very strong, and, except the King, all

taller than the majority of those who surrounded them. The two ladies were seated before the fire in the gallery for some time. Mrs. Canning was presented first to them, and then the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Prince Leopold. The Queen took the Duchess of Gloucester by the arm and shook it. One should have pitied them for the way in which all eyes were turned upon them, and for all the observations they occasioned; but it seemed to me that their minds are not sufficiently opened, and that they are not civilised enough either to notice or to suffer from it. From the gallery Mr. Canning, still holding the Queen's hand, conducted them through the apartment and under the verandah of the garden, where the band of the Guards regiment in their full uniform was playing military airs. Her savage majesty appeared much more occupied by the red-plumed hats of the musicians than by the music. She ought to have been pleased to see that the officer's helmet of her court surpassed them as to colour. From there they were conducted into the dining-room, where there was a fine collation. The two ladies were seated alone at a table placed across the room, and ate some cake and drank wine. They appeared awkward in all their movements, and particularly embarrassed in their walk; there was nothing of the free step of the savage, being probably embarrassed by the folds of the European dress. After another walk under the verandah, we left them there about twelve o'clock, and returned home.

Thursday, August 12*th.*—Went to Twickenham.

Saturday, 14*th.*—Walked with Mrs. D. to Sir Wathen Waller's, to see the wonderful collection of old Sèvres china at his house at Twickenham, to which he has added I know not how many rooms, all filled with china, the finest I have ever seen, even in France; he had also a quantity of valuable French furniture of all sorts.

Sunday, 22*nd.*—Arrived at Chatsworth between four

and five. Everyone was gone to church at Buxton, to hear a son of William Spencer preach, to whom the Duke had given the living. We found here Mr. and Mrs. G. Lamb, Mr. Frederick Foster, Mrs. Cavendish* and her four children, Mr. Ralph and Mr. Lewis Sneyd, &c. &c.

Wednesday, 25*th*.—We drove in an open carriage with the Duke, as far as the tower upon the wooded hill; the ascent is steep. A fine view from the tower. From there through the woods; then got out and walked along a path truly picturesque, which leads through rocks interspersed with very old oaks. Saw the kitchen garden; magnificent in its size and in its walls, but cruelly neglected, and having positively nothing in it, even in this season of fruits and flowers.

Thursday, 26*th*.—Fine weather. We went with Mr. Lewis Sneyd to Haddon, an old house belonging originally to the Vernons; in the time of James I. it passed into the Manners† family by the marriage of an heiress; it is now the property of the Duke of Rutland. The outside is very picturesque. Upon a little entrance gate at the side of the great gate is written, under the arms, in Gothic letters, '*God save the Vernon.*'

Saturday, 28*th*.—We went straight to Buxton. Buxton is soon seen; the Crescent is a fine block of building, but the form must necessarily make all the apartments inconvenient. The greatest charm of Buxton appears to be its not looking like a town; it consists of large buildings and good houses, placed in an undulating and mountainous country.

Arrived at Capesthorm.‡

* Mrs. Cavendish, daughter of Lord Lismore, widow of Wm. Cavendish, Esq., and mother to the present Duke.

† Sir John Manners, second son of Thomas first Earl of Rutland; married Dorothy, second daughter and co-heir to Sir George Vernon, of Nether Haddon, in the county of Derby. Sir John Manners died at Haddon, 1611. He was grandfather to Sir John Manners, eighth Earl of Rutland.

‡ Seat of — Davenport, Esq.

Monday, September 6th.—Went to Bramhall, the oldest house of the Davenports in this county, twelve miles from here. The house is one of the most ancient and most curious edifices of the kind I have seen. It is a gentleman's seat of the first class; one part of it dates long before the reign of Elizabeth. The arms decorate the chimney-piece of the great hall, with the words, '*Vive la Royen*,' in gold letters, underneath. There is also a very large drawing-room for such a house, of which the roof, with its arch buttresses of oak, all carved, would be very fine if the owner had not painted them quite lately in rose-colour. There is not the least vestige of a garden to this house; it is situated upon a mound of grass, which comes up to the windows. The outside is all black and white, constructed upon a regular design in wood and plaister, and called in this country post and pan.

Friday, 10th.—Left Capesthorn for Liverpool. The master of the hotel accompanied us to the docks, which are immense, and filled with a forest of masts. They are really the only thing worth the trouble of seeing at Liverpool—an immense town, all in brick, blackened by the smoke of coal; without grandeur, without large churches, and no fine view of it to be seen from any eminence, even if the smoke did not conceal it. Its provision markets, where everything is together under the same roof, are immense, arranged to perfection for convenience; nothing done for appearance. We saw it on a Saturday, when there was an enormous crowd.

Saturday, 11th.—Went in the morning to meet Roscoe, at the Botanical Garden, of which he was the first founder; it is scarcely beyond the new buildings of the town. There we took leave of him, after going to the Institution. Slept at Preston.

Sunday, 12th.—All the bells at Preston began to peal this morning before five o'clock, in honour of Lord Derby's birthday.

Thursday, 16*th*.—We went to see Lowther Castle, five miles from Penrith; a modern castle. There are too many towers and turrets, but the entrance in the court is grand; and within, the staircase is also very fine. The much-vaunted green terrace of two miles in length is always damp, and looks upon a not very pretty landscape.

Friday, 17*th*.—Went to Brougham Hall, half a mile on the other side of Penrith. We found there the mother of the family, her daughter, her three sons, and the wife of the renowned eldest. The mother is a charming person, the best specimen of an old Scotch lady, well-informed and liberal minded, without the least *cant*. Their house is delightful; an old manor-house, well situated and very conveniently disposed, and arranged with good taste within.

Tuesday, 21*st*.—Arrived at Edinburgh.

Thursday, 23*rd*.—Went with Mr. and Mrs. Davenport to the Grass Market, to the Castle, the Museum, the Parliament House, the Advocate's Library and Stamp Office, where Mr. Thompson, the Deputy Registrar, showed us very curious MS. letters.

[From September to November the Miss Berrys were on a visit to Raith; towards the end of November they returned southwards.]

JOURNAL

Thursday, *November* 25*th*.—We breakfasted at Thirsk on our way to Mr. Sydney Smith, at Foston; arrived by a very good cross-road, without going to York. We found at the Smiths', besides their two daughters, Mr. Vernon, one of the innumerable sons of the Archbishop of York, and Mr. Beverley, a young Yorkshireman of very good mind and manners. We passed the evening very agreeably with music, and with the inexhaustible conversation of our host.

The visit of Mr. Vernon and Mr. Beverley was commemorated by Mr. Sydney Smith in the following imitation of Virgil, in which he enumerates certain improvements effected at Foston, which may remind the reader of his most humorous description of his first settling there, described in Lady Holland's *Life and Correspondence* of her Father.

Imitation from Virgil's VIth Eclogue.

Vernon and Beverley, two graceful swains,
Whom youth made sportive on Fostonian plains
(This famed for music, and that famed for love),
Met with their flocks beneath a beechen grove,
And meeting saw beneath the noonday shade
Sidneian Smith in drowsy slumbers laid;
His veins were swollen, and above him stood
A jug of negus to inflame his blood,—
From which, as fame reports, each night he drinks
Two brimming bowls, and then in slumber sinks.
The youths approached, and glad were they to see,
The wily sage asleep so quietly.
Long had he promised wondrous things, and long
The youths deluded with a hope of song;
But now the time was theirs, and firm they bind
With twigs and baybands that around they find,
The snoring wizard, who in fury woke,
And struggled hard; at length he gently spoke;
'Fair swains! the day is yours—unbind my chains,
And with a song I'll pay you for your pains;
A wondrous song! that learnedly shall show
The hidden secrets and the arts I know.' . . .
Attentive nature lends a listening ear,
The oaks and beeches bend ther heads to hear;
The sheep come round, the fawns and dryads run.
At last he cleared his throat, and thus begun:
'When first I came to Foston, gentle swains,
Chaos and night possessed these fertile plains;
Clods were unformed, a plough was quite unknown;
Verdure ne'er sprung, and Phœbus never shone;

Chaos I chased away with all his storms,
Then things at last assumed their present forms;
Trees rose, woods waved, and animals began
To roam abroad, and know their master, man.
The plough, the drill, the pickaxe, and the spade,
These fields, these pastures, and this plenty made;
Where unformed matter lay, now nods yon corn,
And oats and turnips all those hills adorn.
Then might you see bricks baking at my will;
I formed yon cowhouse with my plastic skill;
Those walls are mine, and all the joys they know
Spring from my arts and from my prudence grow.

The poker, tongs, and shovel—rebels three,
Whom on my hearth suspended from you see,
Who for four centuries mankind defied,—
Have bent to me; I checked their noisy pride,
I hooked their noses, I reduced their reign;
Ne'er shall you see them tumble down again;
Ne'er shall you hear their cursed outrageous din:
With me, your peace, and their repose begin.

That learned scratching-pole that yonder stands
Owes its existence to my curious hands;
Framed for all animals, or great or small,
It perfect satisfaction gives to all;
Their rumps, their tails, their flea-bit backs confess
How e'en in scratching-poles a priest may bless.

I know all drugs, all simples and all pills;
I cure diseases, and I send no bills.
The poor old women now no lameness know;
Rheumatics leave their hand, the gout their toe.
Fell atrophy has fled from Foston's vales,
And health and peace, and joy and love prevails.

Oft have I thought on deeper things than you
Could understand, or I unravel now:
Oft have I thought, whilst all things upwards tend,
Why tails of milking cows alone descend;

Why on Good Fridays smoke the hot-cross bun;
Why with barouches Danish spaniels run;
Or why in yonder argent fields above
Great Jove's satellites are less than Jove.'

More did he sing, and more could I relate,
But looking at my watch I find 't is late;
And leave my bed where I have lolled so long
To write the wonders of Sidneian song.

Nov. 25, 1824.

Saturday, 27th.—Arrived at Brompton, Sir G. Cayley's.

1825.

JOURNAL.

Monday, April 16th.—I left off writing last year in the month of November, and I don't well know why; but constantly travelling, and having nothing particular to remark upon, the thread was broken, and I did not take the trouble to rejoin it. I did wrong, and I am going to correct myself. After having passed two days at Brompton, at my cousin's (Sir G. Cayley), and having enjoyed a renewal of the tender kindness of my old aunt, his mother, we left on the 29th November, took Lady Charlotte Lindsay back to Mr. Sydney Smith, and slept at York.

Thursday, December 29th.—Returned to Park Lane, after an absence of more than four months, from the 19th August. Thus finished for me the year 1824.

Since our return to town, our time has been passed very agreeably, giving every now and then small dinners, which went off well, and with which our guests seemed pleased. The last, fixed for the 16th March, did not take place: I was seized that day with a violent bilious fever, which fortunately did not attack my nerves, and I did not lose my head. I remained quiet, and was as little troublesome as a great illness will allow one to be to those around. Our good A. Turner established herself by my side as nurse from the first day. I had another to sit up during the nights; and poor Agnes was surrounded by friends who would not let her indulge in gloomy apprehensions on my account. But when the fever was

past I fell into a state which at first was worse to bear in every way. For five weeks my recovery seemed scarcely to advance. I had not a spark of life either in body or in mind. I went into the country for short visits—to Car's, at Petersham, and to Mrs. Damer, at York House. It was very fine weather, and I was always out of doors, but that did nothing for me. I could eat and sleep, but I only felt half alive. I returned to town Thursday the 13th of April, and was taken ill again for some days; then I began to feel a shade more of life in me, and continued to improve. In the evenings I saw all those who were kind enough to come: they were mostly ladies. . . .

Saturday, October 1st.—There is a hiatus in my Journal much longer than any of the preceding ones. This must not be. I wish I could now retrace many of the intermediate days since the 24th April, when I left off writing, to the 1st October, when I recommenced. Now I cannot remember anything but the general colour of my life till the 20th July, when I left England for Paris with my sister, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Davenport. We stayed there till the 31st August. Soon after our return to London (September 5th), we went to see our house in Curzon Street.

From Lady Char. Lindsay to Miss Berry.

Wroxton Abbey, August ye 9th.

HAVING made my escape from three Russian Countesses and their English *dame de companie*, from three Greek professors and a Greek physician, and from Lord Dudley, William Ponsonby, Daniel Hailes, and a Mr. Hartshorn, here I am in my little trunk room, ready to put a letter upon the stocks for Berrina. You cannot imagine a more complete change from the tranquillity of our first month to the bustle and confusion of tongues into which we have been plunged since my brother's *

* Lord Guildford was the founder of the colleges in the Ionian Islands; and was constantly travelling backwards and forwards between England and Greece.

arrival; such a jabbering of modern Greek, Italian, French, and English! And I am always talking the wrong language to the person I address, and generally a happy mixture of all, for I am learning modern Greek. Lord Dudley and W. Ponsonby came here last Sunday from Leamington; and yesterday my brother got a letter recommending to his civilities the Comtesse de Korzchakoff (or some such name), with her two daughters, who are making a tour in England, and they arrived last night, and we amused them by making them dance, with the Greek professors, to the wretched scraping of three Banbury violins. These Russians are going to spend the winter in Italy, and chiefly at Florence, for the sake of being with the Boutourlins, with whom they were well acquainted sixteen years ago in Russia. I hope Madame de Boutourlin has not the same horror that I have of seeing on old friend that I have not lived with for many years; but I daresay that she has not any such wicked feelings; and I must say these people seem to be very good-natured, and not at all troublesome: for they have found out that I look fatigued, and have very amiably sent me to my own room, while they are gone to Broughton Castle and Banbury Church. Your landlord * is in wonderful good humour, which surprises me, considering that he is marvellously ill-served: for as we sit down two or three and twenty to breakfast and dinner every day, with only some job servants to attend, you may imagine the blunders that occur. I am wicked enough to be amused when he does not get his coffee till it is cold, or his Bohea tea unadulterated by green; but, though evidently suffering martyrdom, he bears it with the patience of a martyr! I heard him say that he had just now been offered 24,000*l.* for his house in Park Lane. 'This is the best time for selling houses,' I remarked, but he replied not. He is now riding to Banbury, at my recommendation, to see the infant school, and I hope he will subscribe something handsome towards it; for it is the very best institution possible; and Brougham would deserve to be immortalised, if he had done nothing else, for setting this going as he has done by the Westminster school for infants from two to seven years old. This one at Banbury is in imitation of it, and when I tell you that they have contrived to make the multiplication table a source of happiness to children, you will

* Lord Dudley.

allow that they have done wonders! My brother asked the clergyman why those schools were not more generally adopted, and he answered, '*Because it was invented by Mr. Brougham.*' All Tory as he is, my brother did not think that a sufficient reason, and has therefore subscribed most largely to it. W. Ponsonby is, as usual, remarkably gentlemanlike and agreeable. . . . Good Anne has written to tell me of her having completed the purchase of the Curzon Street house, of which I have of course not said a word to Lord D. . . .

Farewell, God bless you, and send you a house looking into the Park. Love to Agnes.

CHA.

1826.

JOURNAL.

Cheltenham, July 7th.—Another hiatus of more than a year without writing of the past. I must begin again from this day, and fortunately I have little to say. We left London—my sister and Lady Charlotte Lindsay—for Cheltenham. The aspect of Cheltenham is so changed by the numerous buildings on all sides, and by the immense increase of the town, that I scarcely recognise it. We decided upon a small house, called Waterloo Cottage, Victoria Road; but notwithstanding these triumphant titles, it was a poor little house in a small garden outside the town, on a shady road, and not too far from the springs.

Friday, 21*st.*—We have passed three weeks here in the greatest tranquillity. We have led the most uniform life, and all the more agreeable to me for being so. We got up at eight o'clock in the morning; walked from nine o'clock till ten; after breakfast we each remained in our own room till four o'clock, when we dined; then loitered a little in the garden; about six o'clock went to the library to read the daily papers; then a walk—always ending between eight and nine o'clock—in the portico of the Sherborne Spa, to hear the music; and at nine o'clock, after tea, each took a book till past eleven o'clock, when we separated for the night. This life finishes to-morrow: we set out for Worcester. Adieu! Cheltenham, I will not say for *ever*.

Saturday, 22*nd.*—Left Cheltenham for Tewkesbury.

Saw the magnificent Abbey church; it is of very ancient Norman architecture. The monuments are numerous and remarkable; several of the abbots of the church, several of the Knights Templars, and three fine ones of the Clare family.

Sunday, 23*rd*.—Set out for Malvern. Our lodging, which is called 'Pomona,' is half a mile from the terrace of the town, or rather village, for fortunately Great Malvern still continues (notwithstanding some houses newly built) very *little* Malvern, being nothing but a village upon unequal ground. Our Pomona stands upon the edge of a common, very dry, very airy, and on our side much ornamented with cottages and little villas, surrounded by trees, picturesque and rural.

Saturday, *August* 12*th*.—We left Pomona, not without regret. Between Stourbridge and Wolverhampton is Hemley, Lord Dudley's park. I could not pass it by. We went in; he was not there, but a fat man and woman who were in charge invited me so politely to get out and see the changes that had been made there, that I could not excuse myself.

Wednesday, 24*th*.—Went with the Davenports to Wootton, which is a very pretty country-house now fitting up by Mr. Davenport, situated at the top of a pretty little ravine. It has been a long time neglected, and nothing now remains in the same state as it was in the time when Mr. Davenport's grandfather offered it as a refuge to J. J. Rousseau. He was there for more than a year and a half in the years 1767 and 1768. Certainly, if he had liked solitude and perfect retirement as much as he disliked both, he could not have been better placed.

1827.

JOURNAL.

Tuesday, July 16th.—I left off the last volume of my Journal, though there were still several blank sheets; but there was such a long gap from the year 1824 till the year 1826, that I am persuaded the little book will bring ill luck upon my regularity, so I begin afresh in a new one.

Monday, 9th.—Left Curzon Street with my sister and Lady Charlotte Lindsay for the Tower Stairs, to embark in the steam-packet for Calais.

Thursday, 12th.—Slept at Charleroy. The fortifications appear wonderful to the eyes of the ignorant, and so completely cover the town that, though upon the declivity of a hill, no one could suspect their existence, even immediately outside the gates.

N.B.—All the fortifications of the towns of Flanders are kept up in the most perfect manner, under the inspection of the Duke of Wellington.

Saturday, 14th.—Arrived at Liège. I had always thought Liège a dark and ugly town, but it appeared to-day in quite a different aspect. The gardens which border the river, and the rising ground on the other side of the road all covered with buildings, churches, and towers mixed with trees, present an outline resembling Italy rather than Flanders. We reached Spà between six and seven o'clock.

Monday, 16th.—We were well pleased with our lodgings and life. We breakfasted at nine o'clock; dined

at three; made the necessary toilette after dinner; walked between five and six o'clock till twilight; tea at nine and separated for the night soon after ten o'clock. There is the sketch of a life which will not furnish much for my Journal, so I do not expect to write in it every day. My days will pass as monotonously as possible. I shall never go out till after dinner at three o'clock. I shall take as few long walks as I can, amusing myself much better alone in the morning at home, and thus being much better fitted to amuse myself in the evening with company.

Here the Journal again breaks off till the following June.

1828.

LETTERS.

THIS neglect may in part have been occasioned by the necessary occupation of her time in conducting through the press the first volume of her principal work, 'The Comparative View of Social Life in France and England.' It was published in the month of April, and the following letter, addressed to Miss Joanna Baillie, shows that she was far from elated as to its probable success:—

Petersham, 21st April 1828.

MY DEAR JOANNA,—If you will send to No. 28 Grosvenor Square, you will receive a volume which, however unworthy of your acceptance, is due to you from the author by every sentiment, so long and so truly felt, of admiration for your genius, and esteem and affection for your virtues.

Our short stay in London this year ended on the 5th of the month.

I was particularly sorry to have missed you at Hampstead one Sunday that I called, between three and four o'clock; as my troublesome health always gives me too much to do, when I can do *anything*, and this was (from many circumstances of which this volume was one) more the case during the three months we passed in London this year than at any former period.

I have no hopes of any popularity for my book. It will fall between wind and water. The trifling will think it dull, and graver readers will not think of it at all.

I hope and trust that it contains nothing that will either disgrace my heart or my understanding, which satisfies the conscience, although not the vanity, of your always attached and sincere friend,

M. BERRY.

From Miss J. Baillie to Miss Berry.

Hampstead, April 24, 1828.

My dear Friend,—I am truly gratified by the affectionate expressions of your kind note, and by those also on the first leaf of your book—the very partial expressions of a friend, and I value them the more because I know them to be so. You have my warm wishes for your literary success on this occasion, and I have good confidence that I shall not be disappointed.

I received your note on Tuesday before I left home for Cavendish Square, and yesterday Mrs. Baillie was kind enough to send to Grosvenor Square, and so I was put in possession of my treasure. But merely put in possession, for with dining out two successive days to meet my friend Sir Walter Scott, and the busy confusion of a two-days' stay in London, I have had no opportunity of reading it, part of the introduction excepted, which I liked much. It reads well, being clear and sensible and happily expressed; and if it hold out so through the volume, as I doubt not it will, it can scarcely fail of success.

Give my kind love to Agnes, and believe me always, wherever you are, affectionately yours, J. Baillie.

From Lady Charlotte Lindsay to Miss Berry.

12 Charlotte Street, Portland Place, April 25, 1828.

Though I said that I would not answer the King's speech, like Mr. Hope, yet I must write to tell you that your book is *quite new* and perfectly delightful to me. I always thought it would be a very creditable work, but I had no idea that I should have derived so much amusement from it. I imagine that having hitherto either read it *spitefully* to detect faults, or when I had rather have been talking or talked to by the authoress, prevented my really enjoying the entertaining information, and the acute and just reasoning upon facts and persons sufficiently known to be interesting and yet not enough so to be commonplace. In short, it exactly suits the extent of my reading and reasoning powers; and I hope and believe that it may also suit those whose information and abilities may be far superior to mine. Everybody has asked me, since I came to town, when Miss Berry's book is to be published?—never having seen it advertised.

From Miss J. Baillie to Miss Berry.

Hampstead, June 9, 1828.

My dear Friend,—The mention of one friend's book naturally tends to another's. I have read your 'View of the Social Life, &c.,' twice; and it has lost nothing, but rather gained, on the second perusal. The style is clear and scholar-like, in the *good* sense of the word; it is written in a good spirit of liberality and rectitude, and it abounds in excellent observations concisely and cleverly expressed. For my own part I should have liked it better had you given us less of court anecdote and more of illustration of the manners of the middling-classes of society; though I am aware that such illustrations would have been more difficult to come at. There is another thing which I could have wished otherwise, but perhaps the general run of readers may not feel it: the account given of Voltaire's mistress, Madame de Chatelet, rather offends as to that delicacy which is expected in the writings of a woman. The mention too of Lady W. Montague's poem on Lady Murray's disagreeable adventure, though very justly reprobated by you, falls a little under the same condemnation; and these I notice because they have been felt by others whose judgment and feelings I respect, though, as I said before, the generality of readers may not see them in the same light. I also mention them because I know you expect my sincere opinion, and the work itself has sufficient merit to afford such exceptions to its praise.

I am expecting every day the publication of my Cingalese drama, the last proof-sheet of which I corrected some days ago —I believe nearly a week. It is a little cock-boat to be launched upon a wide ocean, bound on a distant voyage; I hope it will not prove a cast-away. I don't know whether you saw it in MS. When we return from Devon, where we shall probably remain two months, I shall be anxious to know what sale it has had in Colburn's hands, who is the bookseller to whom Sir A. Johnstone has given it, for the profits of this little work may be of more consequence than itself.

Your friend, Miss A. Turner, called on me last Saturday, and was very kind in coming, for she knew I was anxious to hear particulars respecting the illness of our poor friend, which could not so well be detailed in a note. What a

cheerful, useful person Miss Turner is! She is one of those easy well-conditioned beings who gathers no thorns in the world for herself, and has both time and inclination to clear them away from the paths of other people. If you are a reader of Jeremy Taylor, perhaps you will recollect a passage where he says—'how many people are busy in this world in gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon.' I confess myself to be somewhat a gatherer of thorns, and fain would I get the better of this foolish propensity, but I am (as we say in Scotland) o'wr auld to mend. Always affectionately yours,

J. BAILLIE.

From Miss Berry to Miss J. Baillie.

Baden, 19th June 1828.

MY DEAR JOANNA,—I am much flattered by your praises of my book, and almost as much by what you blame. Had I professed writing a comparative view of the *manners* instead of the '*social life*' of England and France, I should have found, and so would you, that the *manners* of the 'middling classes of society' in both countries were always a bad imitation of the upper. I must have gone down to the *manners* of the *people* for any difference, and that would have led me into a larger field of disquisition than I felt myself equal to, and involved discussions out of the pale of my personal knowledge.

On the charge of 'offending the delicacy which is expected in the writings of a woman,' the two instances marked by you have been passed over by others, who have observed on a note of which you take no notice. I have only to say that, if women treat of *human* nature and *human* life in *history* and not in *fiction* (which perhaps they had better not do), human nature and human life are often indelicate; and if such passages in them are treated *always* with the gravity and the reprobation they deserve, it is all a sensible woman can do, and (not writing for children) all she can think necessary.

I shall be very curious to see how you treat a *new world* both of men and things; as it can't be very bulky, if you will order one to be sent to Miss Anne Turner, directed for me, she will contrive to send it to me if any possible opportunity offers. The merits of the said Anne Turner you will only admire the more when I tell you, instead of being blessed with the happy

easy disposition you suppose, her's is a very anxious mind, and therefore she has a double merit in forgetting her own anxieties to soothe those of her friends.

Farewell, dear Joanna. Let me hear from you again in the leisure of the country, and believe me always your sincerely attached friend, M. BERRY.

From Professor Smythe to Miss Berry.

Peter House, Cambridge.

DEAR MISS BERRY,—Your book quite succeeded with me, giving me a great deal of information that was very entertaining to me, and that had not reached me before. You will, I hope, go on and publish your second volume, not regarding much whether your work be fashionable at present or not, for in this there is a great deal of chance and luck, good or bad. The question is, whether it is not a book likely to be always agreeable and instructive, and this I think it will be, and therefore a book of sufficient weight to be given to the public.

I still observe in it some long sentences, which it would have been very easy for you, I should have thought, to have broken up into two sentences or more, giving the good sense they often contain twice the chance of being perceived and properly felt by the reader.

You have not always remembered that you are writing for an English, not a French public—where not only men, but men, women, and children, read, when a book is considered as worth reading.

I have no doubt whatever that a few words and sentences that might just as well have been left out as not, not half-a-dozen of each, will materially affect the circulation of your volume; and if you had not lived so much among the upper ranks, and so little among the middle, and again so much in foreign society, you would have been sufficiently aware of this.

You have been always so very kind and obliging to me, that I trouble you with all this, and tell you all that has occurred to me; and you will be so good as to excuse my doing so unreservedly. I am happy to bear my humble testimony to your merits, and I am anxious to take every possible chance of serving you. I beg my best remembrances to your sister and Lady

Charlotte Lindsay. Believe me very sincerely and respectfully yours,

W. SMYTHE.

From Chas. Poulett Thomson, Esq.

Saturday.

DEAR MISS BERRY,—I return you your book, with many thanks for the instruction and amusement which it has afforded me; but I cannot do so without at the same time telling you how much I hope that you have not abandoned your intention of following it up by a second volume. The influence which the change in the institutions of France especially, but of all Europe more or less, has exercised over the state of society since the opening of the French Revolution, but above all since the Restoration, is a subject of the deepest interest; and we have the best proof in what you have already done, and in the rare advantages you have possessed of witnessing the courts and their consequences, of your peculiar fitness to treat it well.

Believe me, very truly yours,

C. POULETT THOMSON.

Criticisms by M. Benjamin Constant.

MON voyage à Strasbourg a interrompu non pas la lecture de l'ouvrage de Mademoiselle Berry, que j'avais été entraîné à achever auparavant, mais les notes écrites que je comptais, d'après sa demande, lui remettre. Je ne puis donc que lui communiquer des observations générales, mes notes consistant en renvois qui indiquaient le lieu où je comptais placer des observations dont aucune n'est écrite.

Je lui dirai donc qu'un des grands mérites de son ouvrage, qui en a de plusieurs genres, est de donner sur la restauration anglaise, et sur les mœurs qu'elle produisit, des idées neuves et parfaitement justes, d'après mon jugement, fondé sur l'étude assez approfondie que j'ai faite de cette époque. Les caractères individuels sont parfaitement bien tracés, et le style a une verve et une énergie qu'on trouve rarement dans des ouvrages de femme. Ce dont je sais particulièrement, bon gré à l'auteur, c'est de n'avoir pas désavoué la noble lutte pour la liberté, d'avoir réclamé pour l'honneur de l'Angleterre tout ce qu'il y a eu de

beau et de grand dans des époques orageuses, et par là même mélangées d'erreurs et de crimes. On voit que l'auteur compose de la partie pure de l'aristocratie comme de la partie pure de la démocratie (ce n'est pas le mot propre) de l'Angleterre un patrimoine national qu'il aime à enrichir même des splendeurs des deux factions, recueillant ainsi dans son esprit patriotique tout ce qui peut faire honneur à son pays dans les deux camps opposés. Ce sentiment perce dans toutes les pages, et ce qu'il y a de préjugés dans ce sentiment ne sert qu'à donner à l'ouvrage plus d'individualité, de chaleur, et de vie.

Peut-être les prévisions de l'auteur sur l'avenir politique et social de l'Angleterre se ressentent-elles de ces préjugés de manière à leur préparer quelques démentis par les évènements. Elevée au milieu de l'aristocratie anglaise dont elle fait partie, Mlle. Berry la croit trop inexpugnable. Elle croit qu'il y aura toujours cet atmosphère de privilège, de distinction, et de concentration de fortune qui donne à la société anglaise une élégance un peu dédaigneuse et un peu roide, et une noblesse de sentiments que je ne veux point lui contester, tant qu'il ne s'agit que des individus anglais entr' eux; car quand il s'agit des peuples étrangers, c'est tout le contraire. Elle ne veut pas admettre que le nivellement auquel l'espèce humaine tend de toutes parts aura lieu en Angleterre comme il a eu lieu chez nous, et qu'alors l'aristocratie anglaise et ses manières et tout son lustre social que Mlle. Berry décrit si bien fera place à autre chose, et en la lisant on voit qu'elle croit à une durée contre laquelle bien des chances s'élèvent et bien des probabilités se manifestent. Il est paradoxal, mais il est vrai, de dire que si politiquement et comme nation le peuple anglais existe et a existé avant tous les autres, il existe, socialement parlant, beaucoup moins que le peuple français. Il a eu des droits quand le reste de l'Europe n'en avait pas; mais il n'a jamais eu de place sociale. Aussi l'auteur a dû se borner à peindre la grande coterie aristocratique de l'Angleterre, et son tableau est d'une exactitude, d'une vie, d'un intérêt infini.

Quant à la France, l'état social sous Louis XIV et Louis XV est décrit avec la même fidélité, la même connaissance des détails, le même talent de faire reporter les circonstances symptomatiques. Cette partie exigeait surtout de la sagacité, de la finesse,

et ce genre de gaieté qui résulte plutôt des aperçus que des expressions, et que l'auteur excite plus qu'il ne l'éprouve. L'Angleterre exigeait plus de gravité et plus de sérieux. Mlle. Berry a saisi admirablement cette nuance et le ton qui convenait au sujet, et, tout français que je suis, je lui pardonne le mépris qui perce dans ses descriptions de la solemnité pompeuse et frivole de Louis XIV et de la frivolité licentieuse et aride de Louis XV. Je le lui pardonne parceque je le partage. Cette partie de son livre a le même mérite que la précédente. On vit avec les individus : ce n'est pas une lecture, mais une société dans laquelle on entre.

Mais elle aura une toute autre tâche dans le second volume qu'elle nous promet et nous donnera bientôt j'espère. Une nation nouvelle a envahi la France depuis la révolution, et il ne s'agit pas pour un auteur de la sagacité de Mlle. Berry de la confondre avec celle qui l'a précédée, ou de lui désigner en traits généraux de désapprobation. Ne voir en France qu'un dérangement partiel, laissant subsister les bases de l'ancien état social, serait une erreur aussi grave que si on ne voyait dans l'état social du bas empire que les courtisans d'Honorius ou d'Augustule, et non les barbares vainqueurs de ces courtisans, et devant composer la société dominante. Déjà, peut-être, Mlle. Berry a passé un peu légèrement sur les commencements de notre révolution. Je conçois que sa partie théâtrale l'ait fait sourire, et que sa partie atroce l'ait révoltée : mais dans les flancs de cette révolution était renfermée une nation qui n'était ni théâtrale ni anarchique. Un peu badaude d'abord, puis subjuguée par des hommes qui profitaient de l'irritation provoquée par ses ennemis, cette nation avait une volonté une et forte, qu'elle ne connaissait pas elle-même, mais qui la dominait, et sur laquelle elle n'a pas varié, car elle est la même en 1828 qu'en 1789. C'était la volonté d'être délivrée de tout privilège, de tout monopole politique ou même sociale, de toute concentration de propriété ou de pouvoir. Cette nation n'était pas plus dans la société en France que le peuple anglais proprement dit n'y est en Angleterre. Mais, de plus, elle était hors du droit politique, dont le peuple anglais a la puissance, ce qui fait qu'il se résigne à l'autre exclusion. La nouvelle nation française n'a pu s'y résigner : elle a bouleversé la société de France, et en la bouleversant elle y est entrée. Elle constitue non seulement

l'état politique, mais l'état social actuel. L'ancienne société se réfugie en vain, comme des souris, de vieux salon en vieux salon. Elle n'existe plus que par réminiscence, et le temps qui la moissonne donne à sa propre descendance les caractères du nouvel état social. C'est celui-là qu'il faudra peindre: c'est dans la nouvelle génération qu'il faut l'étudier.

J'allais dire ce qu'est la nouvelle génération; mais l'heure du pain et du beurre arrive, et la perspective du miel répand sur l'avenir de la France un brouillard que je ne puis dissiper.

Je ne finirai pourtant pas sans répéter à Mlle. Berry que son ouvrage est ce que j'ai lu de plus vrai, de plus piquant, souvent de plus élevé, et toujours d'un intérêt et d'un charme que bien peu de livres ont à ce degré.

[There is another hiatus in Miss Berry's Journal, which does not recommence till May 1828.]

JOURNAL.

Monday, May 12th.—We quitted Petersham, at seven o'clock on a very fine morning, for Dover, with Harrot and Durand, in our new carriage.

Tuesday, 13th.—Crossed in the 'Salamander' to Calais. I shall not follow our journey daily. I shall only say that though Ypres and Courtrai deserve to be seen—the former for its Maison de Ville and other buildings, which date from the time of the Spaniards, and which are grand of their kind—yet that this route from Calais to Brussels is the least good, the longest, and through the least pleasant country; and I may say the same of the road from Brussels to Aix-la-Chapelle, through Maestricht instead of through Caltenbourg and Liège. There is nothing to make up for the fine country about Liège, and part of the road from Maestricht to Aix-la-Chapelle is still unfinished. Those who, like ourselves, seek the picturesque beauties of the banks of the Rhine, must expect nothing to gratify them till after Cologne, where the shores still continue as flat

as those of the Thames opposite Greenwich, the river itself being about the same width. All the real beauties of its banks are to be found between Andernach and Bingen; there the fine scenery ceases till Mayence, which derives its interest from quite a different sort of beauty. Numbers of trading boats are to be seen, and the river, though losing the picturesque character of its passage through its mountainous banks, becomes double the width. From Mayence to Heidelberg there is but little to attract sketching tourists. The roads are good, the country well cultivated, the towns old, dilapidated, and melancholy looking; but no sooner has one crossed the Rhine, upon the bridge of boats at Manheim, than the villages assume quite another character. Instead of streets so narrow and so badly paved that they resemble nothing but the smallest villages of Savoy, they become at once large, open, and well built, with every appearance of cleanliness and comfort. Heidelberg, with its ruined castle, its bridge over the Neckar, and its well-wooded hills, is one of the most striking places that I know, and much surpassed in beauty even my recollection of it twenty-five years ago. We stopped at Carlsruhe, which has trebled in size since I saw it, and which is now adorned by several public buildings. Outside the walls of all these German towns the road is bordered with gardens, well kept up, and filled with vegetables and flowers. It is worthy of remark, also, that in these towns —at Mayence, at Heidelberg, and at Carlsruhe—the Roman Catholics and Protestants are the best of friends. There are fine large churches for both religions, very much frequented, and without the least rivalry either under the Catholic or under the Protestant sovereigns. Baden looks well on coming from Carlsruhe, situated upon the declivity of a well-wooded hill, and its buildings coming down to the edge of a little river which separates the town from the public walks and assembly-rooms.

We remained at the hotel from Tuesday the 27th till Friday the 30th of May, when we took possession of the Rez de Chaussée, in the Baron d'Endé's house, upon a little hill. The view from our lodging is delicious, and the only inconvenience is the steepness of the ascent upon which it stands: it is fatiguing at the end of a long walk.

[The Miss Berrys and Lady C. Lindsay remained at Baden till the 17th of September, then made a short tour to Switzerland, and reached Paris the beginning of October.

It was in the month of June that the Miss Berrys received the afflicting news of the death of their old friend Mrs. Damer; the loss was bitterly felt and tenderly deplored. But Mrs. Damer was many years senior to her friends, and her health had been for some time in a declining state, that had diminished the active social intercourse of former times.]

JOURNAL.

Friday, October 3rd.—We arrived at Paris. Went to our old lodging at the top of the Hôtel Breteuil, which was ready prepared for us. Settled Lady Charlotte in the room opening into our ante-room, and spent the evening together at home. The day after (Saturday, October 4th) we all three dined *au coin du feu* with the Ambassador. After this I neglected to note down what I did each day. I mean to correct myself.

[The intended correction did not take place, and unfortunately the leaves of the Journal-book remain unwritten. Miss Berry has inscribed in a smaller note-book that they left Paris on the 19th of January 1829, and reached their home in Curzon Street on January 24th.]

1829.

JOURNAL.

Paris, Friday, July 3rd.—Met Madame de N——. On my enquiring after Madame de Morte Fontaine's health, who had left Paris a month ago extremely ill, we fell into conversation on her early life, of which I had always been very curious to learn the particulars. She said that a sort of fatality of misfortune, or of dreadful situations, seemed to have attached to her through life; like the vengeances we read of in fable, from the offended heathen deities.

Her mother, a daughter of the Procureur-Général, Joly de Fleury, died in her earliest youth, for she was only between ten and eleven years old when her father (on whom she doated as the only parent she had ever known) was stabbed to the heart at a restaurateur's in the Palais Royal, as he was paying his money at the bar, the day after he had given an unqualified vote for the death of Louis XVI. The murderer was a garde de corps, who committed the crime (without even being certain of the person of his victim) from a mere exhalation of loyalty and honour!

We all remember the flame this event raised in the Convention; the accounts of the shocking exhibition of the body with its gaping wound;* the public funeral;

* The assassin was a man of the name of Paris. He shot himself with his pistol at the moment he was about to be arrested. The death of Le Peletier furnished to David a subject of one of his celebrated pictures, which it was afterwards said was bought by Madame de Morte Fontaine in order to destroy it.

the adoption of the orphan child by the nation; and to mark (as they supposed), *for ever*, its new and strange parent, she was re-named (for baptism was not of that day) *La Nation Le Peletier de St. Fargeau.*

The care of her person was at first claimed by her maternal grandfather, M. Joly de Fleury, but as his principles and opinions were not *à la hauteur de la nation*, or thought worthy to be instilled into the Daughter of the Nation—and as she was heiress to a very large fortune, not less than three hundred thousand francs (12,000*l.*) a year—her uncle, Felix Le Peletier,* insisted on his right to become her guardian, to which Joly de Fleury, from a dread of the demagogues of the day, among whom was her uncle, unfortunately gave up. This uncle, Felix Le Peletier, immediately placed a woman about her entirely in his own interests, and determined to marry her himself, to secure her large fortune. On her marking great repugnance to him, he let it be understood that he should take care in proper time to make a marriage with anybody else impossible. In the meantime, during her stay with him, from eleven to fifteen years old, she was led by her uncle into all the bad company of the day; went down to the country with parties of his Jacobin friends, everyone bringing his mistress along with him; and in short, during this earliest part of her career, she was exposed to every danger.

Meanwhile, a Dutchwoman, Madame de W——, one of the intriguers of the day, bribed the woman whom Felix Le Peletier had put about his niece to preserve her in his own interests. Madame de W—— offered her a settlement of five thousand francs to betray his (Le Peletier's) interests, and to preserve his niece till she had attained the age of fifteen, to marry her son.

* Felix Le Peletier was exiled by the Bourbons, January 1816. He afterwards returned to France, and died in retirement in 1837.

The woman earned the wages of her treachery, and Mdlle. Le Peletier was married at fifteen to M. de Witte. He turned out an ill-conducted young man, continually drunk, and of manners most repugnant to a young person. Here again, she was thrown, without principles, without education, without guidance of any kind, on the world; and such a world as it then was in France!

Her marriage with M. de Witte was dissolved by the easy method of a divorce of those days, and she very soon after married her cousin, M. de Morte Fontaine (Le Peletier also), in preference to several great matches into old families then offered to her.

Better days seemed now in store for her, and she employed them in giving herself that instruction, those accomplishments, and those religious principles which had been entirely neglected in her early youth.

But after four years' union with M. de Morte Fontaine, he was killed by a fall from his horse, at St. Fargeau, their country-house. He survived the accident eight days, during the whole of which time he was perfectly insensible to everything but her voice, which he gave signs of knowing, and she actually administered the sacrament to him in his last moments, as the assistant-priest found no other means of making him sensible to what he was doing.

At the moment of this dreadful death of her husband, their eldest child's life was despaired of. As the girl was old enough to know, and doat on, her father, the poor mother's task was dreadful in concealing both her own feelings and the hopeless state of her husband from a child she adored.

Since the death of M. de Morte Fontaine she has dedicated herself entirely to their children, two girls, the eldest of whom was two years ago married, very much to her satisfaction, to M. de Boisgelin, the son of the Count Alexander de Boisgelin, her *ami de cœur*; for I

know not what other name to give to the sort of *liaisons* between persons no longer young, and where passion no longer enters for anything, which still exists in this country, and without drawing any disrespect or animadversions on the contracting parties.

But Madame de Morte Fontaine, although apparently happy in her children, and in a large fortune, and a perfectly respectable existence in her country; reconciled to the Royal family, who visited not the sins of the father upon the child; possessing a most enviable habitation at Paris, and a large establishment in the country at St. Fargeau; yet, with all these means of apparent comfort and happiness united in her, she always seems like a person *accablée* under some dreadful remembrances—some oppression of mind, some exhaustion of feelings which have destroyed all natural vigour and activity both of mind and body. This, her friend says, is precisely the case, and she is now dying at forty-seven, worn out by an existence the early part of which has destroyed and poisoned all the rest.

N.B. She died the year after this was written (1830).

1830.

LETTERS.

[No regular journal was kept during this year, but the letters from various correspondents, and the journal of the momentous "three days" at Paris, keep up the chain, which now becomes year by year thinner, of those links which bound us to the every-day life, thoughts, and occupations of Miss Berry.]

From le Comte Lally Tollendal to the Miss Berrys.

25 Janv. 1830.

MES CHÈRES BONNES AMIES,—Il m'a passé par la tête que peut-être vous seriez bien aises de voir cette Madame de Genlis dont vous avez tant entendu parler et tant parlé vous-mêmes. Elle se donne, ou plutôt sa fille Madame de Valence lui donne, ce soir un *raout* musical, littéraire, dignitaire, tout ce que vous pouvez imaginer, pour célébrer le 85e anniversaire de son jour de naissance.* La soirée sera agréable, la société brillante et cosmopolitaine, une partie de la Cour du Palais Royal, ambassadeurs, prélats, ministres, académiciens, dames anglaises et françaises et russes. Le directeur de la soirée sera Madame Dieudé de Fly, votre traducteur. Vous y rencontrerez jusqu'au roi des éditeurs, notre célèbre libraire Ladvocat, qui probablement sera chargé de l'édition de votre livre enfin bien traduit. Madame de Genlis, à qui j'avais envoyé demander hier quelques invitations en blanc pour mes amis, m'a répondu, en me les envoyant, que je pouvais lui en amener cinquante si je voulais, et que tous et toutes seraient également bien reçus. Voyez, mes chères et illustres amies, si cela vous rit; à partir de 8 heures je serai là pour vous recevoir. Je vous envoie le billet en blanc, parce que dans le cas où vous ne seriez pas curieuses, d'autres amis pourraient l'être auprès de vous. Vous mettrez dans les

* Madame de Genlis died December 1839.

blancs les noms que vous voudrez. Adieu, ou plutôt sans adieu, mes chères amies, vous dont les écrits sont des peintures, vous dont les dessins sont des poésies, vous qui avez risqué de me faire crever d'amour-propre par votre souscription au précieux cadeau dont vous m'avez gratifié, vous qui m'avez remis à ma place, et qui avez tempéré mon orgueil en refusant à mes vives sollicitations de m'ouvrir les trésors de votre album, vous qui apparemment me conservez encore rancune d'y avoir remarqué un jour l'expression de la *vérité toute nue*—ces *pauvres petits* sont bien grands aujourd'hui. Ils ont fait une belle fortune, et n'ont plus besoin de la chemise que je leur refusais.

Tendresses, respects, reconnaissance en dernier résumé.

LALLY TOLLENDAL.

The following extracts are from a letter addressed by Miss Berry to Lord Dover, who had undertaken the task of editing Horace Walpole's 'Letters to Sir H. Mann,' a task which was accomplished in 1833, when the work was published:—

St. Germain: 22nd June, 1830.

I must begin with telling you how pleased I am that Lord Orford's letters to Sir Horace Mann have fallen into your hands to edite. They are, of all his correspondence, *by far* the best; were written in all the force and vigour of the peculiarities both of his wit and of his taste, and while his life and habits in the world afforded ample food for both. Poor Mrs. Damer and I have often regretted that they could not be given to the public, while we deprecated the hands into which they might fall, and the improper manner in which they might be produced; for never was the pruning knife so necessary, nor so necessary to be exercised by a hand experienced in the world and all its tales for the last half century. That their writer meant them to be published, the copy on which you are at work, all collated and transcribed by Kirgate, will prove to you; and yet, with the odd inconsequence which marked his latter days, his will precluded its being done in any but in an improper manner. *Enfin*, I rejoice, at their having fallen right at last. When will you be ready for the press with them? I fear when I get to England you will have no time to bestow on *my paperasses*, which may

perhaps want the pruning knife as much as what you are about, altho' from very different reasons.

I defy you to have worse weather in England than we have in France. We have been established here for the last ten days, and have not been able even to drive out more than three times.

I don't wonder you think the accounts from France frightful, even if I did not know you were in correspondence with a lady de l'extrême Gauche, who will not soften the picture. Certain it is that the *little* they have *done*, and *all* they have counselled, have been the most imprudent and worse-judged, and most provoking measures possible. Nothing, however, can in fact be determined till the colour of the next Chamber is seen. They have put off most of the elections till next month, on some pretence of harvest, but really in hopes that the *gloriole* of the success at Algeria may influence the votes. Perhaps it may, and perhaps, however composed, both parties may have learnt something from their follies last week, and both the King and the Commons talk another language. It is, believe me, utterly impossible to calculate upon anything *deliberate* to be done by French heads; the very best of them being so easily excitable by circumstances of the moment. I think the body of the people will with difficulty be forced into anything like civil war, however they may have hallooed and serenaded their popular deputies; and I believe the army, if referred to, will be very much of the opinion of the people—in which case there will be nothing left for the poor souls in the Tuileries but to yield, or to plier baggage. Which they will do, Heaven knows! They say the King avows himself prepared to assume a crown of martyrdom; I don't believe it. But the language they bear about them is what no Royal head is at all likely to refute.

Letter from Miss Berry to the Countess of Hardwicke.

St. Germain: Wednesday, 27th July, 1830.

DEAREST LADY HARDWICKE,—As Elizabeth is away, and Lord Stuart by no means *ecrivailleur*, we choose to *suppose* that you will be anxious to hear from ourselves that we have no uncomfortable individual feelings as to the new public state of France. The stories you will hear in England on the subject *we* may guess by those which every Gondole Parisienne and every accélérée bring down here every hour, at the distance only of

twelve miles! Lord Stuart dined with us yesterday, in high spirits; but from these grandees one never learns, as one never asks anything. The inhabitants of the Val, Madame de Noailles, &c., are silent, from their near connections with the Court. Under these circumstances, in compliance with the dictates of a laudable curiosity, we mean in a week's time to remove to Paris. Ten or twelve days' stay I must at all events have made there, to pack up our all, and dispatch some of them before ourselves, and in the meantime we shall be amused with the lie of the moment, and with seeing the colour things are likely to take—which nobody, I conceive, can yet guess. That the list of insignificant names that follow M. de Polignac's, in the Rapport au Roi, should be *quietly* allowed to change the Constitution and sign away the liberties of France, one can *hardly* believe; and yet, if they are quite sure of the army, *envers et contre tout*, I don't know how it is to be prevented. But of the army (in spite of their late coaxing to them), many doubts are entertained; and if these prove true, I see nothing then to prevent the affiche of a 'grand et bel hôtel à louer, avec vue sur les Tuileries.'

Things are going on very differently with us, thank Heaven! *We* seem to be all in a general burst of loyalty and good humour towards our good-humoured King. *That* title surely everything that he has yet done well deserves, and if he don't do *too much*, and can keep steady, I am persuaded he will continue very popular.

Now for a word of our *own* future history. Our stay in Paris will not exceed nor perhaps reach a fortnight, and then for London in the month of August, and a dirty house and servants to hire, and tradesmen to see and settle with about the cleaning of said house. You will own that perspective is not attractive. At the end of it we see a retreat to Car.'s house at Petersham till she and her admiral return from Scotland. *En attendant*, our house in Curzon-street, we hope, is to be made clean and comfortable to receive us in the month of November; and further this deponent sayeth not, except that she hopes and trusts a visit to Wimpole will somehow or other be wove into the autumn or winter. And now as we intend to make this indenture tripartite, I leave my pen to my companions.

M. Berry.

P.S. from Lady Charlotte Lindsay to the Countess of Hardwicke.

DEAREST LADY H.,—As M. B. has given you all that we know about this 'coup d'état,' I need only say that we were so divided between curiosity and the love of fresh air, in this delightful weather, that we should have been in a dilemma if the matter had not settled itself by finding that we could not have our house for more than another week; so to Paris we go next Wednesday, where I dread the *heat* much more than the *riots*, for they will be very interesting to those upon the spot, though their distant friends may be regaled every day with accounts of our murder, but I promise that I will *direct my maid* to give you all the particulars of our massacre. Our King at least seems to be pleased with and to please his people, and really to be 'as happy as a King,' which I had never thought a true proverb till now. We really will write and keep you *au courant* as well as we can. Farewell at present.

Sunday, 25*th*.—The ordinances of the King, dated this day, were published in Paris the next day.

Monday, 26*th*.—In the evening much noise and riot about the Hotel of the 'Affaires Etrangers' on the Boulevard, and that of the 'Ministre des Finances' in the Rue de Rivoli, but no blood shed except accidentally.

Tuesday, 27*th*.—Lord Stuart and Mr. Gregory came from Paris, and dined with us at St. Germain; brought accounts of the discontents at Paris of the night before, but without seeming to dread anything either very frightful or very decisive from them. Mr. Gregory promised to write to us the next day, and I intended to fulfil my engagement to go to Paris on Thursday morning, to bring Mrs. Hamilton * here.

Wednesday, 28*th*.—No newspapers or post arrived the whole of the day. Still, we had no suspicion how things were going at Paris till, having dined early, we drove out in the evening. The weather was very fine, and we were down in the meadows by the side of the Seine, near Pecq.

* Mrs. Hamilton Hamilton, wife of the Secretary of Embassy at Paris.

Our servant, Manuel, drew my attention to the sound of cannon, evidently coming from the side of Paris, and which he said he had heard for some time, and likewise the sound of the discharge of musketry. After eleven o'clock of this day, no diligence, accélérées, or public carriages had come in, and the people in the town were very uneasy and anxious, but perfectly quiet. A number of people constantly at one end of the terrace listening, and looking towards Paris.

Thursday, 29*th*.—As soon as I awoke in the morning, I saw crowds on the terrace in the same attitude as the night before, and heard too plainly continual discharges of cannon and of musketry. This lasted, with short intervals, till between two and three o'clock. No post—no papers —no public carriages—made their appearance this whole day. My going to Paris I found would be impossible. Report said the bridge at Neuilly was barricaded, and all the streets of Paris, so as to make the passing of a carriage impossible.

We sent Manuel to town with the letters to the Ambassade and a line to Mrs. Hamilton. He returned at eleven at night, having walked almost the whole way there and back. He arrived just as the Garde Nationale and the people in arms had made their last attack on the Garde Royale, the Cuirassiers and their artillery, and had driven them all before them to the Bois de Boulogne and St. Cloud. He had seen the dead and wounded in the streets, and all the horrors of positive warfare in a populous city; the shops shut, and the greatest excitement universal, but without any pillage or individual vengeances. In the early part of this evening we drove out on the Paris road as far as the machine at Marly. We found on the road neither man, nor horse, nor cart, nor any sign of population, except here and there an old woman sitting at her door, and a group of men about a public-house at Marly-le-port, and a great part of the population of St.

Germain ranged on each side the road on the top of their hill, eager for news, and watching arrivals from Paris.

Friday, 30*th*.—Still no post from Paris. I got an old letter from Mrs. Hamilton, which had laid in the post either here or there for three days. On going out on the terrace, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, I observed that, contrary to what was usual, there was not a creature on the terrace or the parterre, not even a straggling child, and I heard loud huzzas from the town. Lady Charlotte and I immediately walked to the *grille* nearest the château, and there saw a number of lads and workpeople of all descriptions running into the château. In a moment we heard them at the top of it. The white flag was in the act of coming down, and the tricolor hoisted in its place. They then all issued again from the gate of the château, some with sabres, and muskets, and every sort of arms, which the Gardes du Corps (who had been summoned to St. Cloud two days before, and left St. Germain at four o'clock in the morning) had left behind them; dépôt of arms there was none. Before they had all got out of the château, the Maire in his écharpe met them from the other side of the Place du Château, at the head of about 20 or 30 National Guards, not above half in regimentals, but carrying with them a tri-coloured flag. At the door he talked to the mob. What he said I was not near enough to hear, but he was immediately huzzaed, and they went away together parading round the town.

In the evening the National Guard were doing duty at the Mairie, the entrance to the town, &c. &c., and not the smallest disturbance or noise occurred from that time. We went to the Val in the morning, where we had some difficulty in convincing the poor good Princesse de Poix that we had not come for refuge, as many of her more distant friends had done, and to eat her out of house and home, but merely for news, of which none of her society had

much to give, nor indeed do I believe they knew whereabout things where.

Saturday, 31*st*.—Still receiving no letters from Paris, we again sent Manuel to town. He brought an account of quiet being restored in Paris; the barricades beginning to be taken down, and the Pont de Neuilly sufficiently opened to allow a carriage to pass, and consequently the accélérées, &c. &c. arrived in the course of the day.

Again at the Val in the morning; the same ignorance, the same lamentations, and the same repugnance to saying all they thought. Le Comte Juste de Noailles, who had remained in Paris from the beginning of the week, came down to the Val with his youngest son, Louis, on Friday night, having walked from Neuilly to St. Cloud, and come from thence in a *coucou*, the only carriage on the road.

The Miss Berrys were staying at St. Germain during the days of the Revolution. The following extracts are from letters addressed to them at that time by different friends from Paris:—

Wednesday night, 28th July, 1830.

My dear Miss Berry,—If this reaches you in time to prevent your setting out to-morrow I shall be very glad, for you will only be coming into the lion's mouth by coming to Paris, and I should feel uneasy at leaving it, because I should be fidgetty about my father and Mr. H. We have really had a dismal day of it; the tocsin continually sounding, and the discharge of small arms and artillery as incessant as if it had been a *prolonged grand field-day!* There is something too awful for description in the sudden manner in which all this has been brought about. The tricolor flag was flying this afternoon at Notre Dame; and the Hôtel de Ville, after being taken by the mob, was retaken by the troops under Marmont; he also brought round a regiment of the line that had refused to act against the people. It is said that a large body of people, to the amount of 20 or 30,000, are coming up to Paris from Rouen, headed by their Deputies, after having hung their Préfet. The Garde

Nationale have re-embodied themselves, and have turned out armed and equipped, and, report says, are under the command of Generals Lafayette and Sebastiani—the people under that of General Gerard.

Thursday, half past 2 P.M., 29th July.

We have had a dreadful morning since five o'clock. The people have possession of the Casernes, and the arms found in them. A report has reached us that the King has issued a proclamation reinstating the Chamber—announcing a change of Ministers, and a free pardon to all. I am inclined to believe there is something in it, as there is a cessation of firing and the tocsin has ceased. There is every here and there a shot heard, but they proceed, I imagine, more from a mischievous few than from the general body. . . . The Champs Elysées has been a great scene of action. They had cavalry and artillery beside other troops there, but it appears they have been but little to be depended on. God grant it may soon be over, for it is a fearful work. Many of the streets are unpaved, and the trees cut down to make barricades for the mob. They have possession of the Elysée, and are forcing the Tuileries! At this moment I hear great hurraing, but don't know what it means. . . .

As yet I can only give you the news our servants pick up from passers-by, as it is by far too dangerous for anyone to be seen in the street. The last report they give is that the soldiers and the people *mangent ensemble* dans la Place Vendôme, which confirms the idea of the disaffection of the army. The success of the mob is beyond everything. They do all they wish to do. And if concessions of very great magnitude are not really made to them, depend upon it they will settle matters their own way. It has been quite horrid to see the ruffian-like-looking fellows that have passed this house to-day, armed with muskets and sabres taken from the soldiers, who in many instances laid down their arms and placed them at the disposal of the mob. But who can wonder at the indignation of a whole people so insulted?

. . . . The Barrières have been all deserted by the Guards, and the people come in and out of Paris as they choose. The most awful moment for us was when the cavalry were charging the multitude in the Champs Elysées, covered by cannon; a ball whizzed through the trees opposite. At this

moment a crowd is passing up the rue ——, which is a continuation of this street, and are firing in the air and hurraing. M. Portier has just said to me, 'N'ayez pas peur, Madame; c'est qu'ils s'amusent!' All this confirms me in the idea that they have gained their point; if so, woe betide some folks.

. . . . The number of killed and wounded is immense.

Thursday, July 29, 1830.

My dear Miss Berry,—I perceive you have not received a letter from me which I put into the post on Wednesday morning. Yesterday the insurrection was most complete, and the firing has been for two days with little interruption in various quarters of the town. A great destruction of life must be looked for. I never can express to you the consternation that is felt, mixed with such elements of anarchy. The Hôtel de Ville was taken and retaken several times yesterday by the Garde Nationale, which had assembled spontaneously. The night, after nine o'clock, was tolerably tranquil, but up to that time the fusillade was tremendous in the quarter of the Odean against the Etudiens, and on the Place de Grève. In the night cannon was planted all around, and the posts doubled, and the gardens of the Tuileries filled with troops.

At nine o'clock this morning the council of Ministers quitted the Tuileries, probably from the reports which had been made to them that the troops of the line had refused to act. Général Contard rode much about, with a wish to calm the populace by saying that he had expected orders from St. Cloud for an accommodation about eleven. The Garde Royale also were withdrawn to the Champs Elysées after much firing; and the Château of the Tuileries was carried about mid-day by the General, after a strong resistance by the Swiss. The firing was violent to the extreme in the Rue de l'Echelle, where the Swiss were blockaded, and I hear an immense destruction. I believe all this is somewhere about the truth, but it is in the streets alone that I have picked it up. Such scenes of wounded and killed it is well you have not seen.

Four o'clock.

I have just come from the Château of the Tuileries; it is as full as it can hold of the people of the faubourgs, decorated in every way with the Hats of Herbault belonging to the ladies of the

Court and the grand cordons of the Knights. The demolition complete and the pillage also. It is to me an abrégé of the most revolting scenes of the Revolution.

With all this, there is no insult offered to any, or any private mischief. The King's Palace has afforded enough, and I shall never forget it. The tricolor flag floats on the Palace and the column in Place Vendôme. The Garde Nationale are assembled, and have named the Duc de Choiseul, Général Gerard, M. de Lafayette, a Provisional Government, and we expect a proclamation out this evening.

. . . . Most of the principal streets have been unpaved by the mob, but I am surprised to see how much forbearance there has been for private property. The Garde Royale is also in *mauvais odeur*; in short, the King is upset in the views of the people. I have confidence in the measures of the Garde Nationale for tranquillity. . . .

Six o'clock.

The Garde Nationale seem to be obeyed at their posts, and the mob in good humour with them; but the mob are afraid that the King's troops propose to attack them again, so they are on the alert. A proclamation says [I know not from what authority] that the Press is declared free. There is every sort of report as on such occasions, and the difficulty is to know which to believe.

July 30 or 31.

Dear Miss Agnes,— . . . I have heard nothing new within these two hours very important—they say 9,000 killed and wounded. We have just been to see them buried at the Louvre. I hear St. Cloud has fallen to the nation, and the King is at Trianon—very low. The Dauphine not returned. The Duke of Orleans has got a smooth concern for his future comfort! The Boulevards are horribly mutilated—so many of the large trees destroyed. . . . The bridges have all been blocked. There has been much difficulty and danger in getting off the Couriers; some have been taken. It is just said that the artillery of the Guard have surrendered. . . . I saw Benjamin Constant conducted with acclamation to the Chambre to-day, as happy as possible. The weather cruelly close and hot for revolutions.

Paris: July 31.

. . . The Royal cause is at an end. The Duke of Orleans will be proclaimed to-day Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, and nothing further will be done till the Chambers meet on the 3rd of August.

The town is like one in a state of siege, and barricaded in all directions; no carriages can circulate.

It has the appearance of the Revolution over again, but none of its sanguinary feeling.

The massacre has been immense, and the wounded are, I fear, in a still greater proportion. None of the banks are open on the Bourse, or the theatres. . . . It is impossible not to admire the general good order of the populace—no acts of pillage or insubordination. The Dauphine is not returned; the Duke of Orleans is at the Palais Royal.

Sunday, August 1st.—Louis de Noailles, and Lady Isabella Blachford, her son, and daughter, dined with us. All quite quiet at St. Germain; numbers on the terrace always watching and listening towards Paris. The King's departure from St. Cloud for Trianon known.

Monday, 2nd.—Lady Isabella Blachford, her son and myself, drove to Paris in the morning. The carts of stones which had served to barricade the bridge at Neuilly were drawn a little aside; the large trees, cut down at short distances, and were run across streets that diverged from the road, were still laying with all their leaves on, and their boughs only sufficiently lopped off or pulled aside to allow a carriage to pass. In Paris, the pavement, torn up and collected in a sort of loose walls across the streets, all remained, although they had already removed enough of them to make way for the passage of a carriage in any part of the town. The work of desolation appeared most in the Boulevards, where, at different distances, all the trees were smashed down. But in every other respect the town was as quiet as exactly as it was, that it was hardly possible to believe the scenes that

had passed in it four days before. We returned to St. Germain by seven o'clock in the evening, having found no impediment of any sort, either on the road or in the town.

Tuesday, 3*rd*.—The drum and the distant noise of a crowd summoned us to the terrace, where, from the *grille* of the town issued above 1,500 persons, headed by some National Guards in their uniform, and some decent-looking persons in plain clothes, with muskets and cross-belts; the rest were a motley tribe of all sort of figures, with all sort of arms, or no arms at all—ragged citizens, some with an old sabre, some with a pistol, &c. &c., but all perfectly quiet. They were divided into six companies, and sat down on the grass alleys, under the trees of the terrace, resting from their march from Nantes of four leagues, which they had made this morning. In half an hour's time a liberal breakfast was brought them from the municipality of St. Germain, of bread, wine, ham sausages, and a minced thing they call *fricot*, &c. &c. One man presided over the distribution to each company, and everybody was in good humour and orderly, and quite satisfied with what they got. *Les gens à uniforme*, and the well-dressed persons among them, were, for the most part, provided for in the town. We walked among them and talked to them; there was no violence nor threats from them. We told them they would find nobody to fight at Paris; that there everybody was of one mind. No matter; they would go to show their goodwill, and what the deputies had to count on. Their banners spoke the same great language; they were all *La Charte et Paris*. No mention of *La Nation* and *Fraternité*, and the extreme opinions of the former Revolution. After eating and drinking, they, by way of resting themselves, began dancing—rounds of fifty men together—to their own singing, and then playing at single-stick (for which it seems Normandy is famous). So careful were they of not drinking

too much, that great remains of a barrel of wine was emptied on the ground to prevent anybody returning to it too frequently. Between two and three o'clock they all rallied again to their own company and their own flag, and were marched away without having any stragglers, as quietly and orderly as the best-dressed guards could have been.

Wednesday, 4*th*.—We left St. Germain, and removed to the first-floor of the Hôtel de Breteuil, at Paris. We found most of the trees that had formed the barricades from Neuilly to Paris turned entirely out of the road, and all the barricades of stones replaced loosely in the pavements. Nobody driving about airing, either in the Champs Elysées or the Bois de Boulogne. On Wednesday night, or rather Thursday morning, from three to four o'clock, the most violent and dreadful *ouragan* that I ever heard. The violence of the wind united itself with the continual peals of thunder and blazes of lightning. It was long before the rain came, and the dust was so carried up in the air as almost to blind me when shutting a window.

Thursday, 5*th*.—Everybody full of the astonishing good conduct of the people of Paris, even during the four days of the greatest agitation. Everybody speaking of the absolute necessity of determining on making the Duc d'Orléans king.

Saturday, 14*th*.—I saw Pozzo last night. He had been despatching a courier, and looked tired, occupied, and bothered. He said, certainly all the Governments of Europe would feel awkwardly on this dismissal of legitimacy; that the Ministers here, as their servants, must wait their orders; that the tricolor cockade would frighten Germany, and immediately give them fears of an attack on their independence; that if such attack was made, they would find it resisted in a very different manner than it had been (this I did not believe). Pozzo's nephew, who commanded a French regiment at Marseilles,

would not change his cockade; had given in his dismission; left his regiment, and was gone to Italy.

Général Matthew Dumas (the Inspector-General of the National Guard) says there will be, in a month's time, thirty thousand National Guards completely organised in Paris, and between five and six hundred thousand over the whole face of France.

Friday, 15*th*.—Saw Madame de Montjoye for half an hour, at the Palais Royal. Immediately after the publication of the Ordinances, the Duke of Orleans had intimation from the wife of a deputy, who had learnt it from one of the *sous ordre* of the employés, that on the first symptom of popular tumult the Duke of Orleans was to be arrested by Government. Easily done, surrounded as Neuilly is by barracks at Courbevoie, Rueil, &c. His method of safety was going out in the morning on horseback unattended, and thus wandering about all the villages in the environs of Paris, and returning to Neuilly at night. On Friday, the 30th of July, when the Provisional Government at the Maison de Ville determined to send for him, the persons who went to seek him at Neuilly found him from home, and his family declaring they knew not where he was. As this ignorance, and the word of honour of the Duchess and of his sister seemed to be doubted, his sister (Mdlle.) declared that, if it would be any satisfaction or assurance to those requiring him, she would go with them to the Maison de Ville, and remain till her brother appeared there. The deputation desired to know if they might declare this, but did not insist on her going. In the evening, as soon as the Duke returned, he immediately took up his stick, and walked to the Palais Royal. The next morning (Saturday, the 31st), he went on horseback, accompanied by thousands, to the Hôtel de Ville. His friends, on this *trajet* from the Palais Royal to the Hôtel de Ville, endeavoured in vain to raise a cry of 'Vive le Duc d'Orléans,' but the moment he was

received at the door by Lafayette, embraced by him and shown to the people, a universal burst of applause assured him, from that moment, of the sovereignty of France. The title of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom was immediately conferred on him, which, in his proclamation, he wisely declared to hold from the will of his fellow-citizens, and never mentioned his appointment to the same dignity by the disgraced king; still less his commission to proclaim Henry V.; which would at once have sent every Bourbon out of France together; and to constitute *this* fact, and his acceptance of the lieutenancy from the *people only*, he deposited the King's commission to him in the archives of the House of Peers.

The Duchess and his children, with their immediate attendants, Madame de Montjoye, her sister, &c., came all to the Palais Royal from Neuilly at nine o'clock on the Saturday night, in *two carolines*, to avoid all public notice.

The first days the Duchess spent in continual tears, in regret for their past happy life and fears for the present.

Extract of a Letter to Miss Berry.

August 27, 1830.

. . . On Wednesday I went to the Opera to see the King and Royal Family. You never saw anything like the enthusiasm with which Louis Philippe, &c., was received. Four boxes exactly opposite the stage have been thrown into one. His Majesty sat between the Queen and Mademoiselle d'Orléans, next her sat her three eldest nephews, and beyond the Queen the three Princesses and the little Duc d'Aumale. . . . The ex-King's box was full of National Guards. The Royal Family came in by the common door—old etiquette was set at defiance. Taglioni and Cinti were applauded to their hearts' content.

Notes of Conversation with Dr. Quin.

On *Wednesday, the 28th*, saw the troops (two battalions of regiments of the line) drawn up across the Rue de la Paix, at the entrance of the Boulevards. The men formed themselves *en ligne*; but when the officer, after the usual

preliminaries, gave the word '*Tirez!*' my informant, who had nichee'd himself in a *porte-cocher*, and expected to have it followed by groans and lamentations, and to have made his ministry useful to some of the sufferers, heard nothing but the general thump of all the muskets grounded at once on the pavement. After much abuse from their commanding officer, they were ordered to retire, and another battalion brought forward, who did exactly the same. The Pompiers Sapeurs, whose barrack is in the Rue de la Paix, were then brought forward by their commander; they, too, formed themselves *en ligne*, but on the order to *fire* being given to them, they all immediately returned to their *caserne*. With such opponents, the triumph of the people was certain. La Garde Royale fought with little better heart; while a whole body of them were yet intact, and filled the Champs Elysées and the Tuileries, they were lying about in the Champs Elysées, complaining of fatigue (the weather was dreadfully and oppressively hot), and of hunger and thirst; there had been no provision made for them by the Court, and no creature among the people would give them anything. They were putting their hands through the *grille* of the Tuileries to the Rue de Rivoli, with a piece *de cinq francs* in them, and beseeching for bread and a drink of water. At last, when brought up in a body to the garden front of the Palace, to support their companions in the Carousel and defend them against the body of people attacking them on that side, a party of Lancers of the Guard were seen, between twelve and three o'clock on the Thursday, 29th, issuing out of the middle gate of the Tuileries, and followed by a fourgon with four horses, evidently very heavily laden; then another party of Lancers; then another fourgon followed in the same manner; while three fourgons at the same time, and with the same accompaniment of Lancers, took the road by the side of the river towards St. Cloud. After thus securing their own valuables, which

must have convinced the Garde Royale that their employers despaired of their own cause, all spirit of aggression or of defence seemed to have abandoned the troops, and they, together with those in the Carousel, were driven by the people through the garden, and through the Champs Elysées, cannons and all, which was the finishing stroke to the expulsion of the King's troops from Paris, and which put an end to the general warfare and carnage, between two and three on the Thursday, having lasted fifty-six hours.

N.B.—In spite of all this passing through the Garden of the Tuileries, I saw it on the Monday following without a flower disturbed in the parterres, nor an orange-tree injured or displaced in the alleys. The marks of violence in the Château itself were only many panes of glass broken in the Galerie de Glace, some few in the lower windows of the King's and Dauphin's apartments, and a bit knocked out of one of the columns of the garden-front by a cannon-ball.

On the Quais ——— and Voltaire, the print and other shops full of the marks of bullets having pierced through the glass doors and lodged themselves in the inner walls of the houses. Delpeak, a young woman who served in the hall, wounded in the shoulder by one of these bullets, and in the hospital. These bullets came from the other side of the river, fired both by the people and the Gardes Suisses, in their attack and defence of the Louvre.

JOURNAL BY MISS AGNES BERRY.

THE report of the Ministers to Charles X., and the Royal proclamations for the changes in the Charte, and the entire stop to the liberties of the press, were known in Paris on the 25th of July, and in the *Moniteur* of the next day. We were then at St. Germain. Galignani's paper was stopped with all the rest, till a new license was taken

out; so that the first we heard of it was in a note from Mrs. Hamilton; and we, with all the rest of the world, were astonished at the bold madness of the measure. On Monday, 26th, we heard that there had been gatherings of people, and attempts to break the windows at Prince Polignac's. Lord Stuart and Mr. Gregory dined with us on Tuesday, the 26th, and they told us that on Monday night there had been a great deal of riot and violence; that the military had been called out; but they seemed in very good spirits, and very confident that the military would very soon quell all signs of riot and sedition. Lord Stuart, however, said that if the military did not stand faithful to the Court, he would not give the King ten days for his reign. They returned to Paris that evening, and must have found affairs much more serious by the time they got back.

On Wednesday, the 28th, no post arrived at St. Germain, nor any one of the many public carriages that pass daily on that road; nor any one coming from Paris. The road was absolutely deserted, and we had nothing but vague reports of the desperate combat that was going on at Paris. On the corner of the terrace at St. Germain, which was close by our house, all sorts of people were collected, from morning till night, listening to the dreadful report of the cannon at Paris, which could just be heard with us; and nothing but idle and contradictory reports to satisfy one's curiosity. Everybody was telling what they had heard or seen of the movement of troops, &c. &c. No carriage, or even horse, could pass the Pont de Neuilly, which was completely barricaded by the people, as well as the streets of Paris. We at last grew so anxious for some authentic information, that on Thursday morning we sent our French servant with letters to some of our friends in Paris (to find his way there as well as he could), to bring us our letters from the Ambassade, and to tell us what he himself saw, being a very intelligent

person. During the morning of that day, which was the last stand made by the King's troops in the Champs Elysées, the sound of the cannon and volleys of musketry were distinctly heard from the terrace at St. Germain. In the course of the day we drove out on the high road towards Paris, in hopes of meeting somebody that could tell us how things were going on, for in these days of strong interest one spoke to everybody; but there was nobody on the road—neither carriage nor horseman, and hardly anybody walking. Our servant did not get back from Paris till between ten and eleven at night, and we began to be afraid that he might have been obliged to join the people, which had been the case with some that had no such intentions; he, however, had found no danger or difficulty but want of conveyance, having been obliged to walk great part of the road and the whole way back. He brought our letters, and confirmed the accounts they gave us, that the whole town was completely and entirely in the hands of the people, and the National Guard, which had risen to light and to command from the moment that the disturbances broke out, with the people who joined them, in possession of every public building and every corps du garde in the town, of which they had regularly taken possession and mounted guard; the great struggle and slaughter having ended that very morning, and the King's troops driven from the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, where they made their last stand, and then retreated towards St. Cloud. But in the fear of fresh troops being sent against Paris, or some new attacks made, the barricades were still kept up in the streets and all the bridges round Paris, so that no carriages could come out of Paris or circulate in the streets. In the meantime we were perfectly quiet at St. Germain, the people almost universally rejoicing in what had happened, and full of praise of the moderation and order that the victorious people had showed—which, indeed, they could not praise

too much!—making the most striking difference with the horrors and barbarity of their former revolution; no prejudice against the great; no attempt to pillage or destroy even the houses or property of those who had places under the Government or Court. From the old Palace at St. Germain and from the casernes of the Garde du Corps, all the troops had been called to St. Cloud, so that the white flag was still flying on the old Château till the Friday morning. When my sister and Lady Charlotte were walking out as usual before breakfast, they heard some shouting and huzzaing, and upon coming up to the gate, saw some raggamuffin-looking people, workmen, &c., making their way into the Château, to hoist the national colours, and to take away any arms that had been left by the Garde du Corps; and before they could come out again, they were met at the door by the Mayor, who had put on the national sash and cockade, and was followed by some of the decent bourgeoisie of the town, and some few in the uniform of National Guards. All this was hardly the business of *one short half-hour*; the peace and quiet of the town was never in the least disturbed. The tricoloured flag was mounted at the Maison de Ville and all the public buildings, and this half-constituted National Guard took the service of sentinels, and all the duty of the town, as quietly and orderly as if they had been regular troops. So began and ended *our revolution* at St. Germain, with no visible difference but guard mounted without uniforms, and a little bit of tricoloured ribbon in every man's hat or button-hole. For this peace and quiet, however, much was due to the good sense and conduct of the Mayor. On the Friday or Saturday a regiment which had received orders to join the Royalists at St. Cloud, was expected to pass by St. Germain, and if they had attempted to force their passage against the will of the people, it would have been a very serious affray in the town. But the Mayor wisely went out with

a deputation from the town, offering them any refreshments they required; that food and drink should be sent to any place agreed upon, provided they would take another road and not attempt to pass through the town, which was peacefully agreed to. In spite of the quiet and order that seemed re-established in the most marvellous manner after so great a shock, still it was a day or two longer before the post came in as usual, or any of the immense number of public carriages that pass daily between St. Germain and Paris; for at Paris, although entirely victorious over the King's troops, they dreaded some new attempt from the regiments that were called to their assistance from every side, and had they come in time or *fought willingly*, the struggle would have been far more desperate. So, till the Royal cause had lost all power of making any further attack, the barricades were still kept up, and the Pont de Neuilly was not passable for horse or carriage. In the meanwhile, volunteers to the cause of the nation were coming in thousands to Paris from all sides, and far more than were wanted or wished for by all who sought the immediate and quiet re-establishment of order and good government.

On the Monday after this dreadful week, 1,800 volunteers from Rouen were to pass through St. Germain; but instead of being kept at a distance like the Royal troops, the town had prepared everything for their refreshment, even to shoes for such as might have been worn out on their march. They were marched into public walks of the parterre just opposite our windows in regular divisions, each with their tricoloured flags, but the most motley crew one could well imagine; very few in any sort of uniform—two or three perhaps in that of the National Guard with each company; some with coats, some without; nor were they all armed, but all quiet and orderly, resting themselves on the grass after their march, till the refreshments the town had prepared arrived. A cart came,

full of casks of wine, which were to be opened for them in due time, and over which they set a guard, and nobody attempted to touch it. Then another cart, full of bread and cold meat of different sorts; and all this was distributed to each party with quiet and regularity. They sat down in circles on the grass, under the shade of trees, and we all walked amongst them without the least fear of anything disagreeable. The wine (not too good, as one may guess) was taken out in pailsfull, and every party took what they wanted; but there seemed to be a general attention that they should not drink to intoxication, for I saw the people who had the care of the wine empty a great cask of it on the ground. After their repast was over, a great many of them sang and danced in great rounds, and played at a sort of single-stick, for which the Rouen people are famous; and before twelve o'clock the ground was cleared, and they had all marched off towards Paris in the same order they had arrived. As I am only talking now of what I saw with my own eyes, or had to do with ourselves, or those we were with, the great events that were preparing for the settlement of a new Government and a new dynasty must not be looked for in the mere remembrances that I am now marking down.

Before I leave my remembrances of St. Germain, I must mention our visits to the Vall, the Château of the old Princesse de Poix, where she usually resided, surrounded with her children and grandchildren, the Noailles, the Duke de Monchie, &c. &c.; and, during the first fright which the commotions at Paris gave to all those who, like themselves, were in any way belonging or connected with the Court, the Vall seemed to be the general rendezvous of all their alarmed acquaintance in the neighbourhood. For some days, counting children, nurses, and servants, there were above forty people more than the usual inhabitants at the Château at the Vall, which is by no means a very large house; and though we used to drive almost every morning, we were sure of having

the latest intelligence, both of the Court at St. Cloud and at Paris.

On the 1st of August Charles X. and his family retreated to Rambouillet. On the 2nd he announced his own and the Dauphin's abdication, appointing the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.*

Extract of a Letter to Miss Berry.

Paris: 3rd September, 1830.

. . . I wished so much that you had both been where I was last Sunday, . . . hearing the acclamation with which the King

* The following incidents concerning the fallen family were related to the editor by an eye-witness:—So little did M. de Polignac appreciate the imminent danger of the position of the Royal family, that in the very midst of the Revolution he quietly entered the Duchesse de G.'s room in order to invite her to dinner. She declined, in great excitement adding, 'What had the wretched Garde Royale, who were hourly brought in wounded, had to eat for three days?' On hearing these words, Mademoiselle, then a child, was seen carrying down a dish with a joint left from her dinner, to the soldiers in the court. In vain did the Duchesse de G. urge the King to abdicate in favour of his grandson. He was furious; told her she deserved *d'être exilée* for her presumption. 'Ah! sire, je le serai, je le sais bien, mais—avec vous!' Three days after, he determined to sign his abdication. The Duc de Bordeaux was to have been conducted to Paris by the Duchesse de Berri; grief and fear had overwhelmed the whole court; and the day on which he was to be proclaimed, nothing was seen but tears. The children became dreadfully alarmed at this appearance of misery in all who surrounded them, and they were found on a balcony with their arms round each other, and praying fervently on their knees, believing they were both to be killed. The Duc de Bordeaux was informed by his tutor, the Duc de Damas, that his grandfather had abdicated in his favour, and that he was to be proclaimed king. The child was terrified, and repeatedly asked the Duc 'Est-ce bien, ou non?' He even urged as an objection, that if his grandfather, at his age, was incapable of making his people happy, what could be expected of a child like him; then, running to the ex-king, implored him not to make him king. Charles X. told him it must be so. The poor boy wept through dinner, and immediately afterwards was conducted between Charles X. and the Dauphin upon a balcony, in order to be proclaimed king to those of the troops who still remained faithful. A dreadful scene ensued. The troops were all divided in opinion as to the fitness of the measure. 'Vive Henri V!' 'Vive Charles X!' 'N'abdiquez pas!' &c., were vociferated, according to the feelings of each individual; quarrels began, swords were drawn, pistols fired, and many were wounded and killed in the scuffle.

was received on the Champs de Mars by 40,000 of the National Guards, and at least 200,000 spectators. . . . It was really a magnificent sight, and made one willing to believe all the stories of necromancy and witchcraft we ever heard of, for it seemed as if nothing short of supernatural agency could have brought about, in the short space of one month, the extraordinary scene we then witnessed. On the 29th of July, all Paris was in a disorganised, disjointed state—each man following his own desires; on the 19th of August, all was order, good-humour, and obedience to the new authorities. The King presented colours to each of the thirteen Legions of the National Guards, as well as to a small body of convalescents from among the wounded citizens, who appeared among the troops, bearing for their banners a branch of oak with a live cock fastened to the top of it. This reminds me to tell you that a Commission is to be formed for altering the arms of France—'the Gallic cock is to be introduced, and the poor *fleur de lys* erased!'

On the 23rd of September, the Committee reported the following resolution:—'That the Chamber of Deputies accuses of high treason MM. de Polignac, Peyronnet, Chantelauze, de Guernon, Ranville d'Haussez, Capelle, and de Montbel, subscribers of the Ordonnances of the 25th of July. The trial lasted from the 15th to the 21st of December.

Extract of a Letter to Miss Berry.

Paris: 24th September, 1830.

. . . M. Béranger made his report yesterday upon the examination of the ex-Ministers. It was received with the most solemn attention. Polignac shows to no advantage in it; and from the reluctance with which the others came into his measures—even Peyronnet, though he not so much as the rest—they seem to have been less wicked in their intentions than weak in not giving in their resignations. A fact has come to light through this statement which was not known before, and that is, that Raguse had received his orders from Polignac to be in readiness with his troops *five days* before the Ordonnances were issued, proving how incapable he (Polignac) was of making

proper arrangements for the support of his measures, though he knew those measures were of such a nature that he could expect no less than a violent resistance on the part of the people. Perhaps he left it to Marmont to decide on what number of troops he should require, without the latter having any comprehension of the extent of the threatened dangers. The trial comes on next month, and as the almanack (Moore's) would say, we may look for storms about that time—the day before or the day after! Béranger says France demands *justice*, not *vengeance*; and he hopes that feeling animates every breast. This is a *calmant*, and I trust will have a good effect.

Extract of a Letter from a Friend.

8th December, 1830.

I am induced to write you a few lines relative to your friend B. Constant, whose death has created much sensation here. There never was anything to equal the number of people who followed him to the grave yesterday. From nine o'clock till eleven there were eight or nine processions at a time crossing the Tuileries Gardens, headed by tricoloured flags, with his name and 'Liberté et Droit' written upon them. The procession reached almost the whole length of the Boulevards; nothing similar was ever seen at Paris except at the funeral of General Foy.

Extract of a Letter.

Paris: 20th December, 1830.

. . . Went to the Chamber yesterday, and came back quite delighted with a young man from Lyons, named Souzet, who spoke in defence of Chantelauze. All mouths are full of his praises. It seems that to the daring freshness of youth and inexperience, he adds a novelty of *political* idea and argument and a depth of research that has astonished everyone. We may conclude that a brilliant career is just opened to him; but whether any good may be derived from his powerful eloquence to the unhappy man he defends, is a problem to be solved only by the action of the people, for it will be of little consequence that the law abandons its prey, if the fangs of the populace be allowed to have force. I sent my servant to-day on a voyage of discovery round the Luxembourg; for as the ouvriers had

given notice in many great establishments that they would renounce work for the week, being *de service à Paris*, I fancied there might be some rassemblement about the Luxembourg; and so it proved. . . . There were about 3,000 in the street which leads up to the great 'grille' of the palace; they made no other noise but low murmurs, waiting the sortie of the peers; and there seemed to be a promise made in whispers among them that they should meet in numbers the day after to-morrow, when they expect to hear the finale of the procès. . . . The fine ladies of the ex-noble quartier, instead of asking each other whether they are going 'aux Bouffes,' or to 'Madame une telle,' say, 'Que voulez vous faire *pendant les massacres*?'

Extract of a Letter to Miss Berry.

Paris: December 24, 1830.

You will know the result of our campaigns before this reaches you. Everyone had taken as much pains as possible to frighten themselves: the élégans of the salons, in making their bow to the ladies, began by asking, 'Quels seront vos projets pendant les massacres de Paris?' The list of peers who had voted the death of Ney was circulated, and their houses marked for pillage. The Council of Sunday last had determined upon an extensive arrest, in which some few deputies were included. Lafitte declared at the tribune that they had the clue to an organised complot, and that it was a question of the existence of the monarch, the chambers, and France; and to complete our alarm, Frisell was made to get out of a fiacre on his way to Chateaubriand, at the cry of 'à bas l'aristocrat.'

Alarm was general in the city and the palace, and the crowd around the Luxembourg so menacing and multitudinous, that the Court of Peers were obliged to separate à l'instant, and the safety of the prisoners was for some hours very problematic. A great alacrity was evinced by the Garde Nationale, 34,000 troops were under arms, and the mass of men so imposing that resistance became ridiculous. Paris was converted into a camp, and under the security of 18 fires of bivouaques, the sentence was pronounced. The following morning we had a more serious appearance of things, as several points were menaced; troops disarmed; the opinion of the Garde Nationale very much questioned as to the disappointment or approval of the judgment,

and their doubtful cooperation. The fear of their own properties, and the rumour of Mortalière, the Minister of the Interior, having taken off the prisoners to Vincennes on his own responsibility, stripped the cause of much of its intensity. Fifty thousand men bivouacked around their fires all night in all the streets, places, and quais, concluded the entertainment. The Royal Family are menaced by the most horrid letters, and their escape was arranged in case of an emergency. There is not a question but that the people demanded the execution of two Ministers, and almost expected it; but it is no less a one that these feelings were made use of by a conspiracy, with the view of introducing the Republic. . . . The Ministers have declared that they know all the measures and all the contrivers, and probably it is to fear alone that we do not learn at this present time the full extent of their knowledge. There is a Council and a Directory, and money is forthcoming; and it is believed by the society here, and by others high in official station, that the King has been obliged to have recourse to a transaction with them, and to that we are indebted for the withdrawal of the resistance these last two days. Primary assemblies, and the new electoral regulations—the dissolution of the present Chamber, and the destruction of an hereditary Chamber—are mentioned as the stipulated conditions. The less certain reports are—a division in the Ministry, the warlike attitude and disposition of Soult and his War-office, and the determination (or perhaps better, inclination) of Louis Philippe to go lower down the stream yet. The officers of the army of the Empire will join the Republican party, and they have nicknamed the King 'Papa Jemappes,' as he sings his own battles, and forgets their more brilliant combats. We rather expect to hear of movements in the south and west; but in the sense of the Priesthood and of the Carlistes. Confusion continues to reign in all money transactions, and Paris is really so changed as to its appearance in the streets, that I cannot but hope to make you aware of it. There is a great ardour for security in the eastern, northern, and central parts of France, and the fear is that they will collect a force which will be too unmanageable at home not to open a safety-valve towards the Rhine, *viâ* Belgium. The enrolments have taken place in several towns to the cry of 'Au Rhin! Au Rhin!' and Soult is supposed to be the new Bonaparte.

Such is our present case: the sovereignty of the people seems the only principle which remains unshaken, and the desperate and the unprincipled will fertilise it according to their interest or views. The sentence upon the ex-Ministers is the most severe, short of death. The peers asked for it as the alternative. Four, I hear, continued to vote death the second *tour de Senlis*, and we shall soon hear who they are, but I do not know yet. Martignac was brilliant and seductive in his defence, but it has produced in a M. Souzet a most extraordinarily brilliant talent. The trial was imposing as a sight; and Martignac never could persuade Polignac, that if he could save his head it would be a great success. The truth of the ordinances is this: The Cardinal Lattill and M. de Damas had long turned the King's mind to the necessity of such a step, and this is called the influence of the 'Petite Porte,' as it was by such an entrée that they besieged the mind of the King. Polignac was not against them, but not the author, and his great merit to them was his proneness to execute. The other Ministers were reluctant, and the Dauphin having said at the Council that it was *poltron* to recede, brought them to their signatures. . . .

1831–2–3.

In the years 1831–2–3 there are no Journals, and no letters of interest preserved. In 1831 the second volume of the 'Comparative View of Social Life' appeared, and no doubt Miss Berry must have received letters on the subject; but that from her old and valued friend, Joanna Baillie, is the only one now left amongst her papers on that subject.

Cavendish Square.

My dear Friend,—I have just read your proof-sheet, in which you have made such honourable mention of an author so much forgotten by the public, and think you are a very bold and pertinacious woman to venture at this time of the day to put her in the eminent station you have assigned to her. However, I am well pleased to receive such distinction from your partiality and constancy, the tried constancy of many years, and thank you for it with all my heart. . . . Give my love to your sister. I shall see you both, I trust, when I come next to town, not long hence.

Your affectionate and grateful,
J. Baillie.

P.S.—I have forgotten to say how well your pages read, and how I am pleased with the power of expression and the feeling of many of the passages. Your tribute to Sir G. Beaumont I admire very much.

Her travelling account-book shows that in the autumn of 1831 she and her sister were paying various visits in the north of England, and in Scotland, returning to Curzon Street in December.

In the autumn of 1832 they again made a tour in the north; and in the autumn of 1833 they were for a time at Tunbridge Wells.

1834.

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry to Miss Cayley.

February 14, 1834.

I was interrupted by being sent down for to take leave of Macaulay, who leaves England this very day for India. An honourable desire for securing to himself political independence, and the fortunes of two sisters, has engaged him to take a most honourable place in the Council at Madras; but there he must remain for at least six or seven years! So that my farewell was for ever;* and it was certainly not without sincere regret that I saw depart so distinguished, so extraordinary a member of society! so very unlikely to be soon replaced! for his conversational powers were yet greater than his House of Commons eloquence.

Miss Berry and her sister left London for Paris in the month of April, and she resumed from time to time her notes on passing events, though no regular Journal was kept.

May.—Le Duc de B—— says there are 36,000 men *de toute arme* en garnison dans Paris, et près de cinquante milles y compris les casernes dans les environs.

M. d'Appony says there are about 30,000 troops of the line *de toute arme* in Paris and Beaulieu altogether.

I think these numbers must be exaggerated. At the great review, on one of the three days, of the whole of

* Miss Berry was happily mistaken in this prediction; she lived to see Mr. Macaulay return, and to enjoy the pleasure of his society for many years afterwards, and to rejoice over his brilliant success with the affectionate pride which sprang from the warmth of her friendship, and her clear appreciation of his extraordinary powers and attainments.

the National Guard of Paris and the Beaulieu, not more than 20,000 mustered.

Thursday, 22*nd*.—I am just come from the funeral of Lafayette. It was in every respect as ill-managed, and as little imposing, as if it had been in England, et c'est beaucoup dire. Five battalions of troops of the line, and five battalions of National Guards, were ordered to attend, under the command of General Dariale; and as many of the National Guards as pleased to attend, to walk in procession with their side-arms only; there were, likewise, several detachments of the Gardes Municipales (the ci-devant gens d'armerie) and several of the sergens de la ville, who act the part of our police—like them, too, in plain coats, with a number on their cape, and some other little distinctive marks about them. The drums of the regiments were muffled; but there was much too little music, and what there was, was absolutely without any effect appropriate to the occasion. The catafalque, on which the body was carried, was a great awkward machine, almost in as bad a state as that of Nelson. Most hats of the shoals of people on the Boulevards were pulled off as it passed, but there was no attempt at this, or any other part of the ceremony, to excite emotion of any sort. After a large detachment of National Guards immediately following the body, came the Chambre des Deputés (they were better than half there); then came again some military, then another long train of men in black coats—I believe all the Americans in Paris; then more military; then a carriage of the King's, ditto of the Queen's, ditto of Mdlle. Adelaide and of the Duke of Orleans. But where was he himself? Alas! not there. Horace says, 'Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.' He must have spoken of kings, who are sure to neglect all occasions of making an agreeable impression in their own favour! What could or should have prevented the Duke of Orleans from paying this tribute of his presence in a marked and

distinguished manner to the memory of the man who actually *placed the crown on his father's head?* Had the Ministers opposed it (as they pretend to say), the people would have been so much the better pleased with him; and those who know how much he owed to Lafayette would have had a better opinion of his heart and feelings. The Court carriages, too, were in no pomp—with two horses only, and with two, indeed, some with one footman only behind, and whenever the procession (from its great length) stopped, these footmen got down and talked to their friends in the crowd! After all this came what was certainly the most, the *only* gratifying part of the procession—hundreds and thousands of the National Guards, in regular companies, with their officers at their head, all in uniform, and a thousand times better-looking people than the troops of the line. These last are very little men—below the ordinary stature both here and in England. The Comte de —— gave me as a reason that from the year IX. to the year 1814, France had been drained of men, and nothing left but the very young, the weak, and the unhealthy, which had given rise to a race of men really below the usual stature; that now, twenty years having elapsed since that time, a sensible difference will soon appear in the size of men called in future into the ranks.

I saw the procession from the terrace of a house at the corner of the Rue de Choiseul, occupied by the Duc de Massa. One could not be better situated; and the weather beautiful; but I never saw a less impressive show. The character of the mob was perfectly tranquil, and I think better dressed, and looking less blackguard, than the same sort of crowd would have been in England.

Saturday, 24th.—M. d'Escars would not for the world that Charles X. had retired to Rome; it would have looked too much like an abdication! too much like following the steps of the Stuarts! Alas! these poor bewildered

people do not see those steps are already taken. Nothing more remains to make the imitation complete, but the race becoming extinct in the person of the Duc de Bordeaux. Like the Stuarts, too, their little Court at Prague is full of dissensions and quarrels. Madame de Gontaut is just sent away—the Carlists here say from some plot of hers discovered by the Comte de Blacas to marry Mdlle. to the Duc d'Orleans! a marriage to which, I suppose, for all the world, Louis Philippe would never consent, and I should think Madame de Gontaut much too wise, and too well acquainted with the circumstances of the case, ever to have imagined.

Pozzo says that Louis Philippe lays by yearly 120,000*l.* sterling. I don't believe it.

To Mr. Macaulay.

Paris: 23rd June, 1834.

When I sought to procure for myself the pleasure of maintaining some intercourse with you, by offering to write to you, I forgot what rapid advances old age was making in benumbing my perceptions, destroying my powers of association, and reducing my energies to the level of much better people than myself when they *will* persist in living till my age. But you so willingly accepted the correspondence, that it shall not be on my (certainly winning) side that the contract shall fail.

I have been here since the end of April. I am very fond of Paris. It is the city of all seasons—of all ages—of all tastes—of all habits of life. I *should* say I was very fond of *France*, but that nothing (socially speaking) is more different from Paris than the rest of France. Politically speaking, both are equally flourishing; or rather, I should say, the country more remarkably so than the metropolis: and whatever the peculiarities of either the one or the other, after every residence among them I am always obliged to come to the mortifying result, that these people make, on the whole, a *better thing* of human life than we do. In political conduct (not in political reasoning) they are still children compared with us. But if they once succeed

in establishing and consolidating their present government—and I should say that every year added to their chance—then our only security for an honourable equality of independent existence is sticking close to our present alliance. The King has shown himself, and is now generally allowed to be, a very wisely-judging man. It is strange that he should continue unpopular with the bulk of the population of Paris. Just the very faults they find in him, are rather virtues in a sovereign. He is supposed to love money, although nobody accuses him of any undue means of acquiring it, or of any selfish, dishonourable means of spending it. But he wants that expansion of character, and those dispositions to showy profusion and parade, to which the people are too naturally inclined, and have been too long accustomed not to regret the absence, although their now better-informed minds would not allow the consequences of such profusion in practice. Their House of Commons have by no means yet advanced in the knowledge of administering the finances of so great and rich a country with becoming liberality as well as economy. The reputation of the present Ministry is far greater for ability than for honesty of purpose or integrity of character. The Duc de Broglie having left them on account of a question of good faith with respect to the payment of the American claims, has rather done good than harm to the Government, although perhaps not to the character of the other Ministers; and whenever he is recalled to power, which he certainly will be, his character and influence will stand higher than ever; and deservedly so—for I really believe him to be a very enlightened statesman, without any peculiarities or prejudices of *soil* hanging about him.

In September next the House of Peers are to exercise their rights of judging, en dernier ressort, the disturbers of the public peace in April last. The evidence has been taking for long in what they call 'La premier instruction,' which I am told is a very awkward and unfair way of producing proofs. I should much fear the House of Peers would acquire no new honour in their quality of judges; and if *all* these people are to be let off, or *all* of them condemned (and one or other will certainly take place), it were better they had been left to the ordinary tribunals.

However well I may think, on the whole, of their political

state, that of their literature is in a far other situation. All that can be said by its greatest admirers and well-wishers is that it is *in transitu* to something better. Of works of science I cannot speak; but of everything that goes by the foolish name of *belles lettres*, everything connected with works of imagination—their theatre and their novels—the exaltation and the caricature both of sentiments, situation, and feelings, startle the sober heads of their English neighbours.

This exaltation is not always confined to works of fancy. There is an Abbé de Lamennais, who was one of the apostles of the Restoration of the House of Bourbon. He some few years ago wrote a book, called 'L'indifférence en Matières de Religion,' cited as gospel by all the *ultra*-royal party. This abbé now comes forth in another volume, called 'Paroles d'un Croyant,' the most ruthless and bloody advocate of ultra radicalism. In words which resemble nothing but those of the Old Testament, and under the pretence of restoring the Church to its primitive simplicity and its primitive power, he preaches a crusade against *all* governors and governments, and would resort to the bloody wars of the Kings of Judah to establish entire equality of fortune and of rights among men. This rhapsody—for such it is—not without a sort of eloquence, has been already translated into German, and they say has produced a great effect in Germany. If so, they will shortly be slaying their thousands and ten thousands in the name of the God of 'Peace and goodwill towards men.'

The new general election of Deputies has been taking place this week all over France. As far as the returns have yet been received, they are immensely in favour of the Government. Of the fourteen representatives of the districts of Paris, not one Carlist or Republican has ventured to propose himself.

I have been confirmed in my opinion of the deterioration of the taste of France, not only in literature, but in everything amenable to the laws of taste, by the Exposition de l'Industrie Française, which has been open here for this last month. It consists of everything, from machines to millinery and false hair, from velvet to sailcloth, and from silver plate to earthenware, cutlery, saddlery, chemistry, and a thousand et ceteras. That they have advanced in the production of much for common purposes, at a lower price, such as carpets, earthenware, &c.; I

believe; but they have lost all that grace in their patterns and colours and finish for which they used to be remarkable. The King spent six hours a day at four different times in these *Salles d'Exposition*, seeing every machine in action, and hearing every man's detail of the perfection of his own goods. Nothing but a King could have supported the ennui as well as fatigue of such an undertaking.

Of English politics I shall say nothing; you will hear enough of them from better-informed persons. I think from what you do hear you will not much regret your absence from a scene where the *right side* of the question is acting in such a manner as to be actually dependent on the *wrong side* for their power of acting at all. Abercrombie being called into Council, I think you will approve; but unless the miracle of the five barley loaves were renewed, what can he do 'among so many?' All the best wishers to the Ministry seem to agree that they cannot last longer than the final discussion on the Irish Church next session.

Of ourselves I have only to say that we are most agreeably lodged here in the Champs Elysées; that for the months of August and September we mean to go to Bellevue, a village, or rather group of houses, which well deserves its name, about five miles from Paris. In next October we hope to return to our house here for a month, on our way back to Curzon Street, where, alas! our boasted society will have received an irreparable loss. Let us hope that the loss is contributing to your health, your wealth, and your honour. I shall then endeavour to reconcile myself to a privation of an enjoyment I know so well how to appreciate.

Let me hear from you if you have a wish to continue receiving such rubbish as this, from your sincerely attached friend and admirer,

M. B.

At the annual sitting of the French Academy, on the 9th of August 1834, the subject of one of the prize discourses, instituted by M. de Monthyon was *Civil* (it would have been better termed *Moral*) *Courage*. The prize was not awarded, none of the discourses on the subject having been thought worthy even of an *honourable mention*. I am not surprised at this. Moral courage is much less inherent

in the character of Frenchmen, much less familiar to their habits and lively feeling, than military and physical courage. Perhaps it comes more naturally, and with less effort, to the slower intellect and the less combustible feelings of Englishmen. The moral courage of what Frenchman could stand against a ridicule which its dictates might fasten on him in society? Who could, for instance, like Sir S. Romilly, while a young man on the circuit, have born the jibes of all his companions, that he might retain with him as his servant an old, queer-looking, awkward man, the son of his nurse, who he was too poor to support by any other means?

The same deficiency of moral courage to face the ills or resist the difficulties and obstacles of life, appears in the very frequent recurrence of suicides, occasioned by attachments of the heart, either opposed by parents or impossible from the position of the parties. Instead of endeavouring to subdue their passions in the latter case, or to remove the obstacles to its gratification in the former, they immediately fly to suicide, and seem to think a determination to die together with the object of their passion, takes off all selfishness from the act, while in all probability it doubles it. The papers for ever record couples found asphyxed together, or drowned locked in each other's arms—couples who, had their *moral courage* allowed them a month's respite, would probably have been, mutually locked in each other's arms as happy lovers, and becoming useful and contented members of society.

We should look in vain, in the order of life in which these suicides generally take place, for such conduct as Lady ——'s *femme de chambre*, a very young person, to whom she had said, when she came to announce her intended marriage, 'Oh, Betty! it will be quite time enough to marry five years hence.' The young woman made no reply, but continued in her service with perfect good conduct. At the end of five years, on the anniversary of the

day on which she had first spoken, she came again to Lady ——, and said, 'My Lady, you advised me not to think of marrying for five years; the five years are now passed, and John and I continuing of the same mind, I hope you have no longer any objection.'

It is needless to add that the marriage took place immediately; that the couple were settled on Lord ——'s estate, where they and their children have flourished for these last twenty years.

This excessive excitability of feeling, and impatience of obstacles, has great political inconveniences. It first invited, or at least made possible, the many changes they have undergone during the last forty years. The moment the details of any Government become obnoxious, or, however unavoidably, to press on any order of the State, instead of quietly taking the legal means, which they have now long possessed, of ameliorating their institutions, they are ready, on the most trifling occasion of excitement, to destroy them, and to substitute some new plan, which these quick wits and lively minds get up in a moment—would sacrifice their lives to establish to-day, and involve their country in confusion to destroy to-morrow.

Madame de Crequy's souvenirs, written by a M. Carchaud, who had lived much and long in her society—a man of no character, consequently laying anything he chose to her account in opinions of things and people, but probably many of them really her's. She had a great reputation for *méchanceté*, which she knew, and said, 'Je ne sais pas, pourquoi on me croit méchante car je ne *dis jamais la moitié du Mal que je pense.*'

Madame de Souza, who knew and remembered Madame de Crequy, was sure the souvenirs were not of her writing, because there was not in them a story of herself in her youth, which she had told Madame de Souza—a story better than any she tells, and admirably told by Madame de Souza, but which I will not spoil by attempting to re-

peat. M. de Crequy was known never to have written a word.

Bellevue: September 1834.

My dear Mrs. Somerville,—I have just finished reading your book, which has *entertained* me extremely, and at the same time, I hope, improved my moral character in the Christian virtue of humility. These must seem to you odd results; so little like those produced on the great majority of your readers, that you must allow me to explain them to you. Humbled I must be, by finding my own intellect unequal to following, beyond a first step, the explanations by which you seek to make easy to comprehension the marvellous phenomena of the universe; humbled, by feeling the intellectual difference between you and me, placing you as much above me in the scale of reasoning beings, as I am above my dog. Still I rejoice, *with humility*, at feeling myself in that order of understandings, which, tho' utterly incapable of following the chain of your reasonings and inductions, utterly deprived of the powers necessary, *sic itur ad astra*, am yet informed, enlightened, and *entertained* with the series of sublime truths to which you conduct me. In some foggy morning of November, I shall drive out to you at Chelsea, and surprise you with my ignorance of science, by asking you to explain to me some things which *you* will wonder anyone can have so long existed without knowing. In the meantime, I wish you could read in the stars the probability of our often having such a season as this, of uninterrupted summer since April last, and when last week it was sobering into autumn, has now returned to summer again. The thermometer yesterday was at 83° in the shade, and promised to be as much to-day.

We are delighted with our residence at this place, which we shall see, with regret, draw towards a close the end of this month. October we mean to spend at Paris, before we return to the *nebulosities* of London. During my residence at Paris, before we came here, I had never the good luck to meet with your friend M. Arago. Had I not read your book, I should have begged you to give me a letter for him; but as it is, and my stay now so short at Paris, I shall content myself to look up at a respectful distance to all your great fixed stars of science—excepting always yourself, dear Mrs. Somerville. I hope no

'disturbing influence' will ever throw me out of the orbit of your intimacy and friendship, whose value is, believe me, most duly and accurately calculated by your ignorant and affectionate

M. B.

Bellevue, September 8th.*—The day is grey and covered, without a breath of wind. It accords admirably with the state of my mind and spirits. Without positive suffering, I am incapacitated from doing anything for ten minutes together. From occupation of any kind my mind sinks into vague thought, into a dreamy existence not without a sort of charm.

I run over the *past* (because the *present* effaces it), and the *future* has long ceased to exist for me. I recall to mind all the different phases of my life, suffering in detail, never satisfactory to myself.

September 11th.—The vintage began this morning in the vineyards near the road side, sooner than the general vintage, because the grapes are apt to be stolen, and likewise, as my informant said, to make some new wine, to give the vignerons when getting in the general crop. This is to commence on the 17th, at least ten days sooner than a common year. The grapes an average crop, and of very good quality. A little bit of ground in this immediate neighbourhood—about a quarter of an acre—will produce what they call here a *pièce and a half* of wine, containing about five hundred bottles, which will be worth about three sous the bottle; this makes the produce of the quarter of an acre about 60*l.* This is a good *rapport.* But a vineyard must be planted four years before it brings any crop at all, and is reckoned to fail once in every three or four years.

The vintage is general over all this country, and in all the environs of Paris, on the 13th of September. They

* A village in the environs of Paris, situated on the hill leading to Meudon from Sèvres.

say they cannot let the grapes remain till they are ripe; for they always moulder and drop off the bunches in these sorts.

Tuesday, 30*th*.—Left Paris at half-past 9 A.M. for Fontainebleau; arrived before 4 at the Château; were driven to the right side of the great Cour du Cheval Blanc. One of the many servants in livery that we found at the door where we were desired to stop, had a paper with our names and that of many others, indicating the apartments allotted to us. Ours were on the second floor of that wing, the windows all looking into the beautiful English gardens, and all *en suite*, with *dégagemens* behind them, opening upon the long corridor looking into the great *cour*. Our apartment consisted of three bedrooms, a *salon* and another room, which looked as if intended for a *salle à manger*—all very well furnished with silk, and perfectly clean. The ladies'-maids' rooms were behind ours, and not well arranged or furnished, and inconvenient from having no light but from the corridor. But as the Royal family had only arrived the day before ourselves, and as there has been no *voyage de Fontainebleau* since the days of the Empire, one may suppose that many of the minor arrangements will be better another time. Our servants were helped up with our packages by persons employed for that purpose. We dressed long before we needed, for the dinner was not till half-past 6; at a quarter past we descended into the *salon*, having first desired Petrolini to send somebody to show us the way from our apartment, which we could certainly never have discovered, and which was something like half a quarter of a mile. We found a world of about seventy or eighty persons assembled, and the King, Queen, and Princesses and two youngest Princes, already there. We met with a most gracious reception. When dinner was announced, I fell to the lot of the Duc de Bassano;* Pozzo led the Queen;

* Hughes Bernard Maret, Duc de Bassano, son of a physician at Dijon;

the King, as usual, his sister; and the Princesses, following the Queen, placed themselves one on her side of the table, and the other on the left hand of the King, opposite. After a walk of above five minutes, we found ourselves in the enormously long Galerie de Diane, with upwards of a hundred persons at table, magnificently and much lighted; a band of music playing from time to time, and remarkably well waited on by a whole troop of servants—an upper order of *valet de pied*, who had quitted their scarlet coats and were dressed in blue courier jackets laced with silver, and a scarlet waistcoat, very neat and very handsome. The dinner took up less time than might be imagined. We all returned in the order we had entered. Coffee was served by eight o'clock; everybody, with the King and Queen, &c. &c., at their head, moved into the theatre—another promenade of Heaven knows how long. The theatre of a very bad *coupe*, but magnificent in its ornaments of the time of Louis XV. The Court occupied the whole of the *fond du Théâtre*; their company the two sides, on chairs; in a sort of *balcon* round the house; below, the same space occupied by persons invited from the town; the pit entirely by officers, and the gallery by soldiers. The pieces, the 'Lectrice,' and the 'Lorgnon,' both performed by the actors of the Gymnase. In the interim of the two pieces, ices were carried about, and tea to be had behind the Royal box. After the play we returned to the *salon* as we came, and were very soon after *congediés* for the night.

Wednesday, October 1st.—We were up much sooner

born 1763; editor of the *Bulletin*, in which he reported the debates of the National Assembly. Sent to England to attempt further negotiations when Chauvelin was ordered to leave London. Afterwards sent on a mission to Naples, and, falling into the hands of the Austrians, was prisoner till 1795. He became one of Napoleon's favourite ministers and personal friends, and remained faithful to him on his return from Elba, and was with him at the battle of Waterloo. The events of that year drove him into exile. He returned in 1820; he was raised to the peerage and made Minister of the Interior by Louis Philippe. Died 1839.

than we need, as I knew not how to find the Gardens. At half-past ten we retraced our way, without any guide, to the *salon*, where we found the whole of the Royal Family and their guests. A little sort of circle took place before we were led to breakfast, in the same gallery in which we had dined. The breakfast—a dinner complete in everything but fish and roast joints, and ending with a cup of tea or coffee set before everyone. The order of the day, we had before learnt, was a long drive in and round the forest; after breakfast everyone retired to their apartments till two o'clock, when all those choosing to partake of the promenade were to reassemble in the *salon*. Before two, the carriages—all open ones, of various descriptions and capacities—were assembled in the Cour du Cheval Blanc, under the windows of our corridor. There were nine carriages—six with six horses, and three with four horses—and a large group of horses for the piqueurs, inspectors, &c., and for such of the company as pleased to ride. The Prince Butera, for example, chose to accompany the little Duc d'Aumale on horseback. The carriages were of various forms and sizes, but all protected from the sun by a sort of fixed roof. That containing the King and Queen was a kind of open omnibus, which contained themselves and four or five other people—Pozzo, M. de Werther, &c. Everybody had places assigned for them, but might change companions. We were lucky, finding ourselves in a double phaeton for six persons, with Madame de Boigne, Messrs. Pasquier, d'Argout, and Montalivet. Our drive was nine leagues in the Forest, which we traversed from one side to the other, touching at one or two villages on its confines, where the peasants of the neighbourhood had run, and the King was saluted with many '*Vive le Roi.*' We all got out of the carriages two or three times to look at remarkable *points de vues*, some of them over interminable forest, covering a beautiful inequality of ground. Our cavalcade itself, consisting in all

of above a hundred horses and the carriages, winding through the alleys of this magnificent wood, would have been beautiful, had it not been for the dust, which actually, when the whole train was in motion, often prevented our seeing an inch beyond our vehicle. At one of the carrefours of the forest, post-horses were waiting for all the carriages, which brought us back the last half of the way about six o'clock. Dinner was that day postponed till seven, with exactly the same details as the day before. In the evening there was no theatre, but, after coffee, jeu chez la Reine, of which, however, she did not partake, but was referred to by her daughters to direct a table of Biribi, at which they were set down with many of the demoiselles of the society. The rest of the company were at three or four card-tables, or walking about. As there was no difficulty of retreating early from this society, I retired before ten o'clock to my own room. In the second antechamber, a *valet de pied* was ready to accompany the guests to their apartments.

Thursday, 2nd.—The order of the day after breakfast, which took place exactly as yesterday, was to show the interior of the Château to those who, like myself, had expressed a desire to see it, and who the King had promised to gratify. The Queen herself and the two little Princes accompanied us, Madame de Werther and her daughter, M. de Boigne, and two or three men, through her apartment and that of the King; then to the great chapel of the Château, at present full of scaffolding, and under complete restoration to its former splendour; then to the gallery of Henry II., where the King joined us. This is the magnificent hall of which the upper part of the hollow of the windows is covered with the paintings of Primaticcio and his school, many of them nearly half effaced, which the King is now restoring by the care of M. ——. Those he has already brought to life, admirable. The artist was there. The King introduced him

to us, and spoke in flattering terms of all he was doing. In this hall the ball is to be given on Monday next, and they were nailing up temporary drapery in the windows. From thence we went to the small chapel of St. Saturnin, said to have been consecrated by Thomas à Becket in his passage through France to Rome. Its ornaments are not of *that* date, but very old, very rich, and very handsome; it is the chapel now in use for the Royal Family. We then saw the apartment which had been occupied by the Pope during Bonaparte's confinement of him. It is of ten rooms, very comfortably but simply furnished, with a bed of purple silk. Then Madame de Maintenon's apartment, at present all dismantled, and serving as a *garde meuble*, —for they are at work repairing various parts of this enormous mass of building, and resettling and refurnishing many other parts. The Queen's apartment consists of three rooms: the whole of the furniture of the bed-room that of Marie Antoinette; the hangings, a large pattern of Chenilles embroidery on a white ground, very handsome and little faded, the room not looking uncomfortable. The King's apartment, of three rooms—one of which his own particular cabinet, the other his great cabinet, in which we found two secretaries at work. In the middle of the room is a small, plain, round mahogany table (of which I saw several in different parts of the palace), on which Bonaparte signed his never-to-be-forgotten abdication for himself and family. The table turns up, and on the frame is a brass plate with the fact engraved on it, and by the wording — calling him simply Napoleon Bonaparte—must have been placed there during the Restoration.

After seeing the Château, a promenade was proposed, much less long and less numerously attended than the day before. There were, I think, only four or five carriages and a group of horsemen, in which the two little boys figured to their great delight. We went first through the

public garden of the palace to what is called the Treille du Roi—an immense long extent of vines planted against the wall, and trained in an espalier. Here we got out, and everyone picked for themselves and ate as much as they pleased of the very best Chapelas that one ever tasted — the King, Queen, Princesses, and little boys, always of the party and leading the way. The King here mounted on horseback, with his two daughters, and joined the horsemen. We then proceeded to a beautiful drive through the park and through a corner of the Forest, to the village of Avoü, formerly the parish church of Fontainebleau. Here we got out to look at a poor bit of old stone in the pavement, on which is very badly engraved the name of Monaldeschi,* I should think placed there long since the event of his interment. All the village was out, and the Gardes Nationales, some with, some without, their uniform, presenting arms, and lining the little crooked street of the village. A seminary of boys, too, turned out, whom, I believe, the King noticed and praised; but I thought the '*Vive le Roi*!' here less than they might have been. From hence we proceeded through another bit of the Forest, and re-entered the park by another gate, bringing us along the bank of the great canal, and at last to the most distant *grille* of the Jardin Anglais, where we got out and walked to the riding-house (one of the largest I ever saw), and then through the garden on foot to the Château, which we entered at the corner of the Cour des Fontaines. Here we found a large group of people assembled to look at us. From the crowd a little boy in deep mourning came forward and gave a petition into the hands of the Queen. A woman in deep mourning was close behind, and was attempting to come forward, when she covered her face

* Marquis Monaldeschi, an Italian noble, and High Chamberlain to Christina, Queen of Sweden. He was murdered by her order in 1657, when she resided in the Château, during the reign of Louis XIII.

with her hands and sank down in the midst of the group which surrounded her. The Queen had already passed, and saw it not; but I was behind, and so much struck with the scene that I could not entirely leave it; and luckily finding Madame de Dolomieu near me, I told her what I had seen, and carried her back to the group of people, where we found the poor widow surrounded by her neighbours, and just recovering from the faint into which she had sunk. Her husband had died lately, and she had been deprived of some little aid she had counted on, and was left penniless. Madame de Dolomieu spoke words of peace and of assurance to her of succour, and M. de Montalivet, the Ministre de la Liste Civile, who came up to us, promised that, though she could not have what she asked (for he had received a petition from her), that something else should be done for her. I own I caught at these assurances; for it would have been anything but pleasant to have gone in to a great dinner—to music, lights, and splendour—with the idea of that poor fainting widow and her serious-looking little boy, unassisted, before my eyes.

After dinner we were again summoned to the theatre, to three pieces—the 'Chalet;' and the 'Caprice d'une Femme,' from the Opera Comique; and, between them, 'Dominique, ou le Possédé,' from the François, admirably acted by Monrose, and very diverting. But three pieces are too much; the spectacle did not end till half-past twelve. I was sorry for the King and Queen, who were obliged to sit it all out. We were equally obliged to wait for them, to have an opportunity in the *salon* afterwards of saying a word of thanks for the great kindness we had always received from them. It was done very awkwardly by me; I hope my companions succeeded better. We were not in our rooms till one o'clock. Everybody who, like ourselves, were to leave to-morrow, took leave also, as one is supposed to be gone at the night of the day on

which your invitation ends—a very good rule, saving trouble to both parties.

Friday, 3rd.—The Inspector of the Posts (un Monsieur Decasé) had been sent to my room the day before to know when we should wish to have our post-horses. I had ordered them at half-past nine, supposing that before that hour they would have fetched our two carriages from the remises, which in this immense place are a great way off, but they were waiting at the poste aux chevaux till sent for; in short, we were not off till half-past ten. In the meantime I walked leisurely through the four courts of which this palace consists, and which I had never had time to do before. I went likewise into the public garden, which communicates by an arch between two of the courts of the palace. The morning was beautiful, and I never recollect anything in this sort of scenery which struck me more, or left a more agreeable impression on my mind. We arrived at Paris before five, having stopped to talk with Lady Granville on her way thither.

To Mr. Macaulay.

Paris: 15th October.

Nearly two months have elapsed since the beginning of this letter. I am again in Paris for a month, preparatory to my return to England. Everything is going on both quietly and prosperously here, in spite of the newspapers and the Republican dreams of the boys at the colleges. The great question with the Government at present is, the granting or not granting a general amnesty for all past political offences whatsoever. This would include the wretched Ministers of Charles's day, still in durance at the Château of Ham, whom no Government can dread, thus insignificant; but it would be difficult to set free under any other arrangement. The number of prisoners on account of the events in April last are so numerous, amounting to many hundreds, that their trial, still more their condemnation, becomes a difficult business to the Committee of the House of Peers, specially charged with those offenders. The Government has been taking evidence ever since on this affair; and, I fancy, begin

to find that their numbers would save them, and make their trial worse than nugatory. In these circumstances a general amnesty would settle the matter with much more honour and safety to the Government than any result of the trial could be. It would show confidence in the strength of the Ministry, and add to the popularity which I think I see dawning of the King. He has lately made a visit of ten days, with all his family and Court, to Fontainebleau; such an event had not taken place since the days of Napoleon. We had the honour of being invited there for three days. Nothing could exceed the well-ordered magnificence of the whole business, and nobody can see the interior of the Royal Family, without feeling something like affection for their good sense, good conduct, and good taste. The best actors from all the first theatres of Paris were brought down to give us plays in the theatre of the Palace, and were all lodged and paid by the King.

For the morning drives in the beautiful forest, open carriages with six horses gave places to everybody that chose to accompany the Royal Family; and a dinner of from eighty to one hundred covers every day, splendidly lighted and perfectly waited on, satisfied even the most difficult in royal magnificence. All this, I should add, accompanied by a certain air of bonhommie and unaffected graciousness, which belonged not to such exhibitions in the Old Régime.

I believe the voyage de Fontainebleau will have done the King much good. He wisely asked nobody who would have accepted and complained of going, and did not ask many who would have supposed he was anxious only to fill his salons. The upper order of the middling classes are all pleased with the magnificence he displayed, and the mouths of those are stopped who accused him of miserly economy, and of laying by 120,000*l.* a-year.

From England we hear much of the aristocratical grandeur of Wentworth House. . . . But I will not repeat English prose to you, which you will certainly have much better from the spot. We shall return there (I will not say without some regret on my part) the beginning of next month. Our little society will have lost in you one of its brightest ornaments; and society here, altho' offering nothing that can be compared with what we lost nor what we retain, is upon a much easier footing,

and if not so intrinsically good, at least costs nothing more than it is worth.

I shall send this letter before to Mr. Grant,* to be forwarded to you. They say here that he himself is to be forwarded to you as Governor-General. Have they sent you among your books 'Victor Jaquemont's Letters?' they are perfectly original, as you will soon see by internal evidence. I never knew before half so much of the life of our countrymen in India; and the author himself is so natural and unaffected a character, that I had well-nigh cried at his death, as if it had not been true. Farewell! write to me when you can, or I shall never have the courage to go on blacking paper to you.

M. B.

Bellevue, October 30th.—Les Enfans trouvés, with my sister, Mr. Fullarton,† and Lord Henry Fitzmaurice.‡

Between five and six thousand children received annually; from eighteen to thirty and forty per month: of these five or six thousand not above 150 are ever reclaimed by their parents. Between twelve and fourteen hundred die in the hospital before they are sent to nurses in the country.

Twenty-one Sœurs de la Charité belong to this establishment, and about forty servants under them, not counting the wet nurses, a large cargo of whom arrive every week collected from all parts of the country, and another cargo set out with each a child to take care of. They are conveyed in a sort of long covered carriage like an omnibus, belonging to the hospital. The perfect cleanliness, convenience, and order of the whole establishment admirable—the kitchen peculiarly so. The infinite quantity of linen, sheets, and clothes are not made in the house, but at the lying-in and other hospitals.

The expense in all, with the expenses of the children at the nurses in the country, 1,800,000 francs, or about

* The Right Honourable Robert Grant, brother to Lord Glenelg.

† Son-in-law to Earl Granville.

‡ Present Lord Lansdowne.

70,000*l.* a year, partly supplied by funds left to the hospital, and the residue by the Ville de Paris from the duties of the octroi. I find that many of the best heads here think this hospital subject to many of the same objections as our poor laws in the former administration, as encouraging both vice and idleness; for many, perhaps most, of the children, are the legitimate offspring of those who choose thus to get rid of the trouble of rearing their children themselves; and such facility is offered to conceal illegitimate offspring as must practically affect the conduct of the lower and middle classes of women. Restrictions are intended, I find, to be put on the reception of children, and on the time they are to be kept and provided for.

Bellevue, Friday, 31*st.*—The Hôtel Dieu, with Lady Lansdowne.

About 9,000 inmates; two wards always kept for accidents, and one for femmes en couches, but they must be brought to bed within twenty-four hours of their entry. About seventy beds in a ward. All iron bedsteads, with white calico curtains and furniture, at a very sufficient distance from each other, and the wards, called here *salles*, very wide, airy, and clean. Deaths reported to the mayor of the district every day as they occur, from one to seven (and sometimes, I suppose, many more) daily.

Forty Sœurs de la Charité attached to the house, and about a hundred servants, men and women, belonging to it under them.

Kitchen very clean, and apparently well ordered; so was the *lingerie* and the arrangements for distributing it to the wards. The linen sent to Boulogne to an establishment the hospital has there for washing it.

No part of the concern seeming neglected. As soon as death takes place the bodies are carried in a covered bier to an arched room below, where they are placed each under a cover like an arched oilskin bandbox. The

man who keeps the key of this chamber of death asked if we would see any of the bodies. The cover was taken off the two first and nearest the steps on which we stood. They were sufficient. The one was a young woman who had died in childbed before accouchement; the other an old creature, with her arms laid together across her breast.

From Miss Berry to Earl Granville.

Curzon Street, Monday, November 18, 1834.

My dear Lord Granville,—I know you like an extra-official letter, and tho' I cannot send you one as good as those I sometimes read to you at Paris, you shall now have (such as it is) one from me.

Here is a *flare-up* of the Kings with a vengeance! Had I written to you on Saturday morning I should have told you *all* that any of the Cabinet Ministers could have told you. On Saturday, Lady Lansdowne read the paragraph in the 'Times' to her lord at breakfast; they both smiled at it, and thought no more of the matter. Spring Rice was going down to his office, when a man in the street gave *him* the first intelligence. Lord Melbourne had returned late from Windsor, and had gone quickly to bed. Don't you see him scratching his head, and saying, 'Why the devil should I send to them to-night, they will hear it d——d soon enough to-morrow morning.'

It seems that when Lord Melbourne was with the King at Brighton, and began to propose talking of affairs, the King stopped him, saying, 'Come, we are going to dinner, and won't talk of business till afterwards.' When the afterwards came, and Lord Melbourne wished to take his orders about filling Lord Althorpe's place, he cut him short by saying that he, Lord Melbourne, had always told him that it was impossible, the Government could go on without Lord Althorpe in the Commons; that, therefore, he considered the Government dissolved by Lord Spencer's death, and they had better all resign. To any further observations of Lord Melbourne's the King always opposed his former assurances on the subject of Lord Althorpe, and that, therefore, he considered the Government at an end.* To-day

* Miss Berry forgot to mention the crowning incident of this extraordi-

there is to be a Council at two o'clock, when all the seals are to be given in, and all the resignations received. An express has gone to Peel, and they say, the terms to which he will accede, the Government already know, as before he went abroad he had settled them. This would seem as if the determination in the King's mind was not of so late a date as one might suppose.

They say that the Duke of Wellington has all his appointments ready, and that they will likewise be declared to-day; but this I conceive must be premature. Lyndhurst, or Sugden, or Scarlet are to be the Chancellor. Lord Aberdeen, certainly *not* the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. . . . The Duke, it is said, means to take the Foreign Affairs himself, and not keep the head of the Treasury. Those who have yet talked of Paris, think Sr C. Bagot will be sent there by the Duke; but this must as yet be all conjecture. . . . I have begun this letter to-day, but shall not finish it till to-morrow, to see what I can add. . . . It is in vain to give you an idea of the surprise and astonishment these events have caused to everybody; indeed, the surprise and astonishment have hitherto superseded the regret and dismay which such a change in principles and measures must occasion to thinking minds, and particularly when combined with the odd similarity of affairs in France.

nary step on the part of the King, viz. his asking Lord Melbourne to act as messenger, and convey the letter to London which was to summon his successor, the Duke of Wellington, to form a Cabinet.

1835.

LETTERS.

In the year 1835 an old and attached friend of Miss Berry's having taken up strongly what is termed 'Low Church' views in religion, was anxious to convert Miss Berry to similar opinions. The following extract seems to conclude a correspondence on the subject:—

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry to a Friend.

Saturday Evening, 7 February, 1835.

. . . . Your ideas of Christianity, of the character and conduct of the Deity in his government of this world, and, above all, of what he requires of his creatures, satifies *your* mind and makes *you* happy. Had I the same ideas they would overturn and destroy all my peace of mind in present, and all my humble hopes of hereafter.

Be satisfied therefore with your greater knowledge, your more detailed faith, your more accurate observances of what you think the letter, as well as the spirit of the law. But do not, like the bigoted Roman Catholics of yore, think nobody can be saved who in any, the minutest circumstances, or article of belief, deviates from the path which you, according to your views, wisely and virtuously pursue. Trust the fate of your friend to the infinite goodness of the Creator, and to your prayers in her behalf; and while you see her conduct, her ideas, and her views Christian, do not disturb yourself that she is not blessed with a *faith* equal to your own, while she *denies nothing*, believes everything *possible*, and waits, in humble submission and unlimited confidence, the dispensations of her God, both here and hereafter. . . .

I will imitate your truly Christian conduct as far as I am

able, and I shall never seek to influence or interfere with your belief. I am approaching so near my appearance at the throne of grace, that it would be cruel to endeavour to shake my hopes of mercy, and to render more awful a transition, to which nature is, in all cases, sufficiently averse. M. BERRY.

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry to a Friend at Paris.

October, 1835.

MY DEAR,—I have read with much attention the 'notice' on the life of M. Gouthier that you lent me at Paris, and on which you asked my opinion.

It is impossible to imagine a more perfect character as a Christian priest; indulgent to all the world—severe only to himself. I see also the influence which such a character must acquire, and the great benefits he can shed on the entire circle of those around him. I am convinced also of the strong support which a religion so pure, so fervent, and so charitable as his must afford against all the ills of body or of mind. But I am sure you would not expect that I should place M. Gouthier on the same level in the scale of human perfection as those who have been exposed to all the snares, all the temptations, all the corrupting influences of the world in a larger theatre and in a more distinguished part: as those to whom the voice of ambition, of pleasure, of vanity, have never withdrawn from the path of honour, nor from the habits of the strictest honesty, accompanied with all the social and domestic virtues? If (to cite an example) your own husband finishes his career as he has begun; if he conducts himself always as he has hitherto done in very difficult circumstances (of which I cannot feel *certain* even whatever my opinion of him may be)—but *if* such a miracle should happen, would you not allow that I should record his as a character far above that of M. Gouthier? Do you not think that that Being who renders justice to all our efforts, and allows for all our difficulties—that Supreme Being 'to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid,' will make allowance for the temptations cast in his way, and against which the virtue of M. Gouthier was never tried?' It is difficult to me to believe that you and I can think differently on this subject. After all, to decide which of those two characters in the eyes of the Almighty will have done most good—the pastor in his narrow district of

his parish, or the minister conducting the affairs of a great nation—it is certainly not for *us* to judge, and certainly God will never account it as a crime to us if we are mistaken thereupon.

After writing to you about M. Gouthier you will not like me to speak of Mr. Peel, and in truth I hardly know what to tell you. Our ministerial crisis is not over yet. I know not when it will end. I only know that I regret much that whoever our Ministers may be, they should not have to deal with your husband. I was impatiently awaiting the termination of your crisis, always wishing to see his name replaced, but in vain. It is impossible not to remark the difference of the two nations in their estimate of characters. The two persons upon whom the settlement of affairs has in fact most turned were—chez vous, *un ancien* of much 'esprit,' of great knowledge, of admirable eloquence, but with small reputation for honesty—chez nous, it was a man without a shade of what is called *esprit*, whose political knowledge was limited, and who was so far from being eloquent that he could not even explain what he knew the best; but having inspired such confidence in his loyalty, his honour, and his truth, that the Ministry of which he formed a part could not continue without him. It is said you are coming to us as ambassadress; I am afraid of believing such good news. Never would an ambassador have been preceded with such a reputation as ———. You would find yourself in the midst of old acquaintances and of some old friends who are attached to you for life, and amongst whom I hope you will always place in the front row,

Your faithful and affectionate

M. Berry.

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry to a Friend.

Raith, 8th November, 1835.

What do you understand by *Nature—Nature* doing this, and requiring that?—said Sylvia to me. By Nature I understand the laws which the Almighty has assigned to all animal and vegetable life, and imposed on all matter.

I have observed you to be jealous of my using the word *Nature* instead of *God*; but in my opinion it is both more accurate and more seemly to make use of the word Nature in all matters

regulated by the aforesaid laws, with which, once imposed, the Creator interferes no farther—laws which direct the growth of a tree and the habits of a fly as undeviatingly as the motions of the planets and the events of the solar system. Allow me, therefore, to talk of *Nature's* benevolent purposes, and of obeying the dictates of *Nature*, without supposing me denying, or ignorant, or forgetful of the moral checks, the higher order of spiritual existence, instilled into the same Nature by the same Almighty.

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry to a Friend.

November, 1835.

. . . . I enclose you ———'s letter, a melancholy proof how entirely these (to me) exaggerated ideas of imaginary duties towards a Creator, and of an eternal occupation of mind with one's *own* feelings, and one's *own* hopes for *one*self, become selfish, and destroy all the little, kind interests of life. . . .

Beware of such abstraction from the affairs, the interests, and the innocent pleasures of this world. Beware of thinking you were sent into it to be eternally occupied with the world to come, which I can never believe the way to attain it.

Farewell. By however different paths, that we may both meet in whatever future existence may best suit us, is the sincere prayer of your faithfully attached

M. Berry.

1836.

THE year 1836 affords a few scattered memoranda and thoughts, though little that can be called a journal, at Paris.

Letter from Miss J. Baillie to Miss Berry.

Hampstead, Monday, May 2.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I hope your retirement at Petersham has had the desired effect, and restored all the health and strength you had lost during your gaiety in Curzon-street. I do not wonder that people should forget your age; in company you seem to have spirit and vigour for anything, and it is not your uttering a complaint or two of being old and other ailments that will convince them of the contrary while your face is so animated, and your eyes nearly as bright as they were some twenty years ago. I am very glad that you are out of the bustle of a London life, and have got something to do to occupy your thoughts. Undoubtedly a volume of Lord Orford's Letters,* with the addition of those addressed to yourself, require a notice from your pen; and it will, I am sure, be well done, though you say something about being *dry as a stick*, which I hope is only a figure of speech more humble than applicable. Do not in the fear of saying too much say too little—a fault you have (unlike other modern writers) frequently committed. I hope your sister has also benefited by the quiet and good air of the country.

I was in town last week; dined out twice, besides going to Drury Lane to see Mrs. Bartley act Lady Macbeth—great doings for me! She acted the character admirably well; and had she

* The notice to which Miss Baillie alludes appeared in 1840 as 'Advertisement to the Letters addressed by Lord Orford to the Miss Berrys,' and first published in Bentley's Chronological Edition of Lord Orford's Works.

been a new actress beginning her career, it would have been most hopeful. I thought while in town I might have got some information that might have enabled me to answer your query—'What has become of Henriquez?'—but I could learn nothing. I dare say there has been some quarrelling in the Green-room about it, and that the actors have not liked their part—though the piece was so favourably received by a very full house. However this may be, I don't expect it to be produced in Drury Lane again.

Ten days ago I went to see what gave me great satisfaction—Lady Byron's school at Ealing, on the plan of Fellenberg, but only for the boys of the common ranks. There were 60 of them, who, after doing their lessons of writing, &c., got up at the sound of a little bell and ran eagerly each to his spade or his mattock, and worked away at levelling ground and other country work, as sturdily, and, in proportion, as effectively as men, but far happier. They work as carpenters too, and keep all the premises in order, and mend their own shoes and clothes. It seems to be an education well-fitted to make them industrious and happy, and ready to turn their hand to anything; boys especially qualified for new settlers in our colonies; and the carpenters and gardeners of Acton and Ealing are mighty glad to have them for apprentices; a very good proof of the *good* effects of their schooling. I saw there, likewise, many things, too tedious to mention, which I greatly approved of—nothing too refined or fantastical. I think you would have been much interested in it had you been with me.

Give my love to your sister, and write to me by and by, if you are graciously disposed, for you must have time enough now. Yours affectionately,

J. BAILLIE.

JOURNAL.

Champs Elysées, July 29th, 1836.—I am very glad that I determined on coming to Paris this summer. It has finally summed up my accounts with the world. They have run on longer than most people's, and I hope

with more credit, more absence of social meannesses, and of all misconceptions of its real value. Had it not been for this last reckoning with society at Paris, I might have dragged on a little longer, making painful efforts to keep on a level, which is no longer mine, in the society of younger people. To these efforts my enfeebled state makes me quite unequal.

I remember that my youth, which ought to have been so brilliant, never brought any enjoyments that satisfied either my heart or my understanding; and that I have suffered much less acutely, and enjoyed more, since I ceased to be young; but between ceasing to be young and the daily failing of age, there is, luckily for human nature, a marked and considerable space. I pity those who arrive at it unprepared to make the most of its enjoyments. Having now long past all those terraces which I used to say stopped one and kept one nearly on a level for a certain time in one's passage downward in life, I find myself on the last slope, without further power of stopping, nor desire to do so if I could. It is now that I figure Petersham and our quiet garden there, as everything on earth that I most covet, and from which I no longer desire to wander. There in the immediate neighbourhood of a friend [Lady Scott], more my child than any other can ever be—there I feel that I can patiently wait for the last stroke which is to send me to the neighbouring country churchyard, where I have long intended to have my bones deposited. In the meantime I can there still indulge in my passion for a garden and flowers; I can yet be cheered by the contemplation of Nature, and charmed by the lively beauties of the banks of the Thames, immediately within reach of even my diminished powers of walking. And I can then look up to the Great Author of this beautiful creation, with unbounded gratitude for all the innocent enjoyments of

which He has made us capable, and with unbounded confidence in His merciful judgments for our future existence.

August 19*th.*—*Prince*———. C. told me that Pahlen was not one of the four assassins of Peter. Pahlen was then at the head of the Police, and held Peter's safety and life in his hands. He might therefore be said to be the soul of the conspiracy, aiding it with his head but not his arm. Zuboff, one of the brothers of him who was afterwards the lover of Catherine, was amongst those who fell upon the Emperor; the others were people without name, who were never thought of again after the business was done. Catherine conspired on one hand with the Princess Dashkoff and the highest nobles, and on the other hand with the Orloffs and their followers—the one party knowing nothing of the other.

This confirms what Madame Dashkoff says in her Memoirs, of her astonishment, and the new light which burst upon her, when, in crossing the Empress's boudoir, in the evening of the day of her triumphant entry into Petersburg, she found Orloff lying upon the sofa, with his leg bruised.

Sunday, September 18*th.*—As I am now fast failing every day, I have a mind to recommence a journal of my feelings, mind and body. When equal to writing, it may amuse myself, and may in future be curious or interesting to some other old woman aware, like myself, of her situation. I have been unequal this day to anything but reading my Bible for amusement; for I cannot say that I am capable of any reasonings on it. I have a very heavy head, and much languor. Luckily I have nothing particular that I want to do, and may bless Heaven for the absence of violent pains, and for having all the comforts about me which make effort unnecessary.

Monday, 19*th.*—I am much pleased with the idea of

having a little colloquy with myself every day, or most days. I have now no *really*, no *entirely* confidential intercourse but with Heaven—with a Creator, the Father and the Friend of all the desolate in mind, body, or estate—with that Almighty God to whom I can confide all the wayward thoughts of my failing mind, all the weaknesses inherent in my nature, and all my sorrows and regrets at having combated them too ineffectually.

Oct. 11*th.*—It is a long time since I had a little talk with myself. I have been so unwell. Sufficient for the days have been the evils thereof. . . . Harriet [Lady Williams] and her husband arrived on Sunday. All the hotels are so full; but luckily I got them placed in l'Hôtel du Rhin.

Nov. 2*nd.*—Since my last date I have been decidedly better in health.

Saturday, November 8*th.*—We set our old friend Fregeville a talking this evening about the dix-huit brumaire, in which (partly by accident) his rôle was by no means an insignificant one. The discourse was brought on by his showing us a letter he had received from Lucien Bonaparte in England, begging him to send him the names of some of the secretaires, &c. of the Conseil de Cinq cents at that time; this led to what he himself had been and had done on the ever-memorable visit made by Bonaparte to the Orangery at St. Cloud. Fregeville was at this time one of the Cinq cents. It seems a large party of them were disgusted with the conduct and the government of the Directory. Two of the directors, Roger Duras and Gohier, thought with them, and were looking about for some imposing character to put at the head of a movement to overturn the Directory, and resettle the Republic in another form. They all sounded Moreau on the subject, and wished him to be the man; but he positively declined, and they were at a loss where else

to address themselves, when Bonaparte arrived from Egypt (perhaps having received a hint from them), but of this our friend was ignorant. Indeed in no circumstances could he I think have been taken for a *tête de Conseil.* And to do him justice, he spoke only (in detail) of his share of the scene at St. Cloud. The Conseil of Cinq cents and the Conseil des Anciens had been removed there, to avoid the populace of Paris.

Fregeville, as a military man, commanded the guard they had given themselves; Lucien Bonaparte was president of the Cinq cents; Fregeville one of the members. The Orangery in which they met was a long narrow hall, with only one door at the bottom. The violent party wanted Lucien to bring forward an act of accusation against his brother for having left his army without leave. Lucien declared this impossible on his part, thinking as he and every one must of his brother's services.

In the midst of this the door at the bottom opened, and Napoleon appeared between two grenadiers unarmed, that is to say, carrying nothing but their side-arms, and other soldiers following him; he had not advanced to the middle of the room before the whole assembly arose, and the cries of *à bas le tyran*! *point de dictateur*! were so general and so loudly repeated, that he and his two grenadiers turned round and marched out as fast as they could. The whole assembly was following at their heels, and would probably have cut short the history of Napoleon from that day, had not Fregeville, who was standing at the door of a small ante-chamber which adjoins the Orangery, ordered his guards to cross their bayonets over the door, and thus stopped at once their exit. They conceived a great military force was brought against them, and all those who were not of the complot made their escape out of the windows of the Orangery as fast as they could. In the Council of Ancients they (the Bonapartes)

had more friends, and Lucien having made a report to them, and got some of the Cinq cents to join them, Fregeville was sent by Lucien to endeavour to stop as many as he could persuade to return of those who were scampering away to Paris, assuring them no violent measures were intended. When these were got together, and presided over by Lucien, Bonaparte, who was still on horseback with the troops in the courtyard, was pressed to make his appearance among them. Fregeville was one of the messengers to him. He hung back at first and asked Fregeville, 'S'il n'y aurait pas des assassins.' On being reassured on this point, he entered the assembly: the rest has been told a hundred times over.

Wednesday, November 30th.—At the Tuileries last night I had ten minutes' conversation apart with the King, which is much more than I have had any other time since I have been here. We began about Versailles: much is going on there, but when it could be ready to be *livré au publique* he had still no idea; certainly not by the 1st of January, as some of the journaux had chosen to announce. He then talked of the affairs of Spain, of which he declared no one could form any idea of the probable issue; that in this case foreign intervention would be madness; that they must be left to settle the matter entirely among themselves; that as to sending a French army there, 'ce serait les jeter dans un puits d'où il ne sortiroit pas un.' At the same time that it exposed them to contamination with the worst of radical principles with which the whole of Spain was at present *travaillé* by clubs and associations. He lamented the evil done by the journaux and all the lies that they raised and spread, but said for that, as well as for the present evils of Spain, there was *no remedy*; and that therefore, in the case of the journaux, he had made up his mind to read none of them. I regretted that our English journals wrote so ignorantly of himself and of this country; he repeated

that it was impossible to be helped, and owned to his sometimes reading the English papers (which, *par parenthèse*, I know he does very often, and is vexed by their abuse). He said the only way was to continue steadily on, doing all the interior good possible to maintain peace, and to leave those nations in a state of perturbation to settle their own affairs, and fight their way through it. I said I fancied our intervention in Spain had been badly calculated: at this he smiled and bowed, but gave no opinion. I repeated my old and only doctrine that, while France and England continued firmly united and hand in hand, we might snap our fingers at the rest of Europe, and at any attempts to injure us, as all combinations must be nought against the united physical and moral strength of our two nations thrown into either scale. Of the continued good fellowship of England and France he hoped everybody was now of the same opinion. But he recurred to the affairs of Spain, to his decided nonintervention, as the thing uppermost in his mind, and, as I thought, as that which he conceived might not be well understood in England.

Friday, December 2nd.—By appointment of Madame Adelaide, to her apartment at the Tuileries at one o'clock; it is on the first, or what might be called the ground-floor, in the Pavillon en Flore.

December 11th.—Returned to England.

1837.

[A few letters remain to mark this year.]

From Lord Jeffrey to Miss Berry.

Craigcrook, 15th April, 1837.

My dear Miss Berry,—Since my disappointment at not getting to London this spring, I have been so haunted with the images of the pleasant people and *dear friends* I so often met there, that I cannot help murmuring out a little of my regret in the ear of one on whose indulgence I can most safely rely.

At the age we have reached there is something startling in the delay of a year, and I am not at all sure that the impediments which have stopped me now may not recur again at my next interval of leisure; so I want to prevent myself from being quite forgot, and also to draw out some signs of remembrance by this foolish importunity, which I know you will forgive, and expect indeed that you will comply with, by writing me two lines to say that you are sorry I have not come—that you are well and happy—that you will come to see me in this my castle, in the course of the autumn, and that you hope we shall meet, and be friends, in Curzon Street next year, and in a still better place in some few years after!

Give my love to your sister, to my dear Lady Charlotte, and to all those in your pleasant circle who were kind to me for your sake. I think rather too much, I believe, of those things, but it does me good on the whole and no harm to anybody.

I forget whether you saw *Rutherfurd*, our new Solicitor-General, when you were here; he is now in town, and Theresa Lister will bring him to you any evening you will let him. He is my especial friend; and, notwithstanding severe stings of both envy

and jealousy, I have the generosity to recommend him to you. Pray forgive me for this and all the other freedoms I use with you. I really am not forward by nature, but I sometimes suspect that you have spoiled my ingenuous modesty.

Address to me always at Edinburgh.

Ever very affectionately yours,

F. JEFFREY.*

Petersham, April 29th.—At Paris, in August last, feeling myself unequal to the world, I wrote, 'It is now that I figure Petersham, and our quiet garden there, as everything on earth that I most covet, and from which I no longer wish to wander.'

Well, here I am in possession of that quiet garden for the next six months, and I am happy to say with exactly the same feelings towards it that I anticipated in August; this, too, in spite of the very bad, cold, winter weather we have had ever since we came on the 15th. But I am convinced that, if I am not well, and content, and comfortable here, I should be less so anywhere else. Here I am quiet without being lonely; here I need never be idle, nor ever be hurried; here I can read as long as my eyes last, and work in my garden as long as my strength lasts, alternate one with the other, and both contribute to ensure me what must be considered as one of the enjoyments of old age—sleep.

* Lord Jeffrey's legal, literary, and political career are too well known to be recapitulated here. He was born 1773, called to the bar in 1794, became Lord Advocate in 1830, died 1850. The credit of the establishment of the 'Edinburgh Review,' in 1802, was said to belong to the Rev. Sydney Smith, but the success of its management was mainly owing to the exertions of Mr. Jeffrey during his editorship of twenty-seven years. Whether in speaking or in writing, he possessed, as his biographer, Lord Cochrane, observed, 'the weapons of ridicule, sarcasm, argument, statement, pathos, or moral elevation, and could excel in them all.' In conversation his wit was so mixed with kindness, his sarcasm with the love of justice, and his nervous excitability so sweetened by the gentleness of his disposition, that he inspired a degree of fondness and attachment in all who enjoyed the happiness of his intimacy, that no respect or admiration for his great and varied powers could alone have effected,

If I find my mind dosing too much, I can rouse it by taking a couple of days in London to sharpen my gratitude for having such a place to return to, and to recover its exertion.

From the Rev. Sydney Smith to Miss Berry.

Engaged, my dear Miss Berry, up to the teeth on Saturday, or should be too happy. It gives me great comfort that you are recovered. I would not have survived you. To precipitate myself from the pulpit of Paul was the peculiar mode of destruction on which I had resolved. Ever yours,

SYDNEY SMITH.

February 22, 1837,
33 Charles Street, Berkeley Square.

From the Same to the Same.

Are you well, that is the great point? When do you mean to come and pay us a visit? The general rumour of the town is that you are tired to death of the country, and that nothing will ever induce you to try it again. That you bought a rake and attempted to rake the flower-beds, and did it so badly that you pulled up all the flowers. It is impossible, as they say also, to get into the Lindsay the smallest acquaintance with the vegetable world, and that if it was not for the interference of friends she would order the roses to be boiled for dinner, and gather a cauliflower as a nosegay.

Your friends the John Russells and Labouchere are here, talking of the sweet and sacred cause of liberty.

I am getting innocent as fast as I can, and have already begun to purge my parishioners, which, as I don't shoot or hunt, is my only rural amusement. Seriously speaking, my dear Miss Berry, you and Agnes and the Lindsay owe us a visit, and in your heart you cannot deny it. Remember me to Gulielma, your neighbour. Accept my benediction and affection, too often coupled together in the feelings and language of monks.

SYDNEY SMITH.

July 31, 1837,
Combe-Florey, Taunton.

Titterhanger, Tuesday, November 21st.—I have been longing to have some conversation with myself, but alas! for these last ten or twelve days I have been almost doubting that I should ever have such conversation again. I have been ill. I felt altogether closing in *for ever*, and have only to pray that my body may take precedence of my mind and go first. I was wise in not allowing myself to be tempted to make any visits last summer, but remaining quietly at a home of my own. *There* I must endeavour to be goodnatured to those that serve me, grateful to those that seek me, and satisfied with everybody. I hope to recover strength enough to be able to read. Reading, of all things, still amuses me most.

From Miss J. Baillie to Miss Berry.

Hampstead, Thursday Evening, Oct. 27.

My dear Friend,—Your last kind note gave me as good an account of yourself as I could reasonably expect to hear, though I had heard so much of your beauty and good looks lately that it seemed as if old age and you were to have nothing to do with one another: for we know very well that such reports of a lady (we need not say of what age) are to be received with due limitation. But you go down the hill gently, and are not afraid of the last step; and may God support both you and me, and give us comfort and consolation when it is most wanted! As for myself, I do not wish to be one year younger than I am, and have no desire, were it possible, to begin life again, even under the most favourable circumstances. I have great cause for humble thankfulness, and I am thankful. I thank you and I thank Mrs. Somerville for the friendly interest you take in me, which makes you regret my 'coming forward as a sectarian.' This expression struck me, for I consider myself as less of a sectarian than almost any one whom I am acquainted with. I have endeavoured to set in array, for the use of common readers, all the texts of the New Testament bearing upon a certain point of faith, leaving every one to judge for himself from the general tenour of the whole. . . . We have very high-church people here, Calvinists and Evangelicals also; but I have never heard that any one of them ever *said* an unkind thing regarding

me, and I am sure they have never *done* one. You are kind in saying that you are impatient to see my new edition of 'The New Testament Views,' with the bishop's letters, &c. I hope, however, you are not very impatient, for my printer moves at so slow a pace that one cannot say how many months it may be before it be published. . . . I flatter myself that both you and Mrs. Somerville will approve of it when you read it, and I shall send you copies of it as soon as, perhaps a week before, it is published. I am indeed glad that there is such an able, amiable, and liberal bishop on the bench as your friend. I saw the sermon that made such disturbance, and liked it very much. God prosper his endeavours to introduce more charity and common sense into the Church!

I should have liked very much to have seen Mrs. Banister. She is always animated and agreeable, and is moreover a very excellent woman. I am pleased that she has anything in her house to put her in mind of me. I cannot recall her neat pretty house, and all the fair country in her neighbourhood, without having a shade of melancholy pass across my mind; and, occupied as I have been lately in reading the life of Walter Scott, my friend of many years, I have had melancholy thoughts enough. . . . . Farewell, and hoping to see you and Agnes before long in Curzon Street,

I remain, my dear friend, affectionately yours,

J. BAILLIE.

P.S.—Have you seen Dr. Norton's work of the genuineness of the Gospels? It is an excellent work, and quite satisfactory.

[Amongst the most intimate friends of Miss Berry's latter years was the late Countess of Morley; in her brilliant conversation Miss Berry had the greatest enjoyment, whilst her character and feelings inspired her with that affectionate admiration she so delighted to bestow on merit and worth.]

From Miss Berry to the Countess of Morley.

22nd December, 1837.

MY DEAR LADY MORLEY,—Nothing but having been entirely disabled by a bad feverish cold could have prevented my sooner thanking you for giving me all you could of your theatricals.

You know you address yourself to an old stager. Ever since my *first appearance on any stage,* I have always agreed with M. de Catellane, 'que de tous les plaisirs où le cœur n'y entre pour rien, jouer la comedie est le prémier,' and so it always is when one does it for its own sake; that is to say, to entertain one's audience and do justice to one's author, and not to exhibit oneself looking pretty, and showing off a becoming dress. You are too handsome for the first, and too wise for the second, therefore I am quite sure you must have amused yourself, as well as your audience, remarkably. If, as you kindly say, you would have given half a year's wages to have had me present, I would have given a whole year's to have been with you. I remember still enough of the little technicalities of the theatre to have been of some use in hearing parts and snuffing candles. It is sad that London and its environs, either from *amour propre,* or fashion, or pride, or something or other, are always deprived of this amusement. The amusements here are of another description, although perhaps hardly less *theatrical.* Lord Brougham and Lord Melbourne in the House of Peers rivalling the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, only without the reconciliation at the end of it.

A young princess, looking like fourteen, acting the Queen at the great house in the Park with all the dignity, all the propriety, all the *retenue* of any old sovereign, and at the same time enjoying the theatres, and her dinner-parties, and her newly-acquired independence like any other girl of her age. A new theatre, just opened at No. 20, Orchard Street, for the exhibition of all the disgraceful fooleries of animal magnetism, frequented by all the fine ladies of London, from two o'clock to four.* These fooleries, all of which I saw, *underwent,* and saw put down at Paris forty years ago, have started up from their ashes, and all they profess, and all that they lead to, will, if I am not much mistaken, secure their success with many of my acquaintance who I saw there on Friday se'nnight. When will you come among them? You, who I have always admired for contriving to pass yourself off as neither better nor wiser than any of them!

Our quotidian fireside has been very well attended every evening that I have been able to be out of my own room; but this week clears everybody away for the holyday. . .

* An exhibition of mesmerism by a man called Dupotet.

Saturday, 23rd.

My old machine has righted within these two days, and I have been this morning from twelve till two o'clock seeing the Queen on her throne, surrounded by Lords and Commons, and giving her assent to a shoal of Bills, at the head of which was the Civil List. Such an *elixir of majesty* was never contrived before, for certainly on her throne she looks all that is necessary to fill it, both with dignity and grace. The *bellman* cuts me short in my admiration, for I positively will not be another two days appearing, as I must, ungrateful in your eyes for an attention and a remembrance which I value so highly.

Yours ever, dear Lady Morley, gratefully and affectionately,

M. BERRY.

1838.

JOURNAL.

May 15*th.*—Richmond.

July 3*rd.*—Left Mrs. Lamb's house.

Highcliffe, Friday, August 17*th.*—How badly I keep my resolution to have, every day, some little communication with myself! It is now a fortnight since I have written a word. In the meantime I have been ten days in London, and came here on Tuesday last, the 14th. I felt less weak and less oppressed in London than I had done for three months before at Richmond. I found most of the people I cared most to see in town, and, did I still care for the world, could have amused myself very well. But the salt of life is gone. I was somewhat disturbed by not feeling certain about our plans for the next three months, and how this pilgrimage into the west may turn out—my companions nearly all as old and feeble as myself, and feeling myself quite unequal to all the sort of little active exertions that I used to make in such circumstances.

Torquay, Sunday, Sept. 9*th.*—This western pilgrimage has hitherto turned out better than I expected. From Highcliffe we went for a night to Longford Castle, arriving to luncheon the day we left Lord Stuart's. The pictures are well worth a longer pilgrimage to see them. There are more fine original pictures (beside the far-famed Claudes) than I know anywhere—perhaps even than at Castle Howard. The flower-garden under the windows of the house beautiful, much ornamented,

stone terraces, vases, &c. &c. The next day, much against the wishes of our hosts, we went away time enough to see Salisbury Cathedral, and got to Wincanton, a dull stupid village town, in the evening. We might have gone on to Honiton, but did not like to arrive at Bab's * late. The four days from Wednesday the 22nd of August, to Monday the 27th, we spent at Combe-Florey, Mr. Sydney Smith's Rectory-house, the beauty of which we had heard much more vaunted than we thought it deserved. It is in a complete bottom, the ground rising on all sides; consequently seeing positively nothing but a neat flower garden before the windows. *Au reste*, a very comfortable house, in a very pretty well-cultivated English country. At Bab's we spent three nights, making her—good kind soul!—and all her household as happy as possible. She had contrived everything for making us and our servants comfortable, and everybody was comfortable and pleased. From there we arrived here (Torquay) between three and four, on Thursday the 30th of August. We were equally struck with the beauty of the place; it far exceeds all the many praises we had heard of it. I don't think I ever saw any spot in England so much to my taste—so cheerful, so gay, so rocky, so woody, such a beautiful sea view, and such a pretty little port all under one's eye. On the 3rd of September we settled ourselves in our house. And here I am pleased to think I am going to spend five or six weeks in perfect quiet and ease. I cannot yet always remember what an old woman I am. I am for ever thinking I should like to go here or go there; and the first step I take out of my chair convinces me I am neither fit to go *here* or *there*.

Sunday Evening, 16*th*. — What an exquisitely fine evening! And what a lovely scene before me!—looking

* Mrs. Banister resided at Honiton.

from a gay, cheerful rocky shore, studded with houses, and alive with population, to the ocean in a beautiful bay, calm as the quietest brook at this instant. What thousand bright inspiriting ideas—what aspirations after everything great and good—what hopes and what prospects would such a scene have formerly excited in my youthful mind! What visions for the future—what lively enjoyment for the present!—now looking on it with the sober eye of age, with the certainty of that eye being so soon closed upon it for ever—such thoughts and such aspirations cannot exist for me. But I look up in calm enjoyment to the Author of all good, penetrated with gratitude and with adoration for allowing me, so near the natural end of my existence, to be able to partake of and enjoy the beauties of such a scene, and of such an evening, in peace of mind and ease of body.

Same Evening, 6 *o'clock*.—The shades of night are now fast closing on this beautiful scene. O God of mercy! may I be allowed to hope that my closing hour may be as calm, as quiet, as satisfactory as this!

Sunday, 23*rd*.—A more perfect contrast to the weather of last Sunday cannot be conceived than the weather of this. An east wind, and a thick fog on the sea, which prevents one seeing the opposite side of the bay—accompanied by continued rain. I don't dislike a decided bad day like this, sometimes. One has no scheme for passing the day in conjunction with others; one is drawn closer to oneself, and one's own thoughts take a soberer hue, than during the 'gaudes' of a fine sunny day. Mine certainly require not this aid to sober them; my only best resource against too much of this sobriety is reading, falling on a book, instead of dwelling on vague thought. With Heaven, 'in trembling hope,' I have (as far as my understanding allows me) settled my accounts. With the world I have done; with my remaining friends I am now an unprofitable comrade. But for them and

by them alone I still hold to this world; and am still sometimes flattered by their opinion of me, and still sometimes (by little services rendered to them, by kindnesses and hospitality to them) reap the fruit of former sacrifice and self-denials.

Bowood, Saturday, Oct. 27th.—Much as I have heard of the good style of Bowood in every respect, both as to arrangements of life and of society, it much exceeds my expectations. I have never seen such comfortable and elegant luxury pervading every department, without any cumbrous pomp. The communications throughout the house are singularly commodious; the furniture magnificent, as to pictures and as to books. As to everything else, every comfortable elegance of table and of chairs and sofas, without such gilding and satin as prevents one ever settling comfortably on them. A sufficient litter of books and boxes to give the look and the means of occupation, along with a perfect air of orderly arrangement in the different rooms—a thorough disposition to enjoy them all. Breakfasting in the drawing-room, among all the finest pictures; because the morning sun makes that room the most cheerful, and allows leisure to enjoy the pictures, which are not so numerous as to perplex. The hours are regular, without any punctilious exactness. The mornings entirely your own, from breakfast to luncheon, at two o'clock; after which every one takes exercise their own way, or does anything that is proposed to them; leaving always time to rest before dinner, at seven o'clock. The library open to everyone, and the books all easily got at. In the evening the house and its walls are accustomed to conversation, and it never seems to flag. Little Moore, who lives within three miles of this place, and is always a well-received guest, helps it on, and diversifies it sometimes with his singing some of his own verses. Since the two Liddells have been here, Lady Barrington and Lady Williamson,

we have had delightful music, and much of it, every evening. Their voices are admirable, and their style of singing excellent. I don't know when I have been more delighted with music, although they have seldom sung any of my particular favourites. This morning we have been in the chapel, which very conveniently opens from the greenhouse. The organist of the neighbouring town comes every Saturday to instruct the parish children in singing. Our two ladies gave us several pieces of Handel divinely well, with the accompaniment of the organ; Lord Lansdowne always much enjoying music.

Too little is said of the out-of-door beauties of Bowood; but the water is the very least artificial water I ever saw—a stream widened into an irregular sort of lake. There are the finest evergreens, such as cedars, evergreen oaks, and all the pine tribe, that one can see; and the walks among them are the most practicable and enjoyable sort of hardened sand without stones that can be felt.

Sunday, 28*th*.—The Bishop of Salisbury has been preaching in the chapel this afternoon—a sensible well-arranged discourse. Arundel Bouverie read the rest of the service better, much better, than ever I heard it read before. The prayers seemed something new to our ears, and I could not detect one false accent.

Tittenhanger, *Sunday*, *Nov.* 11*th*.—Here I am once again with my old friend at this place, where last year, about the same time, I have noted myself very unwell and very suffering, and in my own mind much doubted my ever returning here. Yet here I am, for the present neither ill nor suffering, although with the weight of another year on my shoulders.

1839.

[In the month of August the Miss Berrys made their usual pilgrimage to Scotland and the North of England, returning to Curzon Street in the beginning of December.]

JOURNAL.

Richmond, July 19th.— —— gave us the other day some very entertaining and curious details of the latter part of the life of the celebrated Czartoriska, who lived to the age of ninety-four, and died only three years ago. After the age of fifty, she adopted a totally new system of life, of interests, and of occupations. She retired to her own great possessions, or rather the possessions of her husband's family, at Pultovie, in Poland, and there lived for above thirty years, the respected, admired, and looked up to, of the whole country, adored by her own family, and making herself useful in a thousand ways to the surrounding country. In her château at Pultovie she had collected a museum of the precious remains of Polish magnificence—ancient crowns of their kings, jewels, fine works in metals—in short, of everything that was valuable or interesting. These she allowed to be seen, and people came from far and near to look at the Princess, her curiosities, and her abode. The holiday treat for schoolboys was a pilgrimage to Pultovie. Till within the last ten years of her life she was perfectly active, marching about and looking after all her establishments. She had had a remarkable fine figure, tall and upright, with a certain *air de reine* when she entered a room, with which I

remembered seeing her in society in London in the year 1786. She was in her last years bent almost double, without its depriving her of activity, and her head was to the last perfectly clear and unimpaired. While she was living the most regular and sanctified life, with almost the reputation of a lamb in her neighbourhood, out came the 'Memoirs de Lauzun,' where her *jeunesse* figures in no ordinary manner. Judge how it must have shocked her family, if not herself. Perhaps (I say perhaps, for this was not hinted to me) she might in her old and respected age have not been altogether so much displeased at having the powers of her captivation in youth recalled to her. In the last invasion of the Russians, when she was above ninety years old, they twice surrounded Pultovie, the commander earnestly recommending her to leave it. She never would stir, and thus twice saved it from pillage; but a third and last time the general came with such positive orders to take possession of it and to burn it, and the little town belonging to it, that she was forced away from it and conveyed by her children across the Vistula into Gallicia, where her son and his family had already taken refuge. Here she continued to live, always surrounded by some of her children or grandchildren, and here she died in 1835.

Thursday, 25*th*.—I met yesterday at dinner, at Sir William Dundas's, Chantrey * the sculptor, with whom I had a great deal of curious conversation about his intercourse with William IV. Very soon after his accession to the throne he sent for Chantrey, and told him he had a commission to give him that was very interesting to him. He was anxious to erect a monument to Mrs.

* Sir Francis Chantrey, born 1782. He began his career in the more humble path of carver, but under the patronage of Nollekins, whose attention had been attracted to his early efforts in sculpture, he soon rose to the highest reputation as a sculptor of busts. In 1818 he became Member of the Royal Academy, and in 1837 was knighted by the Queen. He died 1841.

Jordan, and desired the sculptor's opinion what it should be, and where it should be placed. To this latter enquiry he had no answer to give. The King then went into a thousand particulars of their private life, always ending that she had been an excellent mother to her children. He said he knew he had been much blamed for his conduct to her, but that from the time they parted he had allowed 2,000*l.* a year, which was regularly paid every quarter, although often with great difficulty to himself to find the money. The monument Chantrey executed and was paid for, but it remains still in his studio, where it is to be erected never having been settled during the King's life, and Lord Munster (the eldest of the children) having made some objection to where it was proposed to be placed.

Raith, September 2nd.—With Robert, in the little pony-chaise consecrated to my use, round three of his principal farms, Ferbaun, Bank Top, and Balbarton, and from thence round by Boglillie, home. A charming drive, which occupied us nearly four hours. At Bank Top we went over the house and garden. The house is approached through a well-kept shrubbery, and contains three or four good bed-chambers, a dining and a drawing-room, with good mahogany furniture. The garden in the nicest order, and containing a small hot-house, in which were excellent nectarines and grapes. This is a farm of about 500*l.* a year. From Bank Top we went to Balbarton. It is cultivated by two brothers, living together. There was excellent sherry and cake produced for us, and much good farming conversation from two hearty, cheerful youths, well pleased with the world, with their condition, with their farm, and boasting of a turnip-field in Fife far behind it. It was pleasant to see two creatures living alone (for all those large farms are at a mile-and-a-half or two miles' distance one from another), wanting nothing but their daily labour and daily occupa-

tions to keep them happy. Nothing can be less Arcadian than these Scotch shepherds in a vile climate, which supposes an eternal struggle to get the better of its effects. But they are a race apart, remarkable for their sober industry, their intelligence, and their superior instruction not only in things relative to their situation, but often on others, for which their long winter evenings give them time. This Balbarton farm, which in fact is two farms put together, pays about 700*l.* or 800*l.* rent. From Balbarton we drove round by Boglillie. This farm of 500*l.* a year is cultivated by one of the most active and enterprising of all the surrounding farmers, and his farm in consequence may be cited as the crack farm. The house might suit a small squiralty; the garden and shrubbery, &c. in perfect order. He has this year (1839) eighty acres in one stretch of wheat, without a weed or a break of any kind.

1840.

[MISS BERRY'S comments on the life and writings of the Princess Dashkoff, which were published in the year 1840.]

The Princess Dashkoff's Writing and Miss Wilmot.

The Princess Dashkoff *née* Woranzoff, born in	1744
Married at sixteen years old	1760
Just sees and is noticed by Catherine, while Grand Duchess, same year	1760
Heads the Revolution which placed Catherine on the throne when eighteen years old . .	1762
Loses her husband when twenty	1764
Dies at sixty-five in	1809

The memoirs of her own life, written by herself, and given to and transcribed, *verbatim et literatim*, by Miss Wilmot (now Mrs. Bradford), an Irish lady who had lived with her as a companion, or *dame de compagnie*, for several years before her death in 1809, are singularly curious and interesting.

They give an account of one of the most extraordinary human minds that ever animated a female form. The language in which they are composed is very awkward and bad French, but they bear every internal mark of sincerity —of her telling the truth, and *nothing but* the truth—although not always the *whole* truth, which, indeed, she *professes*, saying, in the address to Miss Wilmot, with which the whole is prefaced, that she had never restrained her pen, but when, by dwelling on her own feelings upon cer-

tain occasions, she must have dwelt on and enlarged on the misconduct of others—plainly referring to that of the Empress, and that of her own children.

The account of the first opening of her mind when sent into the country, unattended by anybody to whom she was attached, after having had the measles, at twelve years old; the thoughtful, serious habit of mind into which she fell; her eagerness for reading, and especially such reading as called forth thought (how like myself at the same age!); her early youth, passed always at Petersburg and at Court, because bred up by her uncle, Woranzoff; her first interview with Catherine, then Grand Duchess, at a supper at the Chancellor's, before she was fifteen years old; the enthusiastic attachment she conceived for Catherine (which the superiority of her manners and of her pursuits well justified)—is most interestingly detailed. Much about the same time she was *fiancée*, and soon after married, to Ricar Dashkoff, with perfect mutual attachment, which remained unimpaired to the end of his life, four years afterwards.

What she does *not* sufficiently explain, and what one desires most to know, is how her youthful mind was first turned to the idea of political revolution—and such a revolution!—in her country. Perhaps this first ardent friendship, entering her mind at the same time with her first sentiments of love, called forth at once all the powers of her character, and settled for ever that enthusiastic energy which inspired the idea (or made the development easy to her) of elevating this adored friend—this being whom she then considered as of a superior nature—to Imperial power. Still, we want to know to whom she first gave, or from whom she first received, the hint. She talks only of much political reading; of turning over in her own mind various plans; and then speaks immediately of conspirators, and of a conspiracy being all ready, although in no respect organised.

The whole detail of the 27th of June, 1762; of her conduct; of the trifling arrest of a subaltern officer, which determined the moment of execution, and her decision in taking advantage of it, most interesting and admirable; her feelings, returning triumphant by the side of her Empress, at the head of the Guards; certainly, such as any head of eighteen must envy, and which it must have been a wonderful head of eighteen not to have turned!

Her discovery, the next day, that Gregorie Orloff was the Empress's lover, is mentioned with all the sensibility and mortification which every young and ingenuous mind must some time or other have felt, at being obliged to lower the standard of perfection which they had established for the idol of their hearts.

Her manner of receiving from the Empress the Order of St. Catherine; her proud avowal of the impayability of her services, as being those of friendship and affection; her backwardness at accepting any remuneration for them—all natural, all consistent with the mind from which she acted at eighteen!

The part the Empress acts is far less noble, although made the best of, and not dwelt on by her still partial friend.

Her subsequent account of her own life in retirement for three years after the death of a beloved husband, when left a widow at twenty, and her conduct during her first travels, prove the strength and rationality of her mind. Indeed, the whole work—of which I saw only the first part, which comes down to 1783, when she returned to Russia after her tour through Italy—is the picture, not only of a human mind and character placed in most extraordinary circumstances, and acting a most extraordinary part, but endowed by nature with those extraordinary powers, and that energy, which I have ever thought, and have here additional reason for thinking, always accompanied by, or more properly, perhaps, always springing

from, warm, pure, and ardent affections of the heart. Had the Princess Dashkoff, as well as the Empress, had a lover, she would never have been placed by her on the throne of Russia.

[The following letter from Mr. Sydney Smith to Miss Berry, though not dated, seems to belong to this year.* It is written on a deep pink-coloured paper.]

Combe-Florey.

I am reading again Madame du Deffand. God forbid I should be as much in love with anybody (yourself excepted) as this poor woman was with Horace Walpole.

Did I ever write to you before on this paper? It is called in the shops *criminal blush demy*. There is an *innocent blush demy*, which is cheaper; but, in writing to ladies, I am for Crimes. I shall be very glad to get an holiday in London from all this eternal verdure and floreseence.

I see some serious evil has befallen Ferguson of Raith. I lament it for your sake and for the general good, as he is an excellent person.

The smell of war is not over. I lament, and can conceive no greater misery. Among other evils, everybody must be ready for fighting; and I am not ready, but much the contrary. I am ten miles from the coast; a French steamer arrives in the night, and the first thing I hear in the morning is, that the cushions of my pulpit are taken away, and my curate and churchwardens carried into captivity. Besides, we shall lose that conceited coxcomb Mr. ——.

I was sorry to be forced to give *Metropolis* such a beating, but he was very saucy, and deserved it. However, now the battle is over, and I hope to live in good humour with all the world for the rest of my life, and to bury the war hatchet. Mrs. Sydney has eight illnesses, and I have nine—gout and asthma at the head of them; in other respects we are pretty

* This letter, somewhat abridged, is published in the collection of Mr. Sydney Smith's letters in the 'Life and Correspondence.' It is there dated as supposed to belong to 1842, but it more probably belongs to 1840, being the time of the Syrian question, which threatened the peace between France and England.

well. I am glad to hear such excellent accounts of your health. Live as long as you can; nobody will be more missed.

Give my love, if you please, to Agnes and Lady Charlotte. If you return all of you in good health to London, I will speak to Milnes, and have a poem written in praise of Richmond.

[Amongst Miss Berry's papers was a printed copy of Mr. Sydney Smith's famous recipe, in verse, for making a salad. The lines differ a good deal from those given in Lady Holland's book. The post-mark of the letter in which they were sent is 1840, and being headed *last edition*, it is to be presumed they were at least subsequent to some other version.]

A RECEIPT FOR SALAD:*

LAST EDITION.

Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Unwonted softness to the salad give;
Of mordent mustard, add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment which bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
To add a double quantity of salt:
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar, procured from town;

* To make the condiment, your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boil'd eggs;
Two boil'd potatoes, pass'd through kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And half suspected, animate the whole;
Of mordent mustard add a single spoon;
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
And lastly, o'er the flavour'd compound, toss
A magic soupçon of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious! oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!

Life and Correspondence of Rev. Sydney Smith, pp. 252-3.

True flavour needs it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And scarce suspected, animate the whole;
And lastly, on the flavor'd compound toss
A magic tea spoon of anchovy sauce:
Then though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
Serenely full, the Epicure may say—
Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined to-day.

A WINTER SALAD.

Two well-boiled potatoes, passed through a sieve; a tea spoonful of mustard; two teaspoonsful of salt; one of essence of anchovy; about a quarter of a tea spoonful of very finely chopped onions, well bruised into the mixture; three table spoonsful of oil; one of vinegar; the yolk of two eggs, hard boiled. Stir up the salad immediately before dinner, and stir it up thoroughly.

N.B.—As this salad is the result of great experience and reflection, it is hoped young salad makers will not attempt to make any improvements upon it.

1841.

*From Rev. Sydney Smith to Miss Berry.**

56 Green Street, Grosvenor Square, April 6, 1841.

DEAR BERRYS,—I dine on Saturday with the good Widow Holland, and blush to say that I have no disposable day before the 26th, by which time you will, I presume, be plucking gooseberries in the suburban region of Richmond; but think not, Oh Berries, that that distance, or any other of latitude or longitude, shall prevent me from following you, plucking you, and eating you; for whatever pleasure men find in the rasp-berry, in the straw-berry, in the coffee-berry, all these pleasures are to my taste concentrated in the May-fair Berries.

Ever theirs,
SYDNEY SMITH.

From Miss Berry to Lord Jeffrey.

6th April, 1841.

You told me you did not understand my '*thesis*,' when I said it was *impossible* to *console* a perfectly selfish person. I never at any time edited my thoughts well, and now, of course, much worse than ever. But I meant that a person whose thoughts, cares, and interests had always been confined to one person, and that one person *self*; when misfortune falls on them, either in mind, body, or estate, you have nothing to hold out to them as a rallying point. They have neither children nor friends, whose interests, or whose successes, or whose woes can draw them off from the contemplation of their own, or give them a reason for any exertion in their behalf, or any reward for the success of such exertions.

If *you* amuse them for half-an-hour, you leave them just as necessitous for amusement as you found them; and if you were

* This letter, though dated 1841, has been published in Mr. Sydney Smith's correspondence amongst those of 1843.

to dedicate your whole day to them, you would find them just as indifferent to you as to the rest of the world, who will be equally necessary, and equally inadequate, to their consolation—that is to say, to divert their minds from the eternal recurrence of self, and of everything interfering, or likely to interfere, with their present indulgencies. To them they will continue in vain to look for what such indulgencies are incapable of giving. Wherefore, I again say, you cannot console a completely selfish person. Q. E. D.

M. B.

From Lord Jeffrey to Miss Berry.

Craigcrook, Sunday 18th.

It is very kind in you to think of me, and yet I feel that I deserve it a little, for I think a great deal of you. I have been ill enough certainly, but I hope I am getting better; and I am quite sure that it is no pain to me to write to you, but a very great pleasure. I had a smart attack of *bronchitis* about three weeks ago, and I have since been suffering from my old, and I fear I may now call it constitutional, vice of the circulation, which keeps me pale, and thin, and languid, and, in short, indicates itself by a general decay of vitality, like the dimming of a lamp as the oil begins to run low. . . . You say nothing of your own health, from which I should infer that it was pretty good, did I not know it to be a part of your cheerful and considerate magnanimity to dissemble your uneasinesses, in order to spare your friends the pain of what you think an unavailing sympathy; but I will not believe that it is always unavailing, and at any rate I can assure you that some of us have more pain in imagining what you occasionally suffer than if we fairly knew the worst—so lay aside your Spartan *reticence* with me at least, and tell me frankly how you are. At the very least, I know I shall have a new lesson of patience and firmness to profit by.

It is very gratifying to me to know that you have been interested by Horner's Memoirs. To me it was so full of touching recollections, that I did not dare to hope it would affect other people's feelings as it did mine; but I find all good people and good judges approve, and it is very pleasing to see that even the 'Quarterly Review' has allowed Milman (as I understand) to do it justice.

You had but cold weather, I fear, for the airy brow of Richmond Hill. But they say it is to change on Midsummer night, and I do trust that Titania and Oberon will consider it and make up matters again by that time. We have had enough of heavy headed frosts falling in the fresh lap of the crimson rose for one June surely.

I hope my dear Lady C. Lindsay is with you, and quite well. Do assure her and your sister of my constant love and most kind remembrance. God bless you.

Ever yours,

To Miss Berry. F. JEFFREY.

Extract of a Letter from Miss Berry to a Friend.

I have read every word of Mazzini, and agree entirely with him in his views of what civil liberty ought to be, and with most of his statements of the absence of it in Italy.

As the consolidation of Italy proper, from the top to the toe of the Boot, was alway the dream of my youth from the day I first saw it; and my persuasion that, if so consolidated under good government, it would soon rise to imperial power in Europe, and beat out of the field all its oppressors; but I have lived a long life since, and acquired the sad conviction that, for want of consistence of character, and for want of a master mind to create it, they have let slip all fair occasion of realizing their high aspirations. If, while Europe was yet in arms, they had united to make a great stand for their independent existence, much might have been done, or, at all events, it would have been a groundwork from which to start on future occasions. If such had been the case, never would the 'Independenza d'Italia' been allowed to float on Lord Wm. Bentinck's banners, and not been followed up by some demands and serious consequences; while nothing having been done in consequence was disgraceful to England as well as to Italy. But Mazzini seems to me to dwell on details, melancholy enough, God knows, while he exhorts to awaiting England to relieve them.

1842.

From Lord Jeffrey to Miss Berry.

8 Caledonia Place, Clifton, Wednesday, 6th.

I am anxious, my dear friend and fellow-sufferer, to know how you come on in this cold weather. I stood it wonderfully well at first, but have had a little affection of the trachea for the last few days, and have some fear of being driven from this airy and very beautiful locality to a more sheltered situation. However, I think I shall make out another week here, at all events, and long enough to hear, as I trust, good and cheering tidings of you; and I think you will not grudge one little line for my comfort. Though the *trachea* is at this moment my most urgent malady, the most obstinate and formidable is in another quarter, and one with which you are unfortunately but too well acquainted. You and I should be in a very tolerable condition if it were not for that *frigidus circum præcordia sanguis*, though I confess I should scarcely have expected that *our hearts* should be the first things that failed about us, and (privately) take it rather amiss. Nor am I very much reconciled to my doom by the assurances my doctors give me (and you too, I daresay), that with great care and caution I may keep the said poor heart going, at a dull shuffling pace, for a little time longer; that is, that by giving up, not only all my 'pleasant vices' (for which I have a great affection), but all those exertions of intellect and excitement of feeling which, I fear, are nearly all I have to show for *virtues*, I may contrive to hobble along the broken arches to some rather more distant pitfall than might now be found at my feet. You who have no vices, and rather a larger endowment of virtues, take, of course, a more pleasant view of things; and I am very desirous, as well as ambitious, of profiting, not merely by your advice, but, if possible, also by your example; and so I humbly beg for the benefit of any suggestions you can spare me, and

any little notes of your own spiritual experiences which you think may be applicable to my case, when in a more laudable disposition than usual. Indeed, such is my faith in the plastic nature even of our *old* humanity, that I do not despair (especially if *you* will assist me) of still being able to put off the old Adam, and even of living to boast of the tranquillity of the last stages of my existence, and of my gentle triumph over all the vanities and tumults of my earlier life. God help us!

I have been amusing myself lately by looking over the catalogue of the Strawberry Hill collections, and, as you may suppose, have had you often enough in my mind as I went through names and little anecdotes which must be pregnant to you with so many touching recollections. I should like, if I were rich enough, to have some twelve or twenty of the pictures and miniatures, but would really give nothing for the china, furniture, and *bijouterie*, and not a great deal for the library. But, above all, I should like to have a little drawing or two by a certain *amateur* artist, and trust, at all events, that they will not be allowed to go into the hands of mere strangers. Altogether I suppose they will bring a good deal of money; and so passes the glory of this world! Vanity of vanities!

I do not know why I bore you with all this, except that I am idle and stupid, and very desirous of hearing of you. Do take compassion on me, and let me know that you are well again, and as tolerant as ever of the dull people whom your goodness may sometimes make a little presumptuous. But never mind; the most of them will not plague you long.

The stir of the mighty Babylon is again at its height, and I listen to the distant echo from my hill-top of speculation, and commune with my own heart, and am still.

And so, with kindest remembrance to your sister, and all good wishes and prayers, believe me always

Very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

To Miss Berry from Lord Jeffrey.

Livermead, near Torquay,
Friday Evening, 22nd April, 1842.

I have just been reading over your admirable letter for a third time, and, after nourishing the meditations to which it led by gazing for half-an-hour on the long waves which come

glittering in the moonlight to the beach below my windows, and listening to the soft and solemn roar they send up to the silent stars, I find that I cannot lay myself down with a quiet conscience till I have thanked you for the pleasure it has given, *and the good it has done me.* Never was wisdom so gentle, or magnanimity so simple and modest. I heartily wish you joy of them, and feel already that (though without much hope of being able to copy them) I cannot but profit by being allowed to look on them so nearly. And yet you are one of 'the world's veterans,' of whose closing scene your friend Pope has made so frightful a picture, and one, too, who has had more spoiling, more temptation from circumstances, and more apology from natural endowments, for worldly pride and vanity, and all their hardening influences, than ninety-nine in the hundred of those who have become their victims. But as there are fine and pure complexions which will not tan in the fiercest glare of summer, so there are hearts and tempers on which the wickedness and folly of the world make no impression and leave no stain; and in both, too, it is *a felicity of nature* for which you ought to be humbly thankful, instead of insolently vain! And so, having redeemed myself from all suspicion of flattery by this moral truism, I think I had better go to bed, and try whether I cannot dream of something as true, and rather more original.

Saturday Morning.

We have been here since last Tuesday, with continual bright sun, and blue waves dancing at the feet of dark red cliffs; but still to the low whistle of a spiteful and mocking east wind, which will not let me forget that I have a trachea, and that much of this goodly show of summer is but a counterfeit of the reality. However, it is very beautiful, and I use precaution, and enjoy it; joining trembling with my mirth, according to the precept of the Psalmist, and hoping every day that the trembling may be less and the mirth greater.

We are in a nice lodging about a mile out of the town, standing in a sort of lawn immediately above the sea, and as lonely as if it were in a bay of Argyleshire. The perfect quiet and deep repose are delightful to me, especially when the sun goes down, and twilight and moonshine come to sleep together on the soft heavings of the water. We shall stay, I think, all next week; and if you write to me before moving to Richmond, I may hear

again from you before we go. It is very unreasonable, I know, to think of breaking in on your parting hours with so selfish a request, but I want to have a few more last words from Curzon Street, and I do not wish or hope for anything like so long a letter as the last.

I do not think I am any better since leaving Clifton—but do not, I hope, grow worse—and contrive to dawdle about a good deal in sheltered places, and drive to pretty places, with much facility and satisfaction. I still read a good deal too, and with unabated interest and pleasure. I have just finished the last number of the 'Edinburgh Review,' and have been charmed more than ever, I think, with that splendid paper of Macaulay's, on Frederic of Prussia. I have read it twice over already, with thrillings of admiration which make my very weak heart leap rather too strongly; but it is delightful. He is, indeed, a very wonderful writer—so brilliant, so exact, so graphic, and varied, and concise; and all the time so candid, and just, and generous —so large in his views—so pregnant in his suggestions; and, I will add—though rash here and there, rather in expression than thought—so firm and fearless in his censures of baseness and cruelty, and humane and indulgent in his apologies for lighter infirmities. Well, there is a tirade for you, but it is all true, and I could not help it. I need not tell *you* of the pleasure there is in *praising heartily*, without envy or grudging, or in finding that one can be delighted as much as ever with excellence long after one has ceased to hope to *profit* by it.

And now I hope the true spring will still stir the sap in both our decaying trunks for a few more buddings of leaf and flower, and that we may have a longer period of moderate enjoyment in this beautiful world than it would be quite wise perhaps to reckon on. And so, with kindest remembrances to your sister Lady Charlotte, believe me always

Very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

I have a strange curiosity to know the name of the young lady who was with you when I came to bid you farewell in Curzon Street. Do you at all remember of any lady being there? She was dressed in mourning, and, though not perhaps very pretty, had so much varying expression of countenance that she has haunted my imagination ever since. She must be a pet of yours too, I think, for she kissed you very tenderly.

Is all this very impertinent? I hope you will not think so; but if you do, forget and forgive it.

September.—Amidst the pale and failing sensations of old age, it is refreshing to find any scene, or any moments, leaving an agreeable impression on the mind and on the feelings. Such is the remembrance of the afternoon of the 21st of September, in the apartments of Hampton Court Palace. The music of the regiment on guard was playing under the palace windows; a brilliant sunset was lighting up the high trees bounding the parterre in the gardens; the pictures in the room in the windows of which we were sitting were interesting in various ways—so that the senses, both of hearing and sight, were every way gratified, while the calm of a fine evening gave the means of enjoying them.

To the Countess of Morley from Miss Berry.

Richmond, 16th October, 1842.

Although I have nothing but very dull thanks to offer you for your very entertaining letter from Drummond Castle, you shall not by my silence suppose me ungrateful for your so kindly remembering and keeping your promise of letting me hear from you. All you have done and seen almost takes one's breath away; but what I most rejoice in is your having, by *your valuable receipt*, secured yourself good weather, which in general is the one thing wanting in the beautiful scenes you have been visiting. That you have not seen Raith gives a twinge to my family *vanity*, for I will not honour it with the name of *pride*. When the weather is good in Scotland there is much less fog than in these our more favoured climes, and for effects of light on landscape, and on clouds, I never saw any that surpassed, or even rivalled, Scotland. That you found *everything* good, down to inns and horses, must be the effect, as the Italians say, of *sua bontà*; and your compliments on those points will have been particularly well received, as being the least deserved. I hope in Edinburgh you went to the Royal Hotel, in Princes Street, where the view of the old town, both by day and by night, is the most picturesque *town view* I know anywhere.

My sister and I always went there on that account, although our family frequented another hotel, more famous for eating.

You will be charmed with Dalmeny. I never was much so with Minto, but I saw it in the old lady's time, and I daresay it is marvellously improved both outside and in. Indeed, as to the present lady,* I know nobody so completely, so uniformly amiable; so always surrounded by an atmosphere of cheerful, rational, good humour. Now, if *you* are not capable and worthy of judging *such* a character as this, I know nobody that is.

You will have rejoiced with me at the safe return of Morpeth. You will certainly have him at Castle Howard when you are there. How I should have enjoyed joining you! but I have already resisted the kindest of invitations from the Duke to Chatsworth, where, as it happened, I should have witnessed the arrival from America. But I have just sense and resolution enough left to know that at my age, with every day increasing weakness, the only way of prolonging that kind interest of friends which is still so necessary to my comfortable existence is by avoiding being troublesome—in the way.

At my own fireside I can still *hear* and *see*; for which, I assure you, I am duly grateful.

We have been so well pleased with this summer residence, that if we can have it next spring, and are ourselves forthcoming, I think we shall take it again.

Having now paid my debt of gratitude for your letter, the sooner I conclude the better, or I shall have no hopes of you allowing me to incur another debt of the same sort,

Your sincerely attached and affectionate,

M. Berry.

Tittenhanger, November 12th.—Here I am once more with my old contemporary in the same room which for these many years I have always inhabited in my annual visits here. Did I want a scale for calculating my decay, I should find it here. For several years I was equal to exertions in walking of which my contemporary was incapable. For these last three or four years every one has marked my regular, although not rapid failure. My soul turns with humble hope to heaven, to an all-pitying and

* Mary, daughter of Patrick Brydone, Esquire.

all-merciful Creator, for that support in its approaching hour of entry to another state of existence, which Perfection only can grant to weak and failing human nature. To this Perfection, although under the most profound sense of her own unworthiness, she cannot feel a dread in addressing herself—

> 'My God, my Father, and my Friend,
> Do not desert me in my end.'

1843.

*From Rev. Sydney Smith to Miss Berry.**

Combe-Florey.

I hope, my dear friends, you are well. I met Protheroe on the railroad, and he gave me some account of you, but not enough for my ravenous desire for your welfare. Oh, happy women! the suburban beauties of Richmond were not enough; but Providence sent you ——, a woman of piety and ancient faith, and the *heureux chevalier* ——, *sans peur et sans reproche.*

Mrs. Sydney and I are tolerably well; the diminished temperature has restored my locomotive powers, such as they are; but in the dog-days I could not move.

We have had Tommy Moore and Lady Morley, and a few more unknown to fame. Dr. Holland has just made a rush from Combe-Florey to Jerusalem. By-the-by, I saw a piece of news the other day, in which a gentleman made his good fortune known to the world in the public papers:—'Last week the Rev. Elias Johnson was made examining chaplain to the Bishop of Jerusalem!' I should like to know what his questions are to the candidates.

'How far from Jerusalem to Jericho?'

'Where are the ten missing tribes?'

'How tall was Pontius Pilate?'

I presume you have never been a day without crowds. Has D. glittered at Richmond?

I mean to be in London about the 20th or the 22nd. I hope to find you there—I mean in October. By deaths and marriages the world is thinned since I saw you. I see by the fuss in the papers that an Hon. Stafford is going to be married.† The Howards are gathering in every direction.

* This letter is already published, though somewhat abridged.

† Lady Evelyn Levison Gower, daughter of the late Duke of Sutherland, was married, this year, to Lord Blantyre.

My kindest regards to Lady Charlotte, and to both of you, and those of Mrs. Sydney.

November 20*th.*—I wanted once more to have dated from my old contemporary's at Tittenhanger; but I have left her this morning, after a ten days' visit, with the too sure conviction (had I wanted any) how much I have lost since I was there this time last year. And yet, I am capable of holding a sort of place in society—at least such as not to sadden it with my apparent decay. It is much, and indeed all I ask, *pourvu* that it does not last too long.

December 12*th.*—I have an internal sentiment that I cannot count on myself for a single day. I am therefore most anxious—indeed it is the only thing about which I am anxious—to have all ready, to give as little trouble and hurry at the last as possible. I am very anxious our intimate friends should support poor Agnes, if I leave her behind me. Jane, I hope, will do much for her. I swore her, before she went to Scotland, if I dropped off during her absence, to come immediately up to Agnes. I knew nobody else that could fill her place on that occasion for dear Agnes.

December 27*th.*—I have had a severe fit of illness in the form of influenza. Repose, solitude, and a book are all I can attempt. I still make an effort to gather together some sparks of life for my sister's sake. My only anxiety! my *only* one! is thinking what I can do to secure her some comfort of society after I am gone. I think of this without ceasing.

1844.

JOURNAL.

February 3rd.—My doctor has long taken his leave, saying that I am well; and, did life consist in nothing but eating, drinking, and sleeping, I am so; but my wiser Dr. Grant allows that, after such a severe attack, at my age, I cannot easily regain even my previous state.

Richmond, July 30th.—I now wonder every morning when I find myself waking again in this world. I have hitherto, on my sister's account, made every effort to keep up, and to keep on with life, but for this I am beginning to feel my spirits failing.

From Lord Jeffrey to Miss Berry.

E. I. College, Wednesday, 12th.

You are very kind to me, and I cannot resist your seductions; and so I shall appear to you on Monday, though I had almost promised to dedicate the whole week to fasting and meditation in these shades. But when there is but little left of life, at any rate, it is not worth while to refuse the few innocent pleasures we may still make sure of for a poor chance of adding a possible fraction to its dull duration; a sentiment which I hope you will think natural and becoming to be conceived in Lent, and acted upon in the Carnival.

I am in admiration of your *calligraphy*, and feel inspired, as I hope you perceive, with a noble ambition to rival it, but dare not persist farther,

Ever most faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

From Lord Jeffrey to Miss Berry.

21 Wimpole Street, Monday, 11th May, 1844.

My dear Miss Berry,—If I had not been very unwell, I should have darkened your rustic doorway long before this time. But the truth is, that I drooped the moment you departed; and, though I made a fight for a few days to impose on the heartless world, I was obliged very soon after to leave the field, and retreat into Hertfordshire with my daughter, to recruit my health, and compose my ruffled spirits. I have been slowly recovering from influenza for the last week there, and we only returned here to make up our packages for embarking on the railroad to Preston, on Wednesday morning. It would have been a consolation if I could have seen you, or even heard of you, before my departure. I shall try to-morrow what I can learn at the Fergussons, or somewhere else; and in the meantime shall believe the summer has not come too much before its time for nothing, and that quiet and fine weather have settled down all the throbbing of your heart to a sober and healthful standard.

I cannot leave the latitude you inhabit, however, without again expressing my thanks to you for all your kindness, and the gratification I always receive in my thoughts from the feeling (which I hope you will not tell me is fallacious or too presumptuous), that, though not among the oldest of your friends, I am to you something more than a common acquaintance, and have been permitted to see parts of your character which I know how to prize, in comparison even with those social graces of which everybody confesses the charm. It is foolish, perhaps, to trouble you by saying this. But I have learned so much good from you, that I feel it to be a duty to thank you, and seem also to have learned that it will not offend you that I should do so. With kindest remembrances to your most kind sister, ever, my dear Miss Berry, very faithfully yours,

F. Jeffrey.

From Miss Berry to Lord Jeffrey.

Richmond, 13th May.

No, your feeling is not fallacious. Of all the superior intellects which it has been my good fortune to meet with in these my latter days, yours has been that which has been best understood by me, which I have found always unclouded, always

satisfactory, and always convincing; a character improved and perfected by the commerce of the world, without having moulted a feather of imagination, and having preserved, through a busy life, a touch of romance, without which knowledge may inform, but can never attract.

Thank you a thousand times for not letting me remain in ignorance of sentiments which must ever gratify me, and in this case flatters something better than my vanity. I am very sorry not to have seen you before your departure, for instead of the future, it is to the *paulo post futuro* that I must now look. This exquisite spring, such as England has rarely seen, has as yet done little for me. But the doctors say I may so live on for years. This, thank God, in spite of doctors and draughts, *I don't believe.* But in the meantime I am most grateful to be able to enjoy quietly the present enjoyable season, and to look forward undismayed to future changes. The *unco' gude* would, I fear, call this presumption; but their ideas must be very different from mine of infinite goodness and power, which spreads before me this beautiful nature, enjoyable even for age and weakness.

Lady C. Lindsay joins us on Saturday next—that is to say, takes possession of a house in our immediate neighbourhood. As her love of nature and views of life (although seen through a naturally purer medium) are very like my own, we can rather help one another down hill, and be only desirous of going first. I shall send this line to Wimpole Street, and see that it will be forwarded to you. My sister desires her kindest remembrance to you, and we both regret not having seen Mrs. Jeffrey. Let us hope that she will not therefore wipe us out of her memory, and punish the feelings of my heart for its useless and troublesome throbs.

I will not plague you with a correspondence which could only be troublesome to you; but if ever I could suppose *any* spirit would again move me to anything worthy of you, you should again hear from your most attached and grateful friend,

M. B.

From Lord Jeffrey to Miss Berry.

Penrith, Thursday Evening, 16th May, 1844.

My dear Miss Berry,—Perhaps you have heard how very

ill I have been, almost ever since I last saw you. At all events, I hope you felt assured that nothing but absolute inability *could* have prevented me from making my varied and pleasant pilgrimage to the Shrine of my Lady's of Lower Richmond. But the fates, you see, will ever marshal themselves against the innocent pleasures of those who have just learned how best to value and enjoy them. 'Still drops some joy from *withering* life away!' And, though it be still life, it is always more and more doubtful, after it once begins to wither, whether another spring will come to replace the buds thus cruelly blasted. Well, but the plain prose of the matter, in case you should not have heard of it, is, that I was nearly a fortnight confined to bed, in Hertfordshire, with influenza-fever and bronchial cough, and have been hardly able, by great care and obedience to my doctors, to muster such a poor pittance of strength as to obtain their slow consent to my setting out to resume my duties at the meeting of the Courts next week at Edinburgh; and that I have progressed thus far, with caution and good heed, on that laudable errand. I shall be at home, I hope (with my Scythian waggon-full of grandchildren and nurses), next Saturday, but could not cross the Border with an easy mind till I had wafted a word of kind greeting to you, and recommended myself yet for a little while to your indulgent remembrance. It was a great pleasure to me to see you so well when I last called on you; and I have not parted from you for several years with so comfortable an impression, both of your present time and your futurity, and it will be a great gratification if you would now and then favour me with a little bulletin of your welfare. In the meantime I must close mine, and go to bed to recruit for the little journey of to-morrow; and so good night, and God bless you! which is all in all. With kindest remembrances to your sister, and my ever dear Lady Charlotte, ever very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

The following letter shows that, in spite of age and frequent illness, the Miss Berrys had not lost their former reputation for gathering under their roof a society who, under their auspices, knew well how to contribute to each other's amusement:—

From Rev. Sydney Smith to Miss Berry.

Combe-Florey, August 28, 1844.

The general notion here is that the two Miss Berrys, in conjunction with Lady Charlotte, have been destroyed by fire at Richmond. I am told that the Hand-in-Hand and the Phœnix fire-engines played upon them for a considerable time without the smallest effect; that they were so brilliant, and emitted so many sparks, and showed themselves to be composed of materials so combustible, that it was impossible to save them; that the elder Miss Berry (Elder Berry) was heard in her last sufferings, inviting a party to dinner after the fire. Lady Charlotte, with her glass, eyed to the last moment the fire people who were playing upon her; and Agnes screamed out to a policeman to write to the housekeeper in Curzon Street to inform her that they were all burnt alive.

If all this is untrue, I beg it may be contradicted. If you are spared, I must tell you of the honour paid to me at New York. There arrived there at the beginning of the month a Sydney Smith, whose name was in due form announced in the papers; forthwith a meeting, and a debate whether or not he should be tarred and feathered, carried in the negative; proposed and carried, by an immense majority, that he should be invited to a public dinner: in short, an uproar *à la mode de Dickens!* The arriver turned out to be a young man, a cooper. My correspondent at New York encloses me an invitation to myself to pay him a visit, and to accompany him in a tour to Niagara. So, though you think so little of me in May Fair, I am a great personage in the other quarter of the world.

We are tolerably well, and at Sidmouth for the confirmation of Mrs. Sydney's health. Pray tell me (always supposing you are not burnt alive) how you *are*, and always believe me your grateful friend,

SYDNEY SMITH.

In the month of October, Miss Berry republished an edition of her writings, in two vols. 8vo. The list of the contents is as follows:—

Comparative View of Social Life, &c.

Advertisement to the Letters addressed by Lord Orford to the Miss Berrys.
Some Account of the Life of Madame du Deffand.
Some Account of the Life of Rachael, Lady Russell.
Lady Russell and Madame de Sevigné considered as Contemporaries.
The Fashionable Friends (a Comedy).

In a MS. list of her works she had included 'The Two Martins,' a farce, never published, and the 'Preface to Lord Orford's Works and Notes,' published 1797, but they did not form a part of the two vols. published in 1844.

From Miss J. Baillie to Miss Berry.

Hampstead, October 16th.

My dear Friend,—I was much pleased with your last letter, though this does not appear very plainly in my being more than a month of thanking you for it. I by no means wished you to set your brains to work on what you felt no inclination for; and as my principal objection to the 'Social Life' was rather a childish one—the unequal sizes of the two volumes—and as this will be rectified by adding more matter already written and known, it would be very captious in me not to be satisfied. If I were much given to envy, I should envy you for two things: first, that a clever knowing-in-the-trade bookseller calls for permission to reprint your works; and next, that you can still read with undivided attention, and take an interest in every subject before you. On what spot of the earth lives that bookseller who would now publish at his own risk any part of my works? and what book could you give me to read of which I should have any distinct recollection three months hence? May all good fortune attend your forthcoming publication, which I shall read with more than my common stint of attention, and many thanks for your friendly intention of sending it to me, though I possess, from your former liberality, all the different pieces it will contain.

This will still find you and your sister in Richmond, and, I hope, enjoying the later beauties of autumn, and the comparative rest from so many visitors from town. May you by-and-by

find your excellent friend, Lady Hardwicke, well, and be refreshed with her agreeable society before you settle yourselves in Curzon Street for the winter; for we still look forward to months and half-years lying before us as we formerly did to longer periods, willing to remain here as long as our Heavenly Father pleases we should, and no longer. For me, the walking through our churchyard is no unpleasant thing; it cannot extinguish the lights beaming from the promised house in which are many mansions. Give my kind love to your sister, and with all true affection to yourself, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

J. Baillie.

From Miss Berry to Miss J. Baillie.

Richmond, 24th October.

Why, what a goose you are!—(that ever I, M. B., should dare to call Joanna Baillie a goose!) But don't you see that 'a clever knowing-in-the trade bookseller' reprints trifles made for a drawing-room table and the talk of the day, and not works written for posterity and to take their place in the small band of real poets who have adorned our country. *There* you will flourish ever green, and will rise in importance as you recede from the present generation; *there* Shakspeare will acknowledge that you dared walk on the same plank with him, without copying him, or falling from the height of which he had shown you the example; *there* Byron will own that your expression of passion in 'Basil' exceeds any of his, although calling to his aid sentiments and scenes drawn from that vicious circle to which you disdained having recurrence, and into whose precincts your muse never wandered.

Our residence here is drawing very near a close. We remove to town on Thursday next, the 31st, and shall remain in Curzon Street till the 7th or 8th, when our dear old friend at Tittenhanger expects us. Lady Davy has been staying with us since Monday last, and leaves us on Saturday. Her health is quite restored, and it is impossible to be a less troublesome, or, indeed, more agreeable inmate than she is, amusing herself when alone, and her hostesses when in company. And now, my dear Joanna, God bless you! . . . . Once more, God bless you!

M. Berry.

I have been reading 'Mrs. Grant's Letters' with considerable amusement. She often writes very well, and *thinks* well, within her horizon; but her horizon is a narrow one, and her mistakes of character often laughable.

*From the Rev. Sydney Smith to Miss Berry.**

My dear Miss Berry,—Many thanks. I have no doubt I shall receive great pleasure from the book—I am sure I have from the words of kindness in the blank-leaf. I am very sorry you are going, but will protect you from Rogers after you are gone; Rogers, of whom Sharp sings, that he is

> Less fitted for the many, than the few
> Who love the *beautiful*, and seek the *true*.

The beautiful and true Rogers! God bless you!

S. S.

Tittenhanger, November 15th. — Once again I find myself with my old friend and contemporary at this place; this must be for the *last* time, being in my eighty-second year now. If one may escape without severe suffering, who could hesitate about welcoming their removal?—who would hesitate in throwing themselves on the mercy of an Almighty Creator, and returning their spirit (more or less soiled by its passage through this world) to Him who gave it, who—punishing or rewarding—will ever do the best *possible* for the creatures of His word? To *Him*, therefore, while I yet retain the power of lifting up my thoughts to heaven, I pray that I may be removed before I become more than I am—a burthen to others and to myself.

From the Countess of Morley to Miss Berry.

—— Castle, 24th November, 1844.

My dearest Miss Berry,—I daresay 'tis a very good thing to be safely stowed away in a well-fortified castle, but I don't

* There is no date to this letter, but it may have been in acknowledgment of the complete edition of Miss Berry's works.

think it cheerful in these piping times of peace. Magnificence is always melancholy to me. Here I sit at this present writing, choked up with velvets and satins and mirrors, and gold and silver and precious stones. There is my bed! redolent of damasks and carvings, with crowns of gold on the top, as if it were all prepared for a Royal corpse to lie in state. I feel afraid of stepping into it, and have serious thoughts of passing my night on the sofa. Then when I try to cheer my spirits by looking out of my window, I see nothing but hornworks, and breast-works, and bastions, and cheveux-de-frises. . . . All the sweet face of nature shut out; not a bit of green grass or trees to be seen. 'I'd rather be a frog (*not* a toad), and live upon the vapour of a dunghill' (provided it commanded a pretty prospect of the surrounding scenery), than pass my life in a fortified castle. . . . The H——s both desire their kind regards to you, and both agree so entirely with me that you are the most agreeable mistresses of the most agreeable house in England, perhaps Europe; but that I can't answer for from my own *personal* knowledge as I can for my own country. And how are you both? Is *your* head in the right place? I fancy you enjoying your soirées d'automne in Curzon Street, and shall be very glad when I am within reach of them. . . .

Now, to relieve you from further prosing, believe me, with kind love to Miss Agnes,

Yours very affectionately,

F. MORLEY.

1845.

JOURNAL.

Richmond, May 22nd.—Here I am still, and once again in Mrs. Lamb's house, where we came on the 1st of this month. After all, few women at eighty-two have so little to complain of; the *complaint* is the *age*, not in its necessary accompaniments. My mind has been saddened for this last fortnight by the sufferings of poor Agnes; the weather has been so constantly unseasonable —so rainy and so cold—as to prevent any relief to her by being in the country. Well, but what of all this? Almost all our neighbours are as bad or worse off.

Richmond, June 26th.—Life begins to be very fatiguing to me, although aware how much better off than most or almost any woman of my great age, both as to physical and as to moral advantages. Instead of neglect of the world and of friends, I feel myself more considered, more sought after, more flattered by worldly attentions, than ever I was when I might be said to have deserved them; and my poor sister, so near my own age, will, I feel convinced, either precede or follow me in a very few months.

Tittenhanger, November 19th.—Here I am still, at my annual visit to my dear old contemporary. I have so often thought it would be my last visit that I will say no more about it. I begin to hope, from certain occasional feelings of fulness in my heart, that I may go off suddenly, which is devoutly to be wished. I should better like to have a moment to say farewell, and to say to my poor

sister, 'Don't be afraid to follow me.' But these are foolish speculations, and are, luckily, much better ordered for us than we could order them for ourselves. I have nothing to settle—nothing to wish—but to die in good fellowship with all my fellow-creatures, and not to lose my confidence in the infinite mercies of the Almighty, who has called such frail beings into existence.

1846.

Tittenhanger, May 7th.—I will not leave this place without testifying to myself that I have *again* made my appearance here, *again* been received with open arms by my dear old contemporary, and *again* found her better than I expected from the accounts I had heard of *her* great weakness.

Amongst Miss Berry's occasional correspondents was Mr. Everett, of the United States, for some time resident in England, and much valued by those who enjoyed the pleasure of his society in this country. He had apparently sent Miss Berry his Inaugural Discourse at Harvard College. Her letter bears no stamp of the decay in which she lived in constant dread, and the handwriting scarcely varies from that of her early journals :—

Richmond, 25th August 1846.

DEAR MR. EVERETT,—If I had not now lying in my writing-case a letter half written to you near a twelvemonth ago, in answer to that you so kindly addressed to me immediately on your first return to Boston, I should really not now venture to intrude on your valuable time my thanks for your flattering recollection in sending me your inaugural discourse at Harvard College.

My approbation can in no respect add weight to its excellence, nor my opinions to its reasoning, nor my admiration to its good taste; but it will be a sort of satisfaction to my own mind—a sort of association to the varied excellence of yours—while to you it will be a sort of assurance that you have spoken to the feelings and understandings of that large order of intellects among whom I may venture to class myself.

Your opinion of the importance of physical as well as mental education is dwelt on with reasons which should influence this our Old World quite as much as it can those to whom you speak; for our youth, when after leaving college they become their own masters, are apt to seek such violent exertions as hunting, rowing, cricket, &c., as can only be made wholesome by previous habits and training.

You must allow me to admire your opinion and counsel as to the cultivation of classical learning as of essential service, not only in framing the taste and style, but of influencing the mind and all its faculties in after-life.

Let me add, your truly pious wish that the means could be found of avoiding the paralysing influence of routine and habit in religious services, and infusing new life into duties now performed as mere barren forms.

The pleasure which you say you receive from recalling England and its society, I assure you is amply repaid by that society's remembrance of you—a remembrance which I have rarely before seen extended to the New World.

My sister desires to be particularly recalled to your memory.

Our friends kindly continue to surround us with every attention which could lead us to forget the rapid approach to a final separation, did not the still more rapid decline of all powers, both of mind and body, for ever keep in view the *fallutie semita vitæ* in which we are still lingering. I say this without any of the depression which often accompanies it, and endeavour still to make the most of the hours that are still allowed me, and the faculties which still remain low. My sister and Lady Charlotte Lindsay desire to unite with me in very kind remembrance to yourself and Mrs. Everett.

I dare not venture to ask to hear from you, although you must know how much any intelligence from and of yourself would be valued by your sincerely attached friend, &c.,

M. B.

The following letters from Lady Dufferin (now Lady Gifford) contain a most amusing account of the loss and partial recapture of goods stolen from herself and from her mother, Mrs. Sheridan :—

Lady Dufferin to Miss Berry.

Frampton Hall, Dorchester, Saturday.

Your kind little note followed me hither, dear Miss Berry, which must account for my not having answered it sooner. As you guessed, I was obliged to follow my '*things*' (as the maids always call their raiment) into the very jaws of the law! I think the 'Old Bailey' is a charming place. We were introduced to a live Lord Mayor, and I sat between two Sheriffs. The Common Sergeant talked to me familiarly, and I am not sure that the Governor of Newgate did not call me 'Nelly.' As for the Rev. Mr. Carver (the Ordinary), if the inherent vanity of my sex does not mislead me, I *think* I have made a deep impression there. Altogether, my Old Bailey recollections are of the most pleasing and gratifying nature. It is true, I have only got back three pairs and a half of stockings, one gown, and two shawls; but that is but a trifling consideration in studying the glorious institutions of our country. We were treated with the greatest respect, and ham sandwiches; and two magistrates handed us down to the carriage. For my part, I could not think we were in the *criminal* court, as the law was so uncommonly *civil*. But I will reserve any observations I may have made in those pleasant and polite regions until we meet, which I hope will be soon after I leave Frampton, and I shall make it a point to call on the *hermits* of Curzon Street as soon as I go to town. I was so glad to hear such excellent accounts of your health and looks from Frederick Pigou, for you were very unwell when I left England about this time two years ago. Pray keep me in remembrance, and believe me, yours very truly,

NELLY.

Hampton Court, Oct. 22.

MY DEAR MISS BERRY,—I began a little note to you the other day, to thank you for your kind remembrance of me, and for coming so far to see me (which opportunity I was *very* sorry to have missed), but my note, in the agitating agonies of packing up, disappeared, and I had not strength of mind to begin another. My mother and I have returned to this place for a few days in order to make an ineffectual grasp at any *remaining* property that we may have in the world. Of course you have heard that we were robbed and murdered the other night by a

certain soft-spoken cook, who headed a storming party of banditti thro' my mother's kitchen window; if not, you will see the full, true, and dreadful particulars in the papers, as we are to be 'had up' at the Old Bailey on Monday next for the trial. We have seen a great deal of life, and learnt a great deal of the criminal law of England this week—knowledge cheaply purchased at the cost of all my wardrobe and all my mother's plate. We have gone thro' two examinations in court; they were very hurrying and agitating affairs, and I had to kiss either the Bible or the magistrate, I don't recollect which, but *it* smelt of thumbs. The magistrates seemed to take less interest in my clothes than in my mother's spoons—I suppose from some secret *affinity* or *congeniality* which they were conscious of, 'Similis gaudet' something—(I have lost my Latin with the rest of my property). When I say 'Similis,' I don't so much allude to the *purity* of the metal as to its particular form.

I find that the idea of *personal property* is a fascinating illusion, for our goods belong, in fact, to our country and not to us; and that the petticoats and stockings which I have fondly imagined *mine* are really the petticoats of Great Britain and Ireland. I am now and then indulged with a distant glimpse of my most necessary garments in the hands of different policemen; but, 'in this stage of the proceedings,' may do no more than wistfully recognise them. Even on such occasions, the words of justice are: 'Policeman B 25, produce *your* gowns.' 'Letter A 36, identify *your* lace.' 'Letter C, tie up *your* stockings.' All this is harrowing to the feelings, but one cannot have *everything* in this life! We have obtained *justice*, and can easily wait for a change of linen. Hopes are held out to us that at some vague period in the lapse of time we may be allowed a *wear* out of our raiment—at least, so much of it as may have resisted the wear and tear of justice; and my poor mother looks confidently forward to being restored to the bosom of her silver teapot. But I don't know! I begin to look upon all property with a philosophic eye, as unstable in its nature, and liable to all sorts of pawnbrokers; moreover, the police and I have so long had my clothes in common, that I shall never feel at home in them again. To a virtuous mind, the idea that 'Inspector Dowsett' examined into all one's hooks and eyes, tapes and buttons, &c. &c., is inexpressibly painful. But I cannot pursue

that view of the subject. Let me hope, dear Miss Berry, that you feel for us as we really deserve, and that you wish me well 'thro' my clothes' on Monday next! If I were sure you are at Richmond still, I might endeavour to return your kind visit; but at present our costumes are too *light*, and our hearts too heavy, for the empty forms and ceremonies of social intercourse. I hope, however, to see you ere very long; and with very kind remembrances to your sister, believe me,

Yours very truly,

HELEN A. DUFFERIN.

1847–48.

JOURNAL.

Petersham, Saturday, July 3rd.—Here I am still; thus far advanced in another year! I am never ten days without an attack of those pulsations of heart; still, this is not acute pain, and I *must* be and I *am* grateful.

Tittenhanger, Monday, November 8th.—I will write a line or two to *constater* my appearance at my old contemporary's.* I find both her and myself much disabled since we last met here, a year and a half ago.

From Countess of Morley to Miss Berry.

Saltram, 6th Jan. 1848.

DEAREST MISS BERRY,—The sight of your writing was very refreshing to my eyes, for I began to fancy your right hand had lost its cunning, as I had no unanswered letter of yours weighing on my conscience, and it was long since I had direct information of you. I have heard two or three collateral reports of the joys of Curzon Street, and thereby felt satisfied that you were pretty well. Thank you thousands of times for the *really* good account you give me of yourself. I do like *you*, of all people in the world, warning one against octogenarianism, when all you think and look and speak and do, tend to the conclusion that the enjoyments and attractions of youth, and even the middle ages, are 'flat and unprofitable' when compared with those of riper years. Somebody says, 'I look for old age as a cheerful and happy time; the affections are often full as warm as they ever are. Well may the affections of piety be so! they almost grasp the prize that shall crown them; the battle is

almost fought, the victory is near at hand.' You and I have talked on these matters, and I think we fully agree in this view of life—as it advances onward, it is anything but a melancholy prospect. . . .

God bless ye both, my very dear friends!

Believe me, ever most affectionately yours,

F. MORLEY.

Extract of a Letter from Countess of Morley to Miss Berry.

Feb. 27.

DEAREST MISS BERRY,—You have no business to say ill-natured things of old age. It is an evil or a good (like most things) according as we take it; but it is scarcely an evil to you; and, as I always take you for my model in that matter, it shall not be an evil to me, if, please God, I live two or three years longer, and have no lingering painful disease to prevent my enjoying and making the best of it. You are surrounded, almost as you were in your youth, by those who admire and love you with all their hearts and souls. You have a large volume of past events in your memory to interest you at all times; you have still a cheerful *enjoying* spirit, and above all that blessed hope that, as the world and its pleasures draw to a close, a far, far higher state of enjoyment awaits you. 'Tis for 'crabbed age' to grumble—standing alone like a blasted yew in a churchyard, with nothing around but the graves of contemporaries—without the sweet compensation of those gentle, kindly, warm feelings and affections, which attach all who come within their influence, old and young, and make life, if it were to last as long as did that of Methuselah, cheerful and happy. Now is not that the truth? I begin to have a craving to drive up to your door, and to have a merry evening at dear No. 8. . . . God bless you, &c. &c.

Extract of a Letter from a Friend at Paris.

June 30, 1848.

DEAREST MISS BERRY,—Though I dare say Lady Dillon will tell you that I and mine are safe, I write you a few lines to tell you so myself, now that my apoplectic fit has gone off. I know you take the 'Journal des Débats,' which is not one of the eleven

suppressed papers; those who were *abonnés* to 'La Presse' or 'L'Assemblée Nationale' are in a bad way. Emile de Girardin has been in prison ever since the *état de siège.* I cannot see sufficient to warrant such severity in the two articles pointed out in his journal as the cause of this measure. Our first legion of National Guards, in which —— is a lieutenant, was the whole time, from Friday morning till Monday evening, out, and in the thick of the fight on this side of the water, at the Clos St. Lazare, the terminus of the Chemin-de-fer du Nord, the Place de la Bastille, and Faubourg St. Antoine, where on Monday morning they assisted in taking five barricades. Thank God! he escaped unwounded, though twice hit by balls on his epaulette; had he been an inch taller, he would probably have been killed. The carnage was dreadful; the blood ran down the gutters of the Faubourg St. Antoine in streams, but the newspapers tell you all about this frightful insurrection. There is still much danger for officers of all arms; shots are constantly fired at them from windows. One at eleven o'clock yesterday morning, from a house in the Faubourg du ——— happily missed the officer at whom it was directed; some of the mobile rushed in, and brought out the assassin, a blacksmith, and shot him instantly. Every night we illuminate, so as to make the streets so light, that the patroles can move in safety through them. They are still searching for arms and ammunition; a vast deal have been found concealed in this quarter, which has been pretty quiet, though the National Ateliers at Monceaux are near us, and La Petite Pologne, a very bad quarter, and *mal habité,* is in this neighbourhood. The Chef de Bataillon, an *ouvrier-mécanicien,* that they elected in March, has given in his *démission*; they talk of —— to replace him, and the responsibility is very great. Think of that *ouvrier* seeing his father and two brothers on one of the barricades he had to lead his men against, while his sisters were handing cartridges or drink to the insurgents, and his father's house contained a depôt of ammunition! Do you wonder his men thought him *un peu mou* on the occasion? but what is more, they say he did not follow the line of march traced out by Lamoricière, but took them by back streets where they were *mitraillé.* This most probably was not treachery; he did not know that the insurgents were placed in their houses, but he did wish to keep away as much as possible from the home of his family. We

are sorry that Cavaignac has kept Carnot and Runot in the ministry, but are very glad to have got rid of the Executive and Tubat, Duclerc, and Florion. I hope the *état de siège* may continue for some time, for there are many dangerous individuals about. I believe, beyond the fortifications, it would be by no means safe either to live in a lonely house or to walk alone. Half the *forçats liberés* had broken their *bans* and come to Paris; they no doubt committed the dreadful atrocities we hear of. It was rather comical, I hear, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, to see everyone, men, women, and children, stopped and examined at every corner of a street. There was one of these posts under Elizabeth's window, as hers is a corner house, and it greatly amused my little grand-daughter. The National Guard in general discriminated, but the little mobiles thought it good fun to *palper* every woman that came across them. They took from one woman a large bundle of cartridges. Every trick imaginable was put in practice to convey arms and ammunition to the insurgents, and women were found with pistols and sabres under their clothes; hence the orders given. Those who like myself did not like to be searched stayed at home. They say that M. de la Rederte, who has the same reputation that Pozzo had some thirty years ago, volunteered to stand sentry at a crossing.

Landrin is to be our new Préfet of Police. We had rather have had another President of the Assemblée than Marie; however, he was latterly the best of the Executive. I suppose we shall never again see such an outbreak; more blood was shed in three days, Soult says, than at Austerlitz or at Saragossa; but we shall have many shots, I have no doubt. It is a horrid life. 'Mon Paris est gâté,' for the rest of my days. I write in haste not to miss the post.

Ever most affectionately yours.

Letter from Mr. Everett to Miss Berry.

Cambridge, U.S.A., 19th September, 1848.

My dear Miss Berry,—I will not tell you how much pleasure your letter of the 3rd September 1847 gave me, because you will justly say that if there was a word of truth in such professions, I should show my gratification by expressing it at once.

But I am indeed *very* busy and—but never mind;—I am in all sincerity truly grateful for your letters; truly proud of the friendly interest you still take in us.

My year has passed away in a quiet round of duties, which, affording no incidents, is one reason why I do not write to you more punctually.

The subject of greatest interest to us on this side of the water, during the past twelvemonth, has been the condition of affairs in Europe. Do you recollect that when you wrote me a year ago, the then recent Praslin tragedy was a topic of sufficient interest to occupy a distinct place in your letter? How insignificant does such an event now seem, after what the past year has exhibited to us in every country in Europe!—each steamer almost bringing us the intelligence of some amazing catastrophe. We feel the extent to which the continent is shaken by the number and character of the fugitives it drives to our shores. A few days ago a widow, who professed to be, and I believe is, a relative of ——, came out to New York as a steerage passenger, and is now living on charity. About three weeks since, Father de Vico, of the *Collegio Romano* at Rome, who has sixteen times been the first discoverer of comets, paid us a visit here at Cambridge. The liberals (?) of the pontifical city drove out the Jesuits. They were willing to allow Father de Vico, out of tenderness for his comets, to stay at Rome with two of his learned colleagues. But the Jesuits triumphed over the astronomer; and the good father shook off the dust of the ungrateful city. M. Agassiz, whom you well know by reputation, established himself here in a chair of Zoology, founded for him before the troubles began in Europe. But one of the first measures of the liberal party of the Canton of Neuchatel, of which he was a citizen, was to break up the collegiate institution in that city, and turn the professors out upon the world; stopping also a travelling pension which the King of Prussia at Alexander von Humboldt's instance had granted poor Agassiz out of the treasury of Neuchatel. His old friends and colleagues are constantly arriving here; he has quite a colony of them (honest men who, speaking nothing but French, have come to lecture to us Yankees, who speak nothing but English, as George Primrose went to Holland to teach the Dutch), already gathered round him, and quartered upon his own humble

resources, four in a room. He showed me the other day a letter from an aged professor in Heidelberg, praying him to find a buyer in America for a choice library of 12,000 volumes, which its owner, who has spent his life in collecting it, can now no longer use, and wishes to exchange for a farm in America. These are incidents of your tremendous vicissitudes of an humble academic cast which have passed within the range of my individual observation. There is probably no person, having any relations with Europe, social and commercial, that cannot tell the same story. Immigration pours in upon us in a swelling tide; not less than three or four thousand a year! You must not blame us for grasping at Oregon and dismembering Mexico, while you are pouring in upon us these needy myriads. The outlet we are thereby able to afford the overcrowded population of Europe is a very important mitigation of the distresses of their condition. Then when one turns his thoughts from these troubles and trials of humble men—the nameless cyphers in the great account of humanity—to the fate of the privileged (?) few who give import and significance to the tale of human fortune—when one contemplates not 'the fear of change which perplexes monarchs,' but the frightful realization of that fear in almost every palace of continental Europe—one ceases to wonder that Father de Vico has discovered sixteen comets, and yields a ready belief to Sir John Herschel's calculation, that there are three millions of these omnibus bodies within the orbit of Saturn.

Meantime, my dear friend, I rejoice most truly with you that dear old England has thus far ridden out the storm so nobly. God grant she may still do it! I have no fear to the contrary; her stability has not been the growth of the day. Too many centuries and generations of wise and good men and women have contributed to the edifice, and it is 'founded on a rock'—the rock of public and private virtue.

Dr. Holland occasionally gratifies me with a hopeful account of your health. . . . . Remember me most kindly to Miss Agnes and Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and believe me, my dear Miss Berry, Your affectionate, faithful friend,

EDWARD EVERETT.

Curzon Street, Sunday, November 12th.—I am sorry I

did not write a line in this book yesterday, when I might once more have dated from Tittenhanger, where I had been staying from Monday the 6th, and when I left my dear old friend in much better plight than for several years back, both with regard to her own feelings and to her existence.

From the Countess of Morley to Miss Berry.

Saltram, 3rd December, 1848.

DEAREST MISS BERRY,—Corresponsively speaking, I am in nowise a punctilious woman as to the question of debtor and creditor; but if everybody had their due, a letter was due from *you* to *me*, in answer to one I did myself the honour to address to you from Bowood, and I have had my pen on the half cock ready to fire at you; in hopes that the *ricochet* would bring me a good report of you and your proceedings. However, my ammunition is saved by your small dispatch received this morning, by which I may infer that you are pretty flourishing, as you only refer to your eighty-sixth ailment, which I hold to be a very light matter, and to *you* above all people—with your ears and your eyes, and your limbs and your mind, and your zest, and your capabilities of enjoyment all alive and kicking, as if you were eighteen, instead of eighty-five! Depend upon it, it is no bad position to be safely landed on the isthmus between this world and a better, without shipwreck or disaster; to look calmly back on the storms and shoals we have escaped; to feel each year a diminished grief for those we have lost on our side, because it brings us nearer to the hope of joining them again on the other; and then of feeling that, through the mercy of God and the firm faith in His promises, we may dare to look with hope and confidence to that other world! No, no! I shan't waste any good pity on you in the enjoyment of your isthmus; nor do I think you are the least disposed to pity yourself.

Dear Lady Dunny* has been here, and we had at the same time the John Abel Smiths and Lord de Mauley—very good ingredients, producing an excellent result. At Port Eliot, I

* A familiar appellation of one of the Miss Berrys' most constant friends—Lady de Dunstanville. Died 1865, aged eighty-eight.

managed to hatch a cold, which I came back to nurse on Wednesday, and have abided in my own room ever since, though to-day I am better, and have dressed myself like a gentlewoman and returned to the bosom of my family, though I am still not up to my usual vigour; but have that *rickętty, duck-in-a-hackney-coach* feeling which remains for some days after a feverish cold. Poor Charles Buller! his death appears to have been caused by typhus fever. Don't you hate that that tranquil, sacred, Eternal City should have caught the odious Revolutionary mania, and turn out just as wild and savage and turbulent as Paris? Alas! alas! what times we live in!

God bless you, my dearest Miss Berry. It will be a very great pleasure to find oneself knocking at the door of No. 8 Curzon Street. Best of loves to Miss Agnes.

Ever your most affectionate,

F. MORLEY.

Letter from Miss Berry to Countess of Morley.

Curzon Street: Thursday, 7th December, 1848.

A thousand thanks for your most comfortable letter of the 3rd, whether, *corresponsively* speaking, I deserved it or not. It came most opportunely, for I have been more than ordinarily unwell for the last week, and am *much more* than ordinarily weakened by it, although, therefore, I can less than usual agree with you in your statement of what I have to meet and combat, with the ills of eighty-five years of life. I most entirely agree with you in your view of the prospects, the consolations, and the comforts of that state of existence, when we can look back to the sufferings, the anxieties, the baffled hopes, the cruel disappointments, the poignant griefs, the crushed dictates of high aspirations, and the quiet sufferings of tender hearts, at discovering that, short-lived as we are, our sentiments often die before us. To have cast all this behind one, I must think a great relief, and I pity those who do not feel it so. But at the foot of that *isthmus* which you so well describe, lays a morass in which mere physical weakness often more than half smothers all powers but those of mere existence, and all sense but of the failure of those powers. This, this is death, not the mere yielding up of breath which can no longer be of any value.

I am interrupted, and you must have had enough of me by this time; so God bless you.

M. BERRY.

Can I send off a letter with this date without mentioning Macaulay's book? Of all the seducing books you ever read, I will venture to say you will agree this is the first. I hope you have got it already, or you must wait for it, as the whole 2,000 copies are already sold, and a second edition preparing.

Extract of Letter from Miss Berry to Countess of Morley.

24th December, 1848.

. . . . You may have heard from some correspondent in London wanting a paragraph to garnish their letter, that I am *wonderfully* well; have been seeing people every night, and had Macaulay to dine with me, and six other men to meet him; and this, you may easily conceive, may be all true. . . . . Talking of Macaulay, I hope you have got his book, as the *very* most entertaining reading I ever met with. . . . The first edition of 3,000 copies was sold in the first week; another, of 3,000 more, is to come out on Thursday next.

He bears his honours most quietly; but the men who dined with him here last week said they had never seen him so entertaining.

1849.

THIS year the Miss Berrys sustained a heavy loss in the death of Lady Charlotte Lindsay. She had been their most constant companion for years and years, and dear to both as though she had been another sister. Her affection for them is so tenderly expressed in a little note that had been preserved amongst Miss Berry's correspondence, that it claims a place here to show how worthy these firm friends were of each other's attachment.

Saturday, December 14.

I cannot wait till half-past six, but must say a word now to thank you all for the kind tokens I got yesterday. You say that you are 'the most grateful of my friends.' Dearest Mary, that gratitude is due to your Creator, who made you so lovable that I could not help loving you. But what gratitude do *I* owe Him, who, when I had the misfortune to survive all those who were nearest and dearest to me, disposed two hearts, like yours and dear Agnes s, to receive into your intimacy and warm affection a heart that must otherwise have withered in hopeless solitude! Whenever either of you feel low or discouraged, as we all do at times, say to yourselves, 'There is one creature at least who owes to us the comfort of her latter days.'

Dear Anne's* remembrances I truly value; they are, like herself, so judicious and useful. Pray thank her for me—and now farewell, till dinner. Your own

CHARLOTTE.

Lady Charlotte died October the 25th. The following letters have been kept out of the many that poured in upon them expressive of their writers' sympathy on this trying occasion :—

* Miss Turner.

From the Countess of Morley to Miss Berry.

Bowood, Sunday, 28th October, 1849.

My dearest Miss Berry,—I cannot resist the impulse I feel to trouble you with one word to express that which I know you will believe in, without my expressing it at all—my deep sympathy in your sorrow.

I know from your last letter that you were prepared for what has happened, and that you had even for some months foreseen that a change was working; but I fear you were not prepared for the suddenness of the great change. The best of all consolations you have is the peacefulness of her end! So happy a termination of an existence so gentle and so good. God grant us all the like! What can we wish for a greater blessing?

You *shall* not write to me yourself, no more shall Miss Agnes; but let me have a word from anyone about you who can tell me how you both are, and I shall be most grateful. All here do feel, as I do, most deeply for you. I am most anxious for a little word of information about yourself.

God bless and support you both, my very dear friends. Believe me ever most truly and affectionately yours,

F. Morley.

From the Hon. R. K. Craven to Miss Berry.

Naples, November 16, 1849.

My dear Friends,—However painful the obligation imposed upon me by the reciprocal feelings of affectionate regard which have united us for so many years, and the severe shock which they have received, I should ill deserve a continuance of those sentiments on your part if I deferred any longer expressing, not *all* I have suffered from so unexpected a blow, but how greatly its effects have been aggravated by the conviction of the share of sorrow which must fall to your lot.

I cannot assume the thankless task of offering consolation which I feel unequal to receive; and my object in writing is merely to assure you of the depth and sincerity of the sympathy which binds me to your regrets, and to solicit permission not to sever a correspondence which, once a great enjoyment, must now become a comfort.

You are well aware that my communications, though directed

in *form* to our dear lost friend, were in *fact* equally addressed to yourselves, and that in the continuance of the correspondence which I request, the transfer of one name for another is the only change I can contemplate.

To *these* lines I hope for a speedy reply, if even of only a few, to inform me of your state of mind and health; but in future I shall not be so unreasonable as to exact strict regularity of *response* from such as, like yourselves, have to fulfil a constant course of social and friendly duties, if you will allow me to write whenever, *not* inclination (for that I am certain of), but materials, with a sheet of paper, may suggest the act.

Of political or private intelligence of any interest I can offer no sample; His Holiness is still at Portici—that is, he *sleeps* there, but most of his days are occupied in visiting monasteries or public establishments in the Capital, diversified by an occasional visit, by railroad, to Caserta, where the Court is established, and lately by an excursion to his own kingdom of Benevento. There were accredited rumours of his provisional return to the Holy City, and the twenty-fifth of this month had even been fixed upon as the certain period for that important event; but the news of the change of Ministry in France seems to have excited misgivings of some obstacles to this wished-for consummation, and everything is thrown again into doubt and uncertainty. Naples, never very animated at this season, except by the arrival of strangers, is more than usually dull from their deficiency, and many other causes. The quarantines against *every* port, and indeed every capital, except Rome, will of course contribute greatly to keep away all aliens. The public *native* mind is much oppressed by uneasiness and uncertainty; numberless arrestations have been effected, and indeed continue; and the ignorance of the community as to the *real* motives of all these preventive or repressive measures, and the impossibility of guessing *when* the trials will take place, or what will be their result, has cast universal gloom on the surface of the whole place, as well as on the higher ranks of society. Matters in Sicily seem going on satisfactorily, under the direction of its conqueror, Filangier, who is in fact the only individual who rises above the common herd in any *one* article of capacity or *honesty*. I have been in town rather less than a fortnight, having quitted my ruralities, which have shared the

fate of the whole kingdom, in having been *wasted* by the driest summer ever known, and *not* restored or refreshed by the usual quantum of autumnal rain, which is yet a desideratum. Not only have the deciduous trees lost their ornaments two months earlier than customary, but the evergreens are denuded, and what remains of leaves upon their shrunken limbs is a kind of dusty cobweb of most unsightly quality.

Knudtzon and Baillie have not yet resumed their stations as household gods in this city, but are, I am told, on their way. There are no married diplomates, and no rich or illustrious foreigners, so society has but an indifferent perspective before it; but I believe it is not better in any other part of the peninsula. As to myself, I am not more flourishing than my neighbours, having been worried in the hot weather by complaints denominated nervous by the faculty, and now, in the cooler season, distressed by other ailings; but, as they say here, 'Bisogna compativa alla debolezza umane.' And now, my dearest friends, be so good as to join in that benevolent feeling, and forgive your sincere and affectionate

R. K. Craven.

1850.

Neither letters of any interest nor journals of any kind were kept during this year.

1851.

In the month of February in this year, died at Hampstead, Miss Joanna Baillie, in her eighty-ninth year.

1852.

THE LAST YEAR.

THE year opened sadly by the death of Miss Agnes Berry. She had been failing for some time, and in January her days were closed.

Miss Berry says, in a letter to a relation, 'her death was most peaceful, and without any great previous suffering:' then, speaking of the effect on her own health, she adds, 'Certainly, no creature had ever reason to be so grateful for the kindness, the sympathy, and the affection of friends, as myself. In short, I hope I am tolerably prepared to follow dear Agnes at as short a distance as I ever thought I should, and of which we have so often talked with mutual satisfaction.'

Miss Agnes was buried at Petersham Church. Amongst the mourners were, Mr. Cayley, sen. (a cousin); the Hon. Frederick Byng (also a distant relation); Mr. Crauford, sen.; Mr. William Twopeny; Mr. Kinglake; Mr. Foley Wilmot. Miss Berry insisted on attending herself, in the church; and there were many others attending voluntarily, both in the church and at the grave.

Amongst the friends who devoted themselves very constantly to ministering comfort and consolation to Miss Berry during these weary months of bereavement, were Mrs. Frederick Elliot,* and the friend of long years' standing, Lady Scott. But little remains to mark the last months of her life. A few letters of condolence on Miss Agnes' death were kept; but one must suppose that,

* Wife of Frederick Elliot, Esq., sister of Sir Erskine Perry.

with the sense of approaching death, she cared little to preserve any letters or memoranda. The only event she has recorded in a letter to a friend, June 28, 1852, was her private presentation to Her Majesty.

'I have had the honour,' she says, 'of having been sent for by the Queen, who, by my friend the Duchess of Sutherland, desired (as she said) to *make my acquaintance*. Luckily, I had strength enough to carry me through the interview very agreeably; and I was much pleased to find our sovereign so pleasing and so unaffected a person, to say nothing of her extreme graciousness to me.'

Miss Berry had been staying in the autumn, with Lady Scott, at Petersham. Towards the end of October she returned to London. A very decided change took place in her health; the illness soon became serious. Miss Ferguson arrived in Curzon Street, to stay with her, on the 11th of November; and a few days later, seeing there was no hope of recovery, Lady Scott came to town also, that she might be near her.

Miss Berry was right in her conviction, that the one sister would not long survive the other!—the same year was fatal to both. On the 20th of November, at midnight, without a struggle, scarcely a sigh, she breathed her last, in her 90th year. She was buried by her sister at Petersham.*

The chief mourners were, Mr. Crauford; the Hon. Frederick Byng; Dr. Milman, Dean of St. Paul's; and Mr. Twopeny: and amongst the numerous friends who voluntarily paid this last tribute of respect were, Sir H. Ferguson Davie, the Earl of Carlisle, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. Charles Greville, Mr. John Abel Smith, &c. &c.

* The following month, December, died Miss Ann Turner. Their faithful old servant, so often mentioned in Miss Berry's journals, Mrs. Harrot, outlived her kind mistresses but two years. The Countess of Hardwicke outlived all her generation of friends and contemporaries: died 1858, aged 95.

We have travelled through a long life unchequered in its career by any strange adventure, or by any startling vicissitudes, but not, it may be hoped, without affording interest to those who have been personally or traditionally familiar with the names and events connected with the time that dates from the year 1783, when the first journal commences, till the closing scene in 1852. To some it may awaken recollections of former days; and to the younger generation it will be as a book of photographic representations, literal, and undisguised by art, of the society and the times in which their parents, their grand-parents, and even their great-grand-parents lived. Neither Miss Berry's letters or journals were written for display: they were the genuine reflections of what met her eye, and the echo of what reached her ear. The tone of many of the letters addressed to her, evince a just appreciation of her strong understanding and energetic mind; and they show the estimation in which she was held by persons, whose confidence and approbation it was an honour to have enjoyed. What was wanting in Miss Berry's mind were the lighter graces and gifts which spring from a lively imagination—that playfulness of thought which, by the humorous combination of fanciful imagery, enlivens dulness itself, and can convert into subjects of mirth the most ordinary occurrences or even the trifling annoyances of life. Nor was there in her mind that vivid connection between things seen and thoughts unseen, that lends the magic charm of poetry to scenes and circumstances which can be only half enjoyed without this power of awakening association, and combining reality with imagination. Miss Berry had the highest admiration for poetry, and a most cultivated taste in the selection of what she admired; she had an intellectual pleasure in epigrammatic wit; but social intercourse never elicited from her those sparkles

which, without pretending to enlighten, give brilliancy to trifles unworthy of graver discussion.

Notwithstanding the depressing sense of advancing age and receding powers, which pervaded most strongly every line Miss Berry wrote of herself, during the latter years of her life, a certain amount of social enjoyment never really forsook either her sister or herself: they cast no gloom on the friends whom they welcomed, and who congregated at their house no less for their own pleasure, than to show their love and respect for those they visited. With the lives of the sisters closed a society which will be ever remembered by all who frequented those pleasant little gatherings in Curzon Street. Sometimes a note, sometimes a word, and more often the lamp being lighted over the door, was taken as notice to attend, and, on entering, it might be to find only a few *habitués*, or a larger and more brilliant assembly. All that was uncertain; but it was certain to find the cordial welcome of the two genial lively, well-dressed, distinguished-looking hostesses—the comfortable tea-table, over which their friend Miss Anne Turner presided for years, and Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the third partner in the firm, clever and agreeable to the last. There was an absence of formality—a kindly mingling together of persons of various habits, pursuits, and positions in life, that tended to bring different portions of society together, as much as in other coteries there is a tendency to keep them apart; and when death had closed this little chapter in our social life, no one attempted, or, indeed, could have carried it on with equal success: their age, their experience in society, Miss Berry's acknowledged talent, their home-staying life, their absence of domestic duties and of family ties, all contributed to give them the power and the means which others have not, to do that which few would have done so well, under equally favourable circumstances.

It has long been over, and death has set its seal on

many who composed that society. A time must come to all, when the enjoyment of the present, and the hopes of the future, cede their place to the memory of the past. We cannot renew what is gone.

Happy are those who can look back to social pleasures, to useful toil, and to domestic happiness, and gratefully recall the time 'when such things were'!

Inscription to the memory of Miss Berry and her sister, at Petersham, written by the Earl of Carlisle :—

MARY BERRY,

BORN MARCH 1763, DIED NOV. 1852.

AGNES BERRY,

BORN MAY 1764, DIED JAN. 1852.

BENEATH THIS STONE ARE LAID THE REMAINS OF
THESE
TWO SISTERS,
AMIDST SCENES WHICH IN LIFE
THEY HAD FREQUENTED AND LOVED,
FOLLOWED BY THE TENDER REGRET OF THOSE
WHO CLOSE
THE UNBROKEN SUCCESSION OF FRIENDS
DEVOTED TO THEM WITH FOND AFFECTION
DURING EVERY STEP
OF THEIR LONG CAREER.

In pious adoration of the great God of Heaven and Earth, they looked to rest in the Lord.
They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.

The following lines from the pen of Mr. Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton) appeared in the 'Times' after the funeral of Miss Berry:—

MARY AND AGNES BERRY.

Nov. 27, 1852.

Two friends within one grave we place,
United in our tears,—
Sisters, scarce parted for the space
Of more than eighty years;
And she whose bier is borne to-day,
The one the last to go,
Bears with her thoughts that force their way
Above the moment's woe;

Thoughts of the varied human life
Spread o'er that field of time—
The toil, the passion, and the strife,
The virtue and the crime.
Yet, 'mid this long tumultuous scene,
The image on our mind
Of these dear women rests serene,
In happy bounds confined.

Within one undisturbed abode
Their presence seems to dwell,
From which continual pleasures flowed,
And countless graces fell;
Not unbecoming this our age
Of decorative forms,
Yet simple as the hermitage
Exposed to Nature's storms.

Our English grandeur on the shelf
Deposed its decent gloom,
And every pride unloosed itself
Within that modest room,

Where none were sad, and few were dull,
And each one said his best,
And beauty was most beautiful
With vanity at rest.

Brightly the day's discourse rolled on,
Still casting on the shore
Memorial pearls of times bygone,
And worthies now no more;
And little tales of long ago
Took meaning from those lips,
Wise chroniclers of joy and woe,
And eyes without eclipse.

No taunt or scoff obscured the wit
That there rejoiced to reign;
They never could have laughed at it
If it had carried pain.
There needless scandal, e'en though true,
Provoked no bitter smile,
And even men of fashion grew
Benignant for a while.

Not that there lacked the nervous scorn
At every public wrong,
Not that a friend was left forlorn
When victim of the strong.
Free words, expressing generous blood,
No nice punctilio weighed,
For deep and earnest womanhood
Their reason underlaid.

As generations onward came,
They loved from all to win
Revival of the sacred flame
That glowed their hearts within.
While others in Time's greedy mesh
The faded garlands flung,
Their hearts went out and gathered fresh
Affections from the young.

Farewell, dear ladies! in your loss
We feel the past recede,
The gap our hands could almost cross
Is now a gulf indeed.
Ye, and the days in which your claims
And charms were early known,
Lose substance, and ye stand as names
That History makes its own.

Farewell! the pleasant social page
Is read, but ye remain
Examples of ennobled age,
Long life without a stain;
A lesson to be scorned by none,
Least by the wise and brave,
Delightful as the winter sun
That gilds this open grave.

FRAGMENTS.

The following manuscript verses were found amongst Miss Berry's papers. The Editor is not aware that any of them have been published before.

PROPHÉTIE TURGOTINE.

(Composed in the year 1775.)

VIVENT tous nos beaux esprits,
Encyclopédistes,
Du bonheur français épris,
Grands économistes;
Par leurs soins, au temps d'Adam,
Nous reviendrons, c'est leur plan.
Momus les assiste:
O gué!
Momus les assiste.

Ce n'est pas de nos bouquins
Que vient leur science;
En eux ces fiers paladins
Ont la sapience.
Les Colberts et les Sully
Nous paraissent grands, mais fi!
Ce n'est qu'ignorance:
O gué!
Ce n'est qu'ignorance.

On verra tous les états
Entre eux se confondre,
Les pauvres sur leurs grabats
Ne plus se morfondre.
Des biens on fera des lots
Qui rendront les gens égaux.
Le bel œuf à pondre!
O gué!
Le bel œuf à pondre.

Du même pas marcheront
  Noblesse et roture ;
Les François retourneront
  Aux droits de nature.
Adieu, parlement et loix,
Ducs, et princes, et rois.
  La bonne aventure :
    O gué !
  La bonne aventure.

Puis, devenus vertueux
  Par philosophie,
Les François auront des deux
  A leur fantaisie ;
Nous reverrons un oignon
A Jésus damer le pion.
  Ah, quelle harmonie !
    O gué !
  Ah, quelle harmonie !

Alors d'amour sûreté,
  Entre sœurs et frères
Sacrement et parenté
  Seront des chimères ;
Chaque père imitera
Noé, quand il s'enivra.
  Liberté plénière :
    O gué !
  Liberté plénière.

Plus de moines langoureux,
  De plaintives nonnes ;
Au lieu d'adresses aux lieux,
  Matines et nonnes,
On verra ces malheureux
Danser, abjurant leurs vœux.
  Gallante chaconne :
    O gué !
  Gallante chaconne.

Partisans des novations,
La fine séquelle—
La France des nations
Sera le modèle ;
Et cet honneur nous devrons
Aux Turgot et compagnons :—
Besogne immortelle ;
O gué !
Besogne immortelle.

A qui devrons-nous le plus ?
C'est à notre maître,
Qui, se croyant un abus,
Ne voudra plus l'être.
Ah, qu'il faut aimer le bien ;
Pour de roi n'être plus rien
J'enverrais tous paître ;
O gué !
J'enverrais tous paître.

VERS ÉCRIT SOUS UN DESSEIN DE DEUX PETITS AMOURS. Par Mons. de Lally.

Qu'avez-vous donc ? vous pleurez, mes enfans.
Hélas, monsieur, voyez notre misère :
Il a gelé, nous sommes tout tremblans.
Pauvres petits ! avez-vous une mère ?
Oh, oui, monsieur, et qui nous est bien chère.
Elle pourrait vous couvrir un peu plus,
Contre le froid vous n'êtes pas vêtus.
Demandez-lui ; C'est qu'elle est en colère ;
Si vous vouliez porter notre prière !
Très-volontiers ; est-ce elle que l'on voit ?
Mon frère est là, qui vous la montre au doigt.
Votre maman, messieurs, est fort gentille ;
Elle se nomme ? Agnès. Et vous ? Amours.
Oh ! je connais beaucoup votre famille,
J'ai dans son sein passé tous mes beaux jours ;
Je sais très-bien comme il faut qu'on l'habille,
Et les saisons qui peuvent la glacer,
Et de quel bois elle veut se chauffer ;

Or je soupçonne ici quelques mystères,
Vous n'êtes pas des amours ordinaires:
De la franchise. Allons; ce grand courroux
De la maman, d'où vient-il entre nous?

INSCRIPTION FOR A BUST OF MR. FOX.

By the Hon. William Lamb.

Live, Marble, live! for thine 's a sacred trust—
The patriot's face, that speaks his noble mind;
Live, that our sons may kneel before this bust,
And hail the benefactor of mankind.

This was the man who, midst the tempest's rage,
A mark of safety to the nation stood,
Warn'd with prophetic voice a servile age,
And strove to quench the ruthless thirst for blood.

This was the man whose ever-deathless fame
Recalls his generous life's illustrious scenes.
To bless his fellow-creatures was his aim,
And universal Liberty his means.

BY MR. JEKYLL.

From Pepper Arden's law,
From Bonaparte's paw,
God save the King!
From war and want of bread,
From Portland stone and lead,
From Bogy Grenville's head,
God save the King!

From Billy Pitt's device,
Dundas and Scotch advice,
God shield the King!
From Windham's sophistry,
Pybus' poetry,
And from Lord Hawkesbury,
God save the King!

O Lord, our God, arise,
Send us some new allies,
That we may treat;
And should their amities
End in new perfidies,
Get back our subsidies,
That we may eat!

Mrs. William Lock, wife of William Lock, Esq., of Norbury Park, Surrey, was celebrated for her very remarkable beauty. The following lines found in Miss Berry's papers are headed, 'On Mrs. William Lock, given at a Masquerade:' they are not in Miss Berry's own handwriting.

ON MRS. WILLIAM LOCK AT A MASQUERADE.

When Grecian Zeuxis labour'd to express
A perfect form of female loveliness,
He chose some feature for his fair design
From ev'ry graceful shape, and face divine,
Till all their bright and countless charms combined
Rose on his canvas, soften'd and refined,
The glory of the Greeks, the wonder of mankind!
O thou! thrice bless'd, in all that blesses life,
The tender mother and the spotless wife,
When he, whom most thy gentle mind approves,
The wedded partner of thy hallow'd loves,
Shall seek, like Zeuxis, and with Zeuxis' pow'r,*
To paint the form of beauty's fairest flow'r,
His happier genius shall not need to trace
Each scatter'd feature from a sep'rate face:
He, with a conscious joy, will proudly see
Their various charms united all in thee—
Clasp the pure form, the model of his art,
And hail the living likeness in his heart!

* Mr. Wm. Lock was well known as an amateur artist.

THE COUNTRY CAT.

DOCKETED 'BY MISS FANSHAWE.'

A COUNTRY cat of high degree
Determined London town to see.
Beloved she was, approved of all,
Whether in chamber or in hall;
Descended from Grimalkin's race,
Her sires the inmates of the place,
An ancient tower, a moat, a park,
A castle worthy of remark—
All this was hers; the lord thereof
Was but as steward on her behalf.
Mistress of birds, of rabbits, rats,
The very happiest of cats!
Ah! wherefore should she wish to roam
And leave her handsome, happy home?
But cats have fancies—so have we:
Il falloit passer son envie.
In coach-and-four she drove to town
And halted at the Bell and Crown.
(I needs must own, if you should ask it,
She went to London in the basket.)
As she slipp'd in, so slipp'd she out,
Incog.: she thought she'd look about,
And soon she spied, with joyous glee,
Six handsome cats as fair as she;
She waved her tail, and join'd the party
With conscious worth and manners hearty;
Nor yet she mark'd the look askance,
The doubtful quiz, the scornful glance.
She spoke her name, her race, her wealth,
Her sudden trip to town by stealth;
She craved protection from them all,
And offer'd hers at—Purring Hall.

The party view'd her with surprise,
And mark'd her fur with envious eyes.

'You 've got a fine pelisse,' said one;
'Pity 't is much too bright for town:
'T is only fit for country folk,
Yet it may mend by London smoke.
Sorry to leave you—but, alas!
To-day we dine with Carrabas.
In steam-boat we go up the river,
But never take a stranger—never!
At Chiswick, too, there 's choicest fare,
But you, of course, cannot go there;
And Wednesday is our weekly ball,*
And we are patronesses, all.
We leave the yards and vulgar level,
And on the leads we hold our revel;
We give the entrée to our friends
As suits our tastes, or gains our ends,
Yet bar each independent claim—
No tortoise cat shall urge her name.
The sleekest coat, the waving tail,
The greenest eye will nought prevail;
Each cat or kit, or high-back'd puss,
Must purr, and purr, and purr to us.
With power unbounded we refuse,
And, at our will, reject or choose.
Thus, it is clear,—we 're very sorry,
But, madam—there 's *no ticket* for ye.'

Grimalkin's fair descendant heard,
And would have rather died than purr'd;
She knew the value of her paws,
But check'd her wrath, and sheath'd her claws;
Indignant at their saucy ways,
And yet abash'd by townish phrase;
Nor did she clearly understand
What project they had got in hand.
They talk'd of dinner, ball, or treat,
Yet nothing offer'd her to eat.
She thought perhaps they were too nice
To deign to dine on paltry mice,—

* Almack's ball was always held on Wednesday night.

When, lo! she saw each lady cat
Glance eager at a lordly rat.
The green-eyed sisters of the chace
Instant commenced their separate race,
And off they scamper'd, one and all,
To catch a rat before the ball.
'Oh, now,' Grimalkin *purr'd!* 'I, too,
Can catch a rat as well as you.'
Our country cat was *chatte de race,*
And never let occasion pass:
She distanced *all,*—the prey she found;
With nervous spring and lengthen'd bound,
Pounced instant on the precious prize,
And flash'd defiance from her eyes!
Then gently turn'd, with civil scorning
She wish'd the caterie good-morning.

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